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The Author's Weekly

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July 5th, 1924

THE EDITOR

A Journal of Information for Literary Workers
A Weekly Service for Authors

VOL. 66	Book Hill, Highland Falls, N. Y.	NO. 1
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Weekly	Edited by William R. Kane Magda Leigh, Associate Editor Published by William R. Kane, R. C. Smith, and A. N. Kane Entered as Second Class Matter at the Post Office, Highland Falls, N. Y. Copyright 1924 by William R. Kane	605th Number
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THE LITERARY MARKET

There is a place somewhere for every good Manuscript.—THE EDITOR

In this department THE EDITOR publishes each week news of the literary market that interests and aids writers with manuscripts for sale. Whenever possible statements are taken exactly from letters received from the editors of the publications concerned.

Palms, Guadalajara, Mexico, through the kindness of friends, is able to announce three awards of \$50, \$20, and \$10 for the best three poems published in Volume II. Volume II, No. 1, is the current issue. The magazine is published bi-monthly, and there will therefore be five other numbers in Volume II.

M. Barrows & Company, Huntington Chambers, Boston, Mass., is the new name of the firm of general book publishers formerly known as *Whitcomb and Barrows*.

American Radio Association, 50 Union Square, New York, N. Y., announces that the date of closing of its prize competition has been changed to September 1st, 1924. A prize of \$500, offered through the courtesy of Doubleday, Page & Company, publishers of *Radio Broadcast*, Garden City, Long Island, N. Y., is offered for the most practical plan that will lead to the solution of the question: "Who is to pay for radio broadcasting—and how?" A contestant may submit as many plans as desired. The purpose of the contest is to concentrate thought and bring to light the most practical solution of the problem. Each plan should be typewritten, double-spaced, wherever possible, or plainly written, and should not exceed 1,500 words. A brief summary should also be included.

The Commonweal, a weekly review to be published by The Calvert Associates, Inc., 100 East 45th Street (Grand Central Terminal), New York, N. Y., writes that it will not begin publication for some months to come, and, therefore, is not in the market to consider any manuscripts.

Leubrie & Elkus, Inc., 11 West 19th Street, New York, N. Y., writes that it issues greeting cards for New Year, Lincoln's Birthday, St. Valentine's Day, Washington's Birthday, St. Patrick's Day, Easter, Mother's Day, Decoration Day, Father's Day (June 15th), Graduation, Independence Day, Friendship Day (August 3rd), Jewish New Year (September 28th), Hallowe'en, Thanksgiving, and Christmas. Cards also are issued for wedding anniversaries, birth announcements and congratulations, birthdays, convalescent time, engagements, gift cards, place cards, party invitations, shower cards, menu cards, sympathy cards, etc. Twenty-five to fifty cents or even more a line is paid, according to the merit of the verses. Four and six line verses are preferred, though occasionally eight line verses are used.

The Scientific American, 233 Broadway, New York, N. Y., Austin C. Lescarbourea, managing editor, writes: "We are always looking for accounts of new inventions or discoveries, ingenious engineering undertakings, unusual industrial developments, etc. Our rate of payment is from one cent to one and one-half cents a word with additional payment

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of from \$1 to \$3 each for photographs, depending upon their relative importance."

**Motor Life*, 1056 West Van Buren Street, Chicago, Ill., Ernest Coler, editor, writes: "Our readers are tourists and outdoor enthusiasts and *Motor Life* is a magazine of touring. Hence our requirements call for articles dealing with self-propelled travel on land, on water, and in the air. We use poetry now and then, if the subject lends itself to exploitation in a magazine devoted to touring. We have no set value for lyrics. For straight manuscript we pay at the rate of approximately one and one-half cents a word and from \$2 to \$3 for photographs. The photographs are very desirable in our case, good photographs often selling a story which without illustrations might not find acceptance."

How To Sell, 443 South Dearborn Street, Chicago, Ill., Samuel C. Spalding, editor, writes: "Everything we use is of a very highly specialized character along selling or inspirational lines. Our regular rate of payment is one cent a word, payable on publication."

Western Story Magazine, 79 Seventh Avenue, New York, N. Y., the associate editor writes: "We are always in the market for short stories, novelettes, and serials. We pay usually about one cent a word for stories and twenty-five cents a line for poetry. We suggest that an author read several issues of the magazine carefully before submitting anything to us."

The Congregationalist, 14 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass., William E. Gilroy, editor, writes: "I may say that we have no particular editorial needs at present; in fact, almost all the time, we have available a much larger amount of material than it is possible to publish. We are always glad to see manuscripts of striking quality, but the pressure upon space is constantly so great that we are compelled to return almost everything except articles that seem to us of unusual merit, or that strike some note of interest that is not suggested in material already on

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hand. We use a limited amount of poetry, but our rates of pay are necessarily small, seldom more than five dollars for any form, and less according to length or value. Our rates of pay, as I think probably is true generally of the religious press, are mostly nominal."

New England Business, 201 Devonshire Street, Boston, Mass., Arthur R. Curnick, editor, writes: "We are not using contributions except by pre-arrangement well in advance. Any article directly related to New England industry, with plenty of 'punch' might be considered."

Child Health Magazine, 532 Seventeenth Street, Washington, D. C., does not pay for material.

Popular Radio, 627 West 43rd Street, New York, N. Y., Kendall Banning, editor, writes: "Our chief editorial needs for Popular Radio are short items of practical helpfulness to the broadcast listener and to the radio amateur—short items that tell how to increase the efficiency of their radio apparatus. We use no poetry. We pay two cents a word for featured articles and one cent a word for departmental matter."

The Woman's World, 107 South Clinton Street, Chicago, Ill., the editors write: "We are not in the market for any poetry, stories, or articles of any kind at present, as we have a great abundance of same on hand."

The Lutheran, 1228 Spruce Street, Philadelphia, Pa., Nathan R. Melhorn, editor, writes: "Our periodical has no budget from which to pay for articles of general character, nor for poems."

**American Legion Weekly*, 627 West 43rd Street, New York, N. Y., James N. Young, associate editor, writes: "The Weekly isn't using any poetry just at present but when we are back in the market for it we will very gladly pay between 25 and 50 cents a line. We need short fiction at the present time—short stories containing between five and six thousand words. We greatly prefer an American setting. We do not want any society stories or anything that is gruesome. Our audience is composed for the most part of men—a fact to bear in mind."

**Sunday School Board, Southern Baptist Convention*, 161 Eighth Avenue North, Nashville, Tenn., Hight C. Moore, editorial secretary, writes: "We pay only a small amount, ranging from one to three dollars each, for the short poems we find available. The market we offer is practically limited to our four illustrated weeklies: *Kind Words* a four-column, eight-page paper for young people; *The Boys' Weekly*, a four-column, four-page paper for boys up into the teens; *The Girls Weekly*, a four-column, four-page paper for girls up into the teens; and *Childs' Gem*, a two-column, four-page paper for the little ones. Copies for examination will be sent on request. Our annual needs call for more than a thousand manuscripts from contributors. We use, in *Kind Words*, six to ten serials, 200 short stories, 250 articles, and 50 to 75 poems. We use, in *The Boys' Weekly*, and also in *The Girls Weekly*, six or eight serials, 100 short stories, 150 articles, and 40 to 50 poems. We use, in *Childs' Gem*, 150 stories, 50 ar-

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(Continued on Page V.)

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THE EDITOR, Highland Falls, N. Y.

Writing and Living

BY MAGDA LEIGH

Someone asked us, not long since, just what caused so many failures among literary aspirants. There are a dozen reasons for failure, of course, but it seems to us that there is one which stands head and shoulders above the others. It is something that is difficult to label in one or two words, but let us call it "lack of sympathy."

The Spaniards have a word similar to our word "sympathy," but infinitely broader in meaning. When a Spaniard says a man is "*simpatico*," he is paying a sweeping compliment, one that involves understanding, response, harmony.

To be a good writer, you need to be "*simpatico*." You need to be in harmony with a whole world of people. You need not only to appreciate virtue (which is always harmonious), but to be able to understand human frailties. We do not mean to infer that you should condone with vice, but that you should be willing to study what prompted it, and to some degree to respond to the pitiable emotions that sweep people into it.

In no way can we explain our meaning better than by citing an illustrative incident. A year and a half ago, a brutal murder was committed in California. One woman beat another to death with a hammer. Everyone in California discussed the case, and most of the discussions were pitiless diatribes against the murderess.

But a certain writer, known to his associates as a big-hearted fellow, brought one discussion to a shamed halt.

"Oh!" he cried, "don't think of the bare actions of that woman! Think of the nights she must have spent, sleepless, suffering. Think of her agony of jealousy. Think of

what she must have suffered, to be worked up into a state of murderous revenge!"

Not the action, but the emotion that drove one woman to kill another!

After all, writing is not simply the chronicling of deeds, but the laying bare of the emotions that prompt deeds. The fact that a man steals funds entrusted to him is not what grips our feelings. The desperate circumstances that drove him to steal are what hold our interest and arouse our feelings.

If we were to condemn every fault, life would be unbearable. We should go about without a bit of charity in our hearts. Yet, a great many people see only the superficial (the results of actions), and fail to look for what caused these actions. They accept, without questioning. Then, when they try to write, they write as they have gone through life, touching only the superficial in their characters, not penetrating to the depths of their souls and finding out the why's and the wherefore's. Most certainly the way you feel toward other people is going to be reflected in your writing, and unless you are broad enough to study humanity, you cannot very well write it.

Christ, in His moment of trial, pleaded: "Father, forgive them. They know not what they do." Had He not been divine, He might have demanded justice, death for those who crucified Him. But His sympathy and understanding were such that He did not condemn.

Whether we approve or disapprove certain things, we should try to understand them. We cannot hope to depict human beings if we don't. We shall depict only puppets, moving woodenly through our pages, impossibly

good or impossibly bad, and hopelessly unnatural.

Life is complex. To live simply is the most difficult attainment imaginable. People are not divine, and there come moments when even the strongest are weak; moments when even the weakest become strong. The emotions that sway, the struggles that carry to supreme heights or drag to the lowest depths—these are the things you must grasp, if you would write, because they are vital to authorship.

To achieve art in writing, you must use not only your minds but also your hearts. A merely clever structure of words may sell, but it will not endure. Feeling must go hand in hand with intellect. Pity, tolerance, understanding, are virtues in themselves.

Fannie Hurst's "Sob Sister" was not the sort of woman we could approve of, but under Miss Hurst's marvelously sympathetic hands, she became a creature with whom we suffered. Even the narrowest-minded person must surely feel pity for the woman in W. L. George's "A Bed of Roses."

We cannot conceive of anyone becoming a successful author, who goes through life with

eyes half, and heart wholly, shut. Life is a terrific struggle, and if some are too weak to stand up to it, you must look beneath and beyond the failures, and try to understand and sympathize. When you can do this, you can write with warmth. You can write real flesh and blood characters; make them breathe; give them heart-beats.

The difference between fiction that endures and ephemeral plot-and-action stuff is not one of phrasing or of style. It is the difference in emotional response toward life. The writer of one deals in souls; the other, in deeds. Some adventure stories are excellently written. Some sweeping, dramatic stories are almost crude. The depth of feeling in a story is what sweeps it into success or oblivion.

To write largely, one must understand largely. One must be slow to judge, eager to seek an explanation. The surface is only the surface. One must listen below this for the heart-beat of life.

"Look in thy heart and write" is good as far as it goes. But it does not go far enough. You must look into other hearts, too, if you would write, and understand, sympathize, respond.

How Copying Photos Helps Sell Articles

BY GILBERT I. STODOLA

On occasion it may happen that you will have on hand some excellent professional photographs with which to illustrate an article that may have several possible markets and you wish to query several editors. Under such circumstances it is a great help to be able to show the editors the photographs, but obviously if you sent out the set of photos to each editor in turn, a long time might elapse before you struck the right one. In the meantime the story might lose its timeliness or the photographs become lost or damaged in the mails.

If you have a camera—and every writer should have a camera of some kind—it will be a simple matter to make small copies of several or all the photographs and send them with your several letters of inquiry. Almost any kind of camera or kodak will do if properly managed, for the aim is not to produce a perfect copy for reproduction, but merely to show the editor what is in the original photographs. A camera having a focussing back will probably be found most convenient, particularly if it has a long enough bellows extension to permit you to get close enough to

the photograph to copy it in full size, or nearly so, of your plate or film. If your camera has no facilities for making copies in this way, then you will probably need a supplementary copying lens, or possibly a "portrait attachment" will answer the purpose. These supplementary lenses are not expensive—the cost in most cases would not much exceed a dollar. If the camera has no focussing back, but works with a focussing scale, it will be necessary carefully to measure the distance from the lens to the photograph you are copying and set the scale at that figure.

In copying, have the light come preferably from the side, and make sure that there are no reflections from the surface of the photograph; this will happen from some viewpoints, especially when copying glossy photographs. No definite time for exposure can be given, except that in a general way it may be said that the time required will usually not be more than would be necessary for a portrait under the same conditions. However, remember that you have only black and white to copy, with no deep shadows. On the other hand, allowance should be made for the fact

that the closer you get to an object the longer the exposure required. It is better, too, to "stop down" the lens and give more time, thus getting a sharper copy.

For this work a "slow" plate or film, or one of medium speed, is preferable to a very fast one, as you usually get better contrast. In any case, it is best to give full development, preceded by not too much exposure, as over-exposure produces a flat negative and print.

Prints may be made on the usual "printing out" or "gaslight" paper, but a cheap and convenient method is to use "proof paper." This is a "printing out" paper used by professional photographers to furnish "proofs" to their customers before making the final finished pictures. It is very simple to manipulate, as it requires no treatment other than just printing by daylight. While the print fades in time, especially when exposed to strong daylight or to sunlight, the image will last long enough to answer its purpose. Proof paper is quite inexpensive, five by seven inch size, for example, costing only about 20 cents a dozen sheets, and this can easily be cut up into smaller pieces.

Contemporary Writers and Their Work

A Series of Autobiographical Letters on the Genesis, Conception, Development, and Writing of Fiction, Poems, and Articles Published in Current Periodicals

Writing a Monodrama

BY ELIZABETH BOWEN

The central incident of the story "Making Arrangements," which appeared in the June number of *Everybody's*, suggested itself to my husband, who passed it on to me for what it might be worth. I have once or twice before been supplied by friends with whom I am in sympathy, or whose outlook on life is similar, with incidents which, suddenly and unaccountably vivid to them by one of those

queer flashes of the imagination that make anybody an artist, or having actually occurred in their own or another's experience, appeared to them remarkable or suggestive. The search of the "plot" is an old search with a far cry, but the value of "incident" to the artist in writing has only recently become apparent and sensitiveness to the significance of incident is, I think, a typically modern develop-

ment. To the clairvoyance of so many of us now, every distinct incident (the repetition of the word is unavoidable) appears with the faint aura of a possible "situation."

In this case the idea of Hewson Blair's misfortune (the tearing inadvertently of one of his wife's most valued dresses as he takes it from the wardrobe) suggested itself to my husband as a similar accident nearly happened to him. We were staying last summer at a delightful little-known hotel deep in one of the pine-clad valleys of the Auvergne. Late those August evenings it was chilly walking among the trees, and my husband volunteered to bring down a white fur wrap from which (perhaps from vanity) I was at that time inseparable. It had been a wedding present and was quite new. As he took the wrap out of the wardrobe its lining caught in the latch of the door, but, with his heart in his mouth, he said, he succeeded in setting it free untorn. In that sickening moment when the fur pulled back from his hands, he felt in line with the whole of bungling masculinity, whose touch upon these mysteries is death. Then he wondered, as he came downstairs thankfully, whether any husband, bitter against his wife, had ever deliberately destroyed her dresses. The sacrilege which man at peace and happy would deplore might in the hands of man enraged become a weapon. He asked me what I thought; the possibility was dramatic, and we walked up and down among the French people on the terrace, discussing it together.

We arrived at last at this: only the "strong man," inarticulate and violent, would be capable of this drastic and childish revenge (this, of course, was obvious); only the innately and through-and-through rational person would act under the influence of a passion with this inflamed yet still deadly rationality; only the lover, dupe and victim of a woman's femininity (as opposed to her womanhood) would be moved to strike at all that was ac-

cessible to him of that femininity's very life; only the imposed restraints of slow thinking, innate conventionality, and shyness of self could dam up till the supreme moment of his revenge the emotion of a man who has been humiliated in his manhood; and only a cultivated appreciation of the costly and beautiful as reflected to and fro between a woman and her adornments could lend that bitter-sweet and subtle pleasure to the destruction of the costly and beautiful. Thus, Hewson Blair took form inevitably out of our discussion. My husband made me promise to write the story and soon after our return to England that autumn I did so. I took up my pen heartedly, believing that nothing remained for me but to transmit what seemed so formed and vital in my brain into written English, but I found that, as I should have known, my difficulties were only to begin.

I say that Hewson Blair took form inevitably. We wished to rationalize a fantastic episode—the malicious destruction of the contents of his wife's wardrobe by an ordinary man (a conventional, well-bred man of one's own world assumed). Instead of creating *first* the character of the man, then his circumstances, then deciding upon the reaction most expressive of the former and most appropriate to the latter, we had first described to ourselves the reaction, then built up the circumstances (acceptedly conventional) appropriate to the reaction; and *last*, by analyzing the nature of the reaction to determine of what characteristics it must have been the outcome, created Hewson Blair, in what I believe to be a reverse of the usual order. But a bundle of characteristics, bound one to another by a terrible consistency, does not make a man. Heaven defend us from the carefully "thought out" character that creaks through fiction like a Robot. Having *thought out* Hewson, I had now to *feel* with him.

So much for Hewson Blair. Now the

story itself presented several difficulties of construction.

A. It was essentially a monodrama: the chart of a man's emotions in the course of an evening some days after his wife's elopement. Not another figure was to cross the stage, there was only to be the ever more distinct but passive and speechless shadow of Margery; the servants do not detach themselves from the furniture and the firelight; they are part of the general comfort of his home. No help for me from without, therefore, in bringing Hewson to his crisis. It is a subjective, internal crisis. I must therefore cut through the situation with a sharp knife and display the section to show how the growth has been outward, ring by ring like an oak tree, from the hard, hot nucleus of his emotion.

B. There was an ever-present danger of pitching the story in too high a key, or of using too forcible an accent. Had Hewson lost control of himself and hurled himself upon Margery's possessions in an unreasoning fury of destruction, his action, out of all relation to his rational self and his moral code, would lose value and significance. It would become as uninteresting as the proceedings of a Bolshevik.

C. It was necessary, to preserve the form and sense of the story, to keep what I should consider as the *central* incident (accidental tearing of the crimson dress) distinct from the *climax* (deliberate destruction of the other dresses) while showing how, along the chain of Hewson's mental process, one passed over to the other, link by link.

D. The climax must be forcible, or the story would fail utterly; not a touch or suggestion must be allowed into the story which is not relevant to it (the climax) somehow, and which does not contribute to its force. I must avoid (with what difficulty!) making it either luscious or noisy. Finally, as will be noticed, I decided to omit an actual account

of the destruction of the dresses altogether, breaking off at the fullest pitch of the crescendo where Hewson, great with murderous intent, steals over to the bed, for a pause, then a gradual decrescendo from the point where Hewson re-enters the room, carrying the trunk, to walk knee-deep among the fine-torn debris of the murdered frocks. I should like to say that this omission was not due to laziness; the word-painting for which the missing paragraph afforded scope would have given me great pleasure.

I have tabulated, as shortly as possible, my most insistent difficulties. It would not be sincere to profess that at the time of writing "Making Arrangements" I was so conscious of their nature, though I never ceased to be conscious of their menace. Neither was I aware of the process (far less deliberate than my analysis of it would suggest) by which I arrived at the character of Hewson or created the general atmosphere of the story. I do firmly believe, with Benedetto Croce, that the artist works instinctively, and that he can reach back again to his own process of creation only by bringing to bear upon his completed work the same critical analysis to which he would submit another's work.

I have written a considerable number of short stories, a collection of which were published in London last year under the title of "Encounters" by Messrs. Sidgwick and Jackson. This collection contains, among others, some half dozen of my earliest work, written when I was twenty. Since then, I have been experimenting with the short story for four years, with occasional excursions into the essay. I read de Maupassant for form, Tchekov and Poe for atmosphere, Anatole France for style, and hope to learn as much as I can from every good short story writer and be influenced by none of them.

This spring I have begun to attack that (I always believe) far more difficult proposition—the novel.

"Said By—Written By"

Opinions and Quotations from Old and New Books and Periodicals

Picking Humor for The Saturday Evening Post

BY THOMAS L. MASSON

(Continued from last issue.)

Not only in editorial, but also in business and, in fact, in all kinds of human activity, there are two opposite points of view, each of which may be of the utmost value. The first is the principle under which The Post has, as I see it, been conducted, namely, to get only the very best work of the very best contributors regardless of anything else. And the other is also very important, and that is to remember that everybody has talent. I mean talent in some direction.

One of my contributors tried for months to get into the Short Turns page. He simply couldn't make the grade. One day I suggested to him that he try writing a story. He succeeded immediately.

Many artists who are among the most successful think they can write and frequently come to me secretly with humorous pieces, which are generally very dreadful. It is not unusual for people of talent to think they can do something else better than the thing they are doing.

During the war, or at the beginning, a young woman came to me with a poem, or song, that she wanted to get printed, and asked my opinion of it. It was a terrible thing. It was mush.

I told her the truth about it, and advised her to go into something else. Will you believe me? But two years later that poem was sung by the whole Canadian army. (Yes, it was as bad as that!)

In conclusion, if anyone asks me what constitutes success (which nobody ever does), my invariable reply is: Lack of personality. If you have any kind of personality at all you

have got to spend most of your life living it down. It dogs your footsteps. It is fatal to your piece of mind. It creates enemies. Some people never succeed in getting rid of their personalities. I could mention several now in public life.

I remember Arnold Bennett telling me that he went to Paris once, on a jaunt, and got a hurried message from his publishers that they must have a certain story in two weeks. Nothing to do but hire a stenographer. So he sent out an agent and told him to get the most expert stenographic lady they had. She came. It was at a hotel. He said she was large and reasonably handsome. He had never dictated before to anyone. He tried to say something to her. But her personality filled the room and lopped over out through the windows. He paced up and down nervously chewing at his cane. It got worse—I mean the lady's personality. Finally he roared to her: "Woman, get out!" That was like him.

Think of what this meant to her. If she had had no personality she might have written one of Bennett's books. I don't say that this in itself proves anything. But I do know from hearsay and observation that people with personalities are never happy. They are always being asked to preside. Or to be president. They are invited to banquets.

Afterwards, of course, this is a lasting regret to everybody. But by that time it is too late.

If you have no personality you are safe from intrusion. You can work in peace. You can put your personality right into your work, thereby concealing it from those who in

other circumstances would constitute a cordon of ephemeral admirers—thereby making the only success worth while, instead of becoming eventually an unpopular nuisance by inflicting your personality upon your country.

The moment you begin to cultivate a per-

sonality you are not safe anywhere. Look at Napoleon. Look at Debs and Morse. Both had personalities. Both got out of jail.

Death loves a shining mark—as they say in Germany.—Curtis Folks.

False Gods

Every century has evolved its own shibboleths and fetiches and has thenceforth had to work its way to salvation through meshes of its own contriving. Our own age was prolific of them during the war years and is even now wrestling with the tangle which they precipitated. One of them was the doctrine of self-determination, which, translated from the sphere of international politics to the domain of literature, has meant the attaching of signal importance to self-expression as such. Another was the exaltation of speed and the corollary emphasis on production, which, again translated to the realm of writing, finds its counterpart in the rapidity and mass of the literary output. Neither of these developments is of itself cause for congratulation; nay, rather are they both cause for serious concern. For the doctrine of self-expression has served as an excuse for a sudden outpouring of what an English schoolgirl, with a candor that some of our brash critics would do well to ponder, has inelegantly but expressively termed "mental slops," and the complacent acquiescence in the excellence of speed has borne fruit in an enormous mass of unseasoned writing.

Self-expression in the highest meaning of the term is indisputably a good. Indeed, it is almost axiomatic that no really great work can be produced that is not a direct outgrowth of the experience and mind that evolve it. All else is but pale imitation, the husk without the kernel, the shadow without the substance. That writer who is not expressing his own emotions and reactions but is drawing upon

the feelings and attitudes of mind of others for his material must forever fail of the heights. But the mere fact that a writer to achieve meritorious work must express himself in no way involves the deduction that because he is expressing himself his work must have value. Yet so some of our present-day critics would seem to wish us to believe. In their eyes self-revelation's the thing, and the disclosure of no matter what paltry philosophies, illicit desires, and undisciplined passions is worthy of a respectful hearing merely because it is a record of self. We submit that any such contention as this is the veriest bunk—that there are purlieus of the mind and soul that no manner of literary skill in presenting them can ever render other than waste lands; that self-expression that translates into words experience either so commonplace or so intimate as to deserve the tribute of reticence is merely egotism run riot, and that criticism that fails to grade its interest by the calibre of the soul that is expressing itself is criticism not worth its salt. Oh, self-expression! What sins are committed in thy name!

Part and parcel of the growing tendency to indiscriminate self-expression is the speed with which in these days we rush into print. No longer is a bitter travail the prerequisite of literary birth. Everybody writes, and no sooner writes than seeks a publisher. And no sooner publishes than starts to write anew. Only the artist allows his soul to lie fallow, until in the fullness of time observation and feeling have enriched it for yielding; and ar-

tists unfortunately are few among us. The rest, caught in the vortex of prevalent ideas, make a god of production and begin the first chapter of a new volume as they write *finis* to an old. Small wonder that all is grist that comes to their mill, whether it be the incidents of the life about them or the convulsions of their own souls. Perhaps it is unreasonable to quarrel with them that they should haste to print, for writers are men who must live by the proceeds of their labor and only the millionaire or the idealist can afford to write for posterity. It is a lonely business starving for fame. Yet it is none the less deplorable for letters that the great god production rules its

estate and that in the confusion of values that results anything can claim attention as literature provided it breaks new ground. We yield to experiment the same homage we give to self-expression; merely because it is experiment, no matter how extravagant, how half-baked, to a certain school it is thereby deserving of serious consideration. Had we less writing we should have more standards, and had we more standards we should have less leniency. Faith, hope, and charity, these are among the attributes that the critic of literature must possess, and the greatest of these is not always charity.—The Literary Review of The New York Evening Post.

The Golden Age of the American Playwright

BY EDWARD CHILDS CARPENTER

Hamlet's direction to the players advising them to "hold the mirror up to nature" is the best advice that can be given the playwright of today. Human nature, fundamentally, has not changed much since Shakespeare's time, but there have been certain sociological changes—especially since the war—which broke down social barriers—and they will never be restored.

Honor thy father and mother? Children have less respect than ever for them. Their own opinions are of just as much importance. What attention would a modern Romeo and Juliet pay to a feud? What respect would a Juliet pay to the admonition of a father to marry a family-picked groom and vice versa?

Take two lovers and separate them. What used to be a good recipe for such a separation is a poor one now. What will separate them now? Not parental disapproval. An audience would ridicule that. The obstacles between lovers—the hurdles—are fewer. Now it becomes more the clash of character upon character—the difficulty of adjusting psychological differences.

Thus the playwright's mind turns to the

springs of personalities. These must create situation. The best of plays are always written this way, now more than ever.

Action means steady and direct progress of the story so clearly defined as it progresses that no audience can fail to follow the advancement of the story.

We are now looking into the intimacies of family lives for themes, so successfully exploited in "Goose Hangs High"—drama that we find inside the walls of a single household. Properly to portray this—give it naturalness—plays are being more loosely written. But to do this successfully the firm foundation must be there.

The novelist is usually ahead of the playwright. He has been through this phase. A broader horizon will be his and a freer technique will follow. The novel of "periods"—that is the "costume story"—is gaining a new popularity. The playwright is bound to take up the same trail. But the plays of period will not be written in the old method, depending for interest solely upon situation, which is melodrama. They will have a greater regard for the truth of human na-

ture. They will have to be as truthful to the period as is a modern play to the life of today. Instead of being the unbelievable things of fiction, they will be authentic reflections of the time of which the author is writing. I believe that the public will respond to the new plays of period, treated with the knowledge that the playwright has gained by experience. The public would like the color. There is too much one tone now.

When I first began writing plays it was difficult for a young author to gain access to the office of a manager. The producers then showed little interest and no faith in the ability of native playwrights as a class. There were, of course, a few notable exceptions, but by far the greater number of plays presented in this country were importations in one way or another. When this vein began to run thin the managers began to experiment with home-made products and found them good. Press and public added their encouragement to play authorship, and universities and colleges throughout the country began to take seriously the drama as part of their curriculum.

Season after season brought new talent

to light. Successes made by hitherto unknowns stimulated the managerial eyesight and induced them to lend willing ears to beginners in prospecting for discoveries.

All of this would never have come about had not the American author known how to make the most of his opportunity. To me it seems that his success has been largely due to his capacity for learning. Ibsen and Pinero with their ample, direct methods of construction were probably the first masters of the new American playwright; but he has not been too strictly held down by form; he has wisely developed his individuality, learned to express himself.

Fortunately, I think the native dramatist has a more normal point of view than many of his foreign brothers. There is plenty of good taste here. Even the youngest and most erratic native writers seem to realize that the common life of which they write is so full of dramatic interest they do not need to turn their attention to themes unwholesome or degenerate. And as long as this is their point of view they are bound to make the most of what-is, to my mind, the golden age of the American playwright.

THE LITERARY MARKET

(Continued from Page III.)

from staff artists resident in our city. But original photographs accompanying available articles will be paid for at usual rate. However, we not infrequently accept the article and reject the photograph. We can use a few scenic and seasonable photographs for covers and special issues. The length of manuscripts must be rather rigidly considered in our office. The maximum limit of available articles and stories for *Childs' Gem* is 600 words; for *The Boys' Weekly* and *The Girls' Weekly* 1,500; for *Kind Words* 2,000. Manuscripts much exceeding the word limit will, as a rule, be returned unread. Serials should run from 4 to 12 chapters; poems, from one to four or five stanzas. Each chapter of a serial should be a separate manuscript, carry the title of the story and the name of the author and comply with our word limit. We cannot undertake to divide a long story into chapters. Leave out slang, love stories, everything that smacks of commercial advertising, treatment of events that would be stale reading before we

could publish, marital and domestic difficulties, any reflection on parents, all flippancy in regard to religion and religious matters, the presentation of false doctrines, whatever antagonizes or compromises the beliefs of Baptists. We prefer that manuscripts reach us early in the month. All manuscript accepted is paid for; we do not use gratuitous contributions. Our check in payment for any accepted manuscripts will be mailed to you on the tenth of the month following the month of receipt. Unavailable manuscripts are returned also on that date. Variety in topic and treatment is refreshing. The publication of articles along a certain line does not mean that more on the same subject will be available. On the contrary, 'something different' might be especially welcome. Remember that we work months ahead of date in making up our papers. We cannot accept a Fourth of July article in June, or a Christmas story in November, unless we do it for publication the following year. All 'Special Day' stories should reach us four, or, better, six months ahead of date. Submit whatever you think may be adapted to our periodicals

and our constituency. We want to avoid ruts. We are hospitable to suggestions."

Junior Home Magazine, 1018 South Wabash Avenue, Chicago, Ill., Bertha M. Hamilton, managing editor, writes: "We pay one cent a word for prose material, and twenty cents a line for poetry. Junior Home Magazine is designed particularly to provide entertainment and instruction for children from pre-school age on through the primary grades. In addition to this main purpose, the magazine also carries departments for the mothers that aim to assist them with problems that arise in the training of their children. Since Junior Home Magazine is designed primarily to provide the little folks with something to do that is both entertaining and instructive, artists, toy makers, and authors who have something new and interesting to offer that will fulfill both of these requirements will be given the preference. Here are a few suggestions that may help you to submit material that will be accepted: 1. Stories and articles should conform to the best literary standards. 2. Any material, except that which is prepared distinctly for one of the departments for mothers, should appeal to the interests of children ranging from two years to ten. 3. The handiwork should be simple enough to permit of execution with little or no direction from parents. 4. New ideas in hand-work are always welcome particularly if they are seasonal. 5. Stories should be happy and wholesome; they should be a force for good without moralizing. 6. Nature stories should be absolutely authentic but entertainingly written. A simple plot may be introduced around which nature facts are presented to the children. 7. Animal stories should give the children a true conception of the habit and life of the animal featured. 8. Fairy stories will always be considered, but there are probably more of these submitted than any other type, and there is a surprising likeness in the plots and subject matter. Let us have something new and refreshing. 9. Stories ranging from 500 to 1,200 words are most acceptable. Long stories must be especially good to receive consideration. 10. Stories that appeal to young boys are in greater demand than those that interest young girls. A story that captivates both boys and girls is especially welcome. 11. Verses for the poetry page should be perfect in rhythm and happy in thought. The subject matter ought to be within the range of any child's experience."

Theatre Arts Monthly, 7 East 42nd Street, New York, N. Y. (formerly Theatre Arts Magazine), Edith J. R. Isaacs, editor, writes: "Theatre Arts material is so specialized and technical that it is hard to describe what we need. The best way to find out is to study the magazine. We use a very limited amount of poetry, in form or content related to the theatre. The contents of each issue are of wide variety and include: A review of the New York stage. Full news of every phase of progress in the professional and art theatre of America and Europe. A one-act play, chosen for its acting as well as its literary quality. In the summer months it is planned to print some full-length plays. Articles on acting,

play writing and production. News of the Little Theatre throughout the world."

**Everybody's Magazine*, Spring and Macdougall Streets, New York, N. Y., the editors write: "Everybody's publishes novels ranging in length from 50,000 to 100,000 words or more; novelettes up to 30,000 words, and short stories up to 15,000. It publishes no articles; poems occasionally. It wants all types of stories, provided they are clean and simply and clearly told. If we have a favorite type of story it is the story of action. We want no stories that glorify crime; none containing a salacious sex appeal. We welcome new writers; we are always glad to consider fiction manuscripts."

The School Arts Magazine, 44 Portland Street, Worcester, Mass., Alliston Greene, advertising manager, writes: "We have no editorial needs at this time. Our editor is in close touch with those who furnish material for our magazine, which is entirely an art and educational magazine. We are not interested in poetry, literature, stories, or anything of that nature. Contributions to The School Arts Magazine are entirely the result of actual experience of those actively engaged in teaching art subjects in the public schools."

**American Forests and Forest Life*, Lenox Building, Washington, D. C., Ovid M. Butler, editor, writes: "We are always glad to consider for publication short, popularly written articles or stories dealing with forestry, and allied fields. We do not ordinarily pay commercial rates for verses, since we use very few, and have a great many in our files which we are now holding for publication."

**The International Studio*, 49 West 45th Street, New York, N. Y., William B. McCormick, acting editor, writes: "International Studio is always glad to look at articles in its field. We do not need poetry."

THE EXPERIENCE EXCHANGE

A Give and Take Department—Do Your Share!

A. N. S. writes:

I have had an unfortunate experience with Master Craft, 314 West Superior Street, Chicago, Ill., so highly recommended by Wanda Moore and others.

I submitted greeting card sentiments to it with the usual stamped envelope for return. After waiting nearly six weeks, I wrote a courteous letter of inquiry enclosing a stamp. No reply. Again I wrote, saying that I would submit my work elsewhere after waiting a reasonable time. That, too, was ignored. My letters had the return address on the outside of the envelopes so they must have been received. How is that for a "lightning speed firm"?

The Exclusive Co., 721 Arch Street, Philadelphia, Pa., sent a delightful personal letter saying they had selected similar material to last for some time to come.

**Dew Drops*, Elgin, Ill., returned a child's story with a kind letter saying it was a "pretty sermonette." A moral must be carefully hidden to pass

muster there. But *The Beacon, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass., accepted the story. It likes an ethical twist. Both are courteous and kind, as is also The American Needlewoman, Augusta, Me., which paid \$20 for a story.

S. G. writes:

Among the most courteous people in handling manuscripts are Success Magazine, which acknowledges receipt of your offering, warns you that there may be delay in a decision, and offers to let you have it back if you are in a hurry, and the Robbinsdale, Minn., Fawcett outfit, which is a perfect model in promptness and polite friendliness whether in accepting or rejecting. Success, however, does not pay suddenly.

A. M. E. writes:

Some stuff addressed to Los Angeles Life, San Fernando Building, Los Angeles, Calif., was returned unopened and marked "Gone."

The Chicago Ledger, 500 North Dearborn Street, Chicago, Ill., does not buy verse or jokes.

Cupid's Diary, 46 West 24th Street, New York, N. Y., which paid \$2 and \$2.50 for verse, reports that it is not now in the market.

Babyhood, 4426 North Fairfield Avenue, Chicago, Ill., writes that most of its stuff is given to it. It paid me for a 12 line verse with three subscriptions.

Ziff's, 646 Transportation Building, Chicago, Ill., paid \$2.50 for a limerick.

American Agriculturist, 461 Fourth Avenue, New York, N. Y., pays a dollar a poem.

M. N. D. writes:

A Valuable Budget of Market Notes

Most of us have a life-long gratitude for a teacher who has helped us. That is the sort of gratitude that I have for The Editor. It was a copy of this magazine which first gave me the desire to write, many years ago. It was another Editor, in January, 1922, which shamed me into being a Do-er, rather than a Dreamer, and in April of that year, I had my first acceptance from a market found in The Editor. Although writing is my avocation, rather than vocation, I have found time to write several months of each year since then and, thanks to the columns of The Editor, have placed a goodly proportion of everything that I have produced. I do not believe that the market list of The Editor can be equalled by all the other writers' magazines placed together, and every issue that reaches me is like a little dynamo that fairly charges me with new ideas, new courage, and new faith.

Perhaps these few items regarding markets may be of help to others in marketing their wares:

***The American Magazine, 381 Fourth Avenue, New York, N. Y., is unfailingly prompt in criticism. When Mr. Siddall died, I felt I had lost a true friend, but Mr. Crowell is equally helpful and courteous, and invariably sends a personal letter, whether in acceptance or rejection. Payment varies, depending upon the value of the article, but it is

MONEY SAVING SUBSCRIPTION OFFERS

Your own subscription for The Editor Weekly will be credited in advance for one year, if you will obtain subscriptions from two friends, *not now subscribers for The Editor*, for one year each. If you desire, you may pay \$3.34 for your own subscription, and arrange with two friends to pay \$3.33 each for theirs. The three yearly subscriptions and \$10.00 must be sent together, direct to THE EDITOR, Book Hill, Highland Falls, N. Y.

OR—

Your own subscription for The Editor Weekly for one year, and yearly subscriptions for four friends, *not now subscribers for The Editor*, will cost \$15.00. If you desire you may pay \$3 for your own subscription, and arrange with four friends to pay \$3 each for theirs. The five yearly subscriptions and \$15 must be sent together, direct to THE EDITOR, Book Hill, Highland Falls, N. Y.

OR—

Twelve yearly subscriptions, on the same terms, i. e., at least eleven must be for folk who are not now subscribers for The Editor, will be given for \$30.00. You may pay \$2.50 for your subscription for one year, and arrange with eleven friends to pay \$2.50 each. The twelve subscriptions and \$30 must be sent together direct to

THE EDITOR, Book Hill, Highland Falls, N. Y.

OR—

A fully paid enrollment for the Major Course in Fiction Writing of The Editor Council will be given, without cost, to the writer who obtains 50 yearly subscriptions for The Editor at \$5 each. This is equivalent to an allowance of \$2.20 for each subscription. At least 40 of the subscriptions must be for readers who are not now subscribers.

OR—

For a yearly subscription, sent to us by a subscriber for a friend whose name is not now on The Editor subscription list, The Editor will give 50 of each size of Printed Manuscript Mailing Envelopes. The order must come from a reader now a subscriber for The Editor, with \$5, and must be for a reader who is not now a subscriber.

THE EDITOR MAGAZINE

A Weekly Service for Authors

BOOK HILL, HIGHLAND FALLS, N. Y.

made upon acceptance and compares favorably with that made by other publications.

*Association Men, 347 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y., uses one month for criticism, but writes a personal letter.

*American Boy, 550 Lafayette Boulevard, Detroit, Mich., replies promptly and sends list of requirements.

***Collier's Weekly, 416 West 13th Street, New York, N. Y., is prompt. At present has plenty of feature articles.

The Bookman, 244 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y., is very slow in returning material. It has its own special writers that take care of a good share of what it uses.

*David C. Cook Co., Elgin, Ill., checks reasons for rejection and sends booklet of suggestions.

*Dearborn Independent, Dearborn, Mich., is a splendid market for features and pays very well, upon acceptance. Prompt and courteous.

**The Delineator, Spring and Macdougall Streets, New York, N. Y., is prompt and courteous. The children's section is mostly written by its editor, but she accepts things that fit a particular need.

*The Designer, Spring and Macdougall Streets, New York, N. Y., also is prompt.

***Good Housekeeping, 119 West 40th Street, New York, N. Y., is very helpful and courteous, except in the Fashion Department, where manuscript received rough and tardy treatment.

*John Martin's Book, 33 West 49th Street, New York, N. Y., is a hard market (for me) to make. Time of criticism varies from ten days to five weeks.

I Confess, 46 West 24th Street, New York, N. Y., required six week's before rejection was given.

Junior Home Magazine, 1018 South Wabash Avenue, Chicago, Ill., pays on publication at fair rate, but has been very slow in payment in the past, owing to financial difficulties. I believe it is on solid ground now. Anyway, I enjoy dealing with it, for the editor is one of the nicest I know, and always gives helpful suggestions. I have sold it verses, stories, and short articles.

Little Folks' Magazine, Salem, Mass., is prompt in criticism, but seems to be permanently over-supplied.

***Ladies' Home Journal, Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pa., is prompt and courteous.

Kindergarten and First Grade, 43 Cross Street, Springfield, Mass., is very prompt.

The Metropolitan, 1926 Broadway, New York, N. Y., is the only magazine on my list that has a black mark after it! I didn't mind my rejections, even though one of the articles was solicited, but I did mind its keeping manuscripts for five weeks and abusing them so that every page had to be retyped. It encourages young writers, but it is discouraging to have fresh, neat manuscripts soiled, crumpled and bent and returned after their timeliness is gone.

**McCall's Magazine, 236 West 37th Street, New York, N. Y., is prompt.

Mother's-Home Life, 180 North Wabash Avenue, Chicago, Ill., is very prompt.

*The Open Road, 248 Boylston Street, Boston,

Mass., uses articles and stories suitable for young men.

*New York Herald, 280 Broadway, New York, N. Y., is unusually prompt and courteous.

**Pictorial Review, Seventh Avenue and 39th Street, New York, N. Y., gives 48 hour decisions in some cases and sends a helpful personal letter.

**Street & Smith Publications, 79 Seventh Avenue, New York, N. Y., gives reasons for rejection on slip.

**Scribner's Magazine, 579 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y., takes from two to three weeks for criticism.

The Sunday School Publications, of the Methodist Book Concern, 420 Plum Street, Cincinnati, Ohio, are prompt.

**Sunset, 460 Fourth Street, San Francisco, Calif., uses verse, articles and stories of western life. It is prompt and pays well.

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*True Confessions, Robbinsdale, Minn., is very courteous and is prompt.

True Stories Magazine, 1926 Broadway, New York, N. Y., is slow, but sends a personal letter.

Telling Tales, 80 East 11th Street, New York, N. Y., uses a rejection slip that gives suggestions for meeting its needs.

Today's Housewife, 18 East 18th Street, New York, N. Y., is slow but sure and fair pay.

***Woman's Home Companion, 381 Fourth Avenue, New York, N. Y., sends list of requirements with a personal letter.

Woman's World, 107 South Clinton Street, Chicago, Ill., takes three weeks to report.

**World's Work, Garden City, L. I., N. Y., is prompt.

**Youth's Companion, Commonwealth Avenue, Boston, Mass., is prompt and pays on acceptance at a fair rate.

*The Beacon, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass., is most courteous. It pays on acceptance and sends copies.

The following trade magazines have proven both prompt and courteous. In almost every case a personal letter was written, whether with acceptance or rejection. Payment in most cases is upon publication, at a smaller rate than general magazines: Display World, 30 Opera Place Cincinnati, Ohio; Geyer's Stationer, Flatiron Building, New York, N. Y.; Modern Stationer & Bookseller, 1181 Broadway, New York, N. Y.; Publisher's Weekly, 62 West 45th Street, New York, N. Y.; Progressive Grocer, 912 Broadway, New York, N. Y.; Retail Ledger, 1346 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, Pa.; and Western Advertising, Pacific Building, San Francisco, Calif.

The Author's Weekly

Fifteen Cents a Copy

July 12th, 1924

THE EDITOR

A Journal of Information for Literary Workers

A Weekly Service for Authors

VOL. 66

Book Hill, Highland Falls, N. Y.

NO. 2

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THE LITERARY MARKET

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In this department THE EDITOR publishes each week news of the literary market that interests and aids writers with manuscripts for sale. Whenever possible statements are taken exactly from letters received from the editors of the publications concerned.

***The Country Gentleman*, Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pa., Sam G. Wingfield, editor of "Chaff," writes: "We are in the market for good original humor for the Chaff page of *The Country Gentleman*. Naturally, being a rural weekly, we prefer humor with a rural flavor, although this is not absolutely necessary. We want jokes, short funny stories, rhymes, anecdotes, cartoons and humorous sketches. We want the kind of humor that brings the guffaw rather than a smile—elemental rather than sophisticated."

The Hostess, 250 West 57th Street, New York, N. Y., Mary Elizabeth Ford, editor, writes that it uses feature articles pertaining to home entertaining, photographs pertinent to cooking or entertaining, and a very few short verses. No fiction is desired.

The American Garage & Auto Dealer, 116 South Michigan Boulevard, Chicago, Ill., and *The American Blacksmith and Motor Shop*, New Sidway Building, Buffalo, N. Y., were consolidated with the June issue under the name of *The American Garage and Auto Dealer*, New Sidway Building, Buffalo, N. Y.

Auction Bridge and Mah Jong Magazine, 149 Broadway, New York, N. Y., is the new name of the monthly edited by Milton C. Work and Wilbur C. Whitehead; devoted to the interests of players of Bridge and Mah Jong. Fiction is used. For complete information see *The Editor* for December 22nd, 1923.

**Garden Magazine & Home Builder*, Garden City, Long Island, N. Y., is the new name of the Doubleday, Page & Company monthly formerly known as *Garden Magazine*. The policy of the magazine and its field of interest have been extended to include home interests and building as well as garden and recreation activities.

Real Life, 145 West 57th Street, New York, N. Y., reports a change of editorial policy. It is no longer in the market for confession fiction, but wants fiction of the kind and grade used by *The Red Book* and *The Cosmopolitan*.

Journeys Beautiful, 150 Lafayette Street, New York, N. Y., is to be the name of the travel magazine of The Nomad Publishing Company, Wirt W. Barnitz, editor. The first number will be issued shortly. See *The Editor* for April 19th, 1924, for a complete statement of requirements.

The Daily Mirror, New York, N. Y., is a new morning illustrated newspaper which has just appeared for the first time. Barclay H. Warburton, Jr., is president, E. M. Alexander vice-president, and George d'Utassy secretary-treasurer. Mr. Alexander will be the publisher. Mr. d'Utassy is president of the Magus Magazine Corporation, publisher of *The Smart Set*, 119 West 40th Street, New York, N. Y.,

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and also a director of the *Leslie-Judge Company*, publishers of *Judge*, *Snappy Stories*, *Film Fun*, and *Live Stories*, 627 West 43rd Street, New York, N. Y.

Authors should notice that though the publishing offices of the Conde Nast Publications, Inc. (*Vogue*, *Vanity Fair*, *House & Garden*, *Royal*, *Children's Vogue*, *Vogue Pattern Book*), have moved to Greenwich, Conn., the editorial department is still at 19 West 44th Street, New York, N. Y.

Arthur McKeogh, who has been with ****The Saturday Evening Post*, Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pa., as associate editor, is now editor, with Ray Long, of ****The Cosmopolitan*, 119 West 40th Street, New York, N. Y.

Radio Stories, 1926 Broadway, New York, N. Y., is the newest magazine of Macfadden Publications, Inc. The new magazine will appear monthly commencing with the issue of October. *Radio Stories* will cover the radio field from the human-interest angle. It will publish articles, interviews, photographs of radio stars and other personalities in the radio field, and radio fiction.

The Taxi Traveler, The Taxi Advertising Corporation, New York, N. Y., is a new monthly edited by Miss A. M. Jungmann, formerly managing editor of ****The Ladies' Home Journal*. The Taxi Advertising Corporation sells advertising space in taxicabs.

The Smart Set, 119 West 40th Street, New York, N. Y., Morris Gilbert, editor, uses short stories, novelettes, short sketches, poems, epigrams, burlesques, etc., of the sophisticated type. Love and sex are accentuated, but stories must be full of event and complication. Owing to the very great variety of stories in *Smart Set*, a prospective contributor would do well to study the contents of one issue, at least.

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Ford Owner & Dealer, 129 Michigan Street, Milwaukee, Wisc., H. J. Larkin, managing editor, writes: "We need the following material: Short features on unique uses of the Ford car or Ford truck, or records of unusual circumstances where these vehicles played an important part. We also can use an occasional short story featuring the Ford, but this must be really good and not over 3,000 words in length to be acceptable. With feature articles, photographs, of course, add value. We can also use experience stories of Ford dealers or salesmen and describing how single problems in sales or service were successfully met. Window display descriptions and photographs, and interesting short features regarding Ford dealer establishments are also in demand. Photographs and brief facts including comparative data, if possible, of the accomplishments of the Fordson tractor or Ford truck with other equipment in any industrial uses, can also be used."

Square & Compass, 60 Martin Building, Utica, N. Y., Isadore Reichler, associate editor, writes: "We are in the market for stories of from 900 to 1,000 words, having Masonic background and human interest content. A cent a word will be paid on acceptance." *Square & Compass* is a magazine for masons.

**Rust Craft Publishers, Inc.*, 1,000 Washington Street, Boston, Mass., Fred W. Rust, president, writes: "We are now in the market for verses for greeting cards for Christmas, New Year's, Thanksgiving and for all seasons and occasions, especially anniversaries and greetings to 'shut-ins.' For most of our material we are paying fifty cents a line. We want our writers to be satisfied with what they receive from us and in every case we report promptly on anything that is submitted."

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Onward, Box 1176, Richmond, Va., Laura E. Armitage, editor, writes: "We pay three dollars a thousand words. We buy much of our material through a syndicate or procure second rights through them. We like boy or girl stories pointing a moral without being preachy, for readers ranging in ages from sixteen up."

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(Continued on Page V.)

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THE EDITOR, Highland Falls, N. Y.

Contemporary Writers and Their Work

A Series of Autobiographical Letters on the Genesis, Conception, Development, and Writing of Fiction, Poems, and Articles Published in Current Periodicals

On the Historical Novel

BY HOPE MIRRLEES

I shall begin with an attempt to trace the genesis of my first novel, "Madeleine, One of Love's Jansenists."

One of the elements in the genesis of a work of art is often, I think, a sort of spiritual greed—a desire to possess the world. One is not content that the round green apple should hang on the tree of the sky—one wants to pluck it, to feel its cool weight in one's hands, to bite into it—to possess it. Or, if not the whole world, at any rate some portion of it.

When I was about sixteen I read with my governess Lanson's history of French literature; and for reasons which it would probably take a long course of psycho-analysis to discover, my spiritual greed, my lust of possession, was immediately aroused by the account of the *Hotel de Rambouillet* and the *Precieuses*, before they became "ridiculous."

Re-creation is the only arm by which one can conquer the imponderable—one holds it by right of pen, or of pencil. So my greed generated in my heart the project of some day writing a novel about the *Hotel de Rambouillet*.

But there is another element in the genesis of novels, at any rate in the genesis of mine, and that is the brooding over some abstract theory. For if one is a novelist, and not a philosopher, the result of this brooding is not a solving of the problem or a development of the theory. No, by the action of some hidden chemistry the problem or theory is imperceptibly transmuted into a living situation.

On first going to Cambridge (England) I attended a course of lectures—the nucleus of

her great book "Themis"—given by Miss Jane Harrison on the genesis and evolution of the Greek gods. The main thesis was this: a god is the projection, through the medium of ritual dances, of man's desires; in a later stage by means of sacrifice and sacraments the worshipper participates in the nature of the god, becomes the god. I was literally thrilled by this theory; for it appealed at once to my imagination and my reason. The situation it turned into was that of a young girl who conceives a violent *schwärmerei* for a woman older than herself. She contracts the habit of galvanizing her day-dreams and imaginary conversations with the woman by dancing wildly up and down the room, generating, thereby, a semi-hypnotic condition. In the end, she goes mad, and identifies herself with her idol.

Then, what the mythologists call a *contaminatio* took place between this situation and my old complex about the *Hotel de Rambouillet*; and I suddenly saw my heroine standing against a French seventeenth century *decor* while the object of her worship became a famous *Precieuse*, that indefatigable writer of sesquipedalian romances, Mademoiselle de Scudery.

I wrote it; but I was not satisfied. Aristotle held that there was originally in every block of marble a statue, which would appear on the removal of the superfluous parts; and I had the sense that I had not yet developed all the possibilities latent in my block of marble, which was the situation, and the happenings that had grown out of it. It had, I felt, innate rhythm, harmonies, symbols; and till

these had been shown the book would not be really finished. I re-wrote it; but I still remained unsatisfied. So I wrote it a third time. And as I was writing I began to realize—*si parva licet componere magnis*—that it was turning into a sort of fugue: it was beginning to consist of a series of short themes (Nausicaa, the Sapphic Ode, the amours of the father, the cult of St. Mary Magdalene, and the like) contrapuntally harmonized. That is to say, one could either listen to each theme as a distinct, independent melody, or as an accompaniment to one of the other themes. And I also came to realize that this was due to showing life through the eyes of one character. In a sense we are all apt to see a pattern, a plot, in the perhaps purely fortuitous happenings of our own lives. But when a fictitious character sees a pattern in fictitious events (both having already passed through the medium of the writer's imagination, and hence being already one degree removed from reality) that pattern is of necessity more rigid, more geometrical, than the pattern seen by real people in real life.

I finished "Madeleine"; but I did not cease to be obsessed by this contrast between life as it really is and the geometrical arrangement of it which I suppose we must call art. To rid myself of this obsession I determined to make the attempt of showing the same situation both subjectively and objectively. Hence "The Counterplot" (Collins, London, England; not yet published in the United States) grew in a sense out of "Madeleine."

"The Counterplot" was also written three times; and here I should like to take the opportunity of apologizing for the too frequent clumsiness and carelessness of my writing. Each time that I began to re-write I hoped that I should be free to devote my energies to external polish; but each time I discovered fresh meanings, fresh harmonies, lying latent in the material, and which needed a word

here, an incident there, to be brought to light; so inevitably external polish went to the wall. To give an example: it was not until I was writing the book for the third time that I realized the inner significance of some of the passages about Dick Lane—Teresa's seeing of him in the first chapter as the "heir of the ages," part of the ancestral stream of birth and death; the scene where he lies in bed reading the spy-story and becomes identified with the hero; his love of out-door things, his sanity and normality—these things meant that in the domain of symbolism he stood for the real Paganism, the vision based on the actual rhythm of life, on sowing and reaping, on birth and death. I had already made this Paganism, as opposed to Catholicism, one of the *leit-motifs* of the book, but I had not realized that it was represented by Dick. To make this clear, in the play I turned him into the ghost of Don Juan—whom I consider one of the manifestations of what Miss Jane Harrison calls the *Eniastos Daimon*, the Year-Spirit.

The fact of Catholicism playing such a part in the book is due to that "spiritual greed" mentioned above. By upbringing an Anglican, by temperament an agnostic, my attitude to Catholicism was an external one. I looked at it aesthetically, and I craved to possess it, aesthetically—that is to say, to write about it. And as I wrote about it I came to see that it too was a form of art—in the sense that art is an arrangement of life; and that its central doctrine, transsubstantiation, is a symbol of the process by which life is turned into art. But it was some time before I realized that the Dona and her counterpart in the play, Trotaconventos, were symbols of the Catholic Church.

"The Counterplot" falls into three parts: the part before the play, the play, and the part after the play. But the order in which these parts were written did not follow their natural sequence—I did not finish one before

began the next, but jumped about from one part to another, so that they grew up, so to speak, simultaneously, one modifying the other. For instance, there was no Rory Dundas to begin with in the opening chapters; but, leaving the novel at the third chapter, I turned to write the play, and Dennys, the *trovar*, suddenly appeared—the shadow before the substance. So I had to go back to the opening chapters and introduce Rory Dundas. True, Rory Dundas is not a wandering minstrel like Dennys, but as well as the similarity of his relations to the other characters, echoes of the *trovar* can be heard sometimes in his words. As Dennys to Sister Pilar, so he talks to Teresa of death the first

evening that they meet. And they are both haunted by the same old song—the song “in praise of Ladies dead.” For Rory these Ladies are “the beautiful Miss Brabazons,” for Dennys they are “Dame Venus, Dame Helena, the slave-girl Briseis.”

In writing the play I had a great many surprises—I remember, for instance, that when Don Manuel de Lara starts rating Sister Asuncion for coming to the tryst I was as astonished as she was herself.

I will end with a comforting word to would-be writers of historical fiction: *a little reading goes a very long way.*

American University Woman's Club, Paris.

Spinning Stories Out of Incidents

By “CARLOTTA ODDIE”

My own name is Pearl D. Thompson, but under the pen-name of Carlotta Oddie, I have had stories accepted recently by Sunset, Munsey's, Brief Stories, and Today's Housewife. I have written rather spasmodically for the past two years, but have now pinned myself down to definite hours, and hope to accomplish something worth while—eventually!

The story in Sunset for May, 1924, “Equal to Any Occasion,” was suggested to me by the laughing remark of an aunt one day, who told me that when she was a bride she had ignorantly cooked enough rice for a boarding-house table, and how she had spooned and spooned it out of the overflowing boiler and hidden dishes of it in the pantry so that her new husband should not discover that his model wife was not as model as he had supposed. With this disaster in mind, it was very easy to construct the light little plot about which the story is woven, and which was written very easily and quickly, as it ran simply along in my mind.

Most of my plot suggestions come to me

from remarks of my friends. I believe that any laughable incident or dramatic or unusual incident may easily be made the cocoon round which a story may be spun, provided really human characters are supplied and the situations naturally developed.

Personally, I find that most of my faulty work has been done and my time wasted by building a story about a weak, inefficient plot. Now, before I write a story, I test the skeleton, or plot, with three things in mind:

1. Is it plausible and original?
2. Are the characters in it real people and—at least one of them—attractive people?
3. Does it keep one interested and uncertain as to the outcome until the very end? And that end brief!

It seems to me that if one can faithfully say “yes” to these three questions, his story cannot fail, provided it is clothed in correct English.

As I am a comparative newcomer in the writing field, I feel exceedingly shy about giving advice, and much more like listening to others.

"Said By—Written By"

Opinions and Quotations from Old and New Books and Periodicals

On Play Technique

BY GEORGE KELLY

I can describe my whole theory of art by a simple illustration, for when I stretch out a handkerchief and fit it to a frame, that frame represents the technique; the way I attach the handkerchief to the frame represents the method of development—technical approach; and the combined result of the uniting of the handkerchief to the frame represents that composite thing, the resultant art.

So far as the rest of my ideas on playwriting are concerned, they are very simple. I believe that first one must have a gift for the theater, a natural appreciation of its values, an understanding of its exigencies, and an intuitive faculty for life itself, all the rest is spontaneous.

The ability to write is based on a subconscious observation and is accomplished by infinite patience; one must work hours and hours upon a page, and then, perhaps, discard it. The pith of lines is based on their tellingness.

In my own case, though I have no desire to be oracular, my work has virtually always been spontaneous, never founded on any formal study of the subject. Recently, at the suggestion of a friend, however, I read William Archer's book on playwriting, and I found it a most fascinating work, for it showed me analytically how I have arrived at certain results—the road that I have taken.

Concerning technique, I must say though, that I have very decided notions. I am opposed to strict adherence to a plot formula, for I believe that a play should represent life, and life never follows a formula. It is a matter of "those that live and those that die," a perpetually variable thing. A plot formula

is a good prop, but more than this it certainly could never be.

Following this idea, I believe that "The Three Sisters," by Chekhov, is the finest play I have ever seen. It is my idea of the theater.

Though I don't wish to say that I have a method of writing dialogue, I feel keenly about the developing and directing of stage speech. I know that I am deliberately ungrammatical from a syntax standpoint, yet I am a great stickler for certain grammatical necessities.

A thing that works against reality in the speech of the stage is the lack of knowledge of the absolutely correct use of connectives as distinguished from modal adverbs, independent adverbs and introductories. If the thought is "and you can stay in the room," it should not be changed to "but you can stay in the room." An adversative connective instead of a conjunction will alter the entire significance of the subsequent clause.

It is singular how few players have a nice ear for these distinctions. Some actors, however, have photographic memories; they learn or mislearn their lines, and when they learn them they can almost never unlearn them.

But the playwright must learn to forestall even this. He must learn sentence analysis and the form of expression that is typical of the class that he is representing.

The writing of the one-act play requires a faculty for crisis. Transforming it into a longer play is merely a matter of elaborating it and developing the various ramifications of that crisis. My characters are purely imag-

inative, based on life, but never taken from life. Thus, in selecting a cast, I never look for a type, but for a personal quality. Then when I have this personal quality in the various players I relate it to my basic idea.

Often players come to me to apply for a part. At first sight they bear no resemblance to the character I have in mind. But I talk to them, and often during our informal chat I discover a nuance in voice or expression or a specific gesture that reveals them to be the exact player I require. In directing I strive for a perfect state of en rapport—co-operation cordiale. After I decide which moment or line or action is the important one I want every other player to give way for the time being so that this part may stand our emer-

gent. I almost demand that everyone else stop breathing. . . .

. . . . When romance and youth once run into the sober facts of life the clash comes. Economic conditions of today must be changed, because youth and love precede economic conditions; their needs are urgent and they must be adjusted to economics so that they may be fit for survival. It is a question of molding character to conditions, and of much suffering. Thus they will realize that they're married, that they've got some kind of home to keep and just how much money, and then suit their ideas accordingly. If they don't do these things they will have plenty of crying to do.

Many a Book Waits Long for Its Day

BY JOHN MCCREA

Just as there are old maids and old bachelors who do not find their mates, so there are books that do not find theirs. Sometimes the old maid or the old bachelor eventually finds a mate. But it is a slower process for some than for others. It is so with books. Every book is a personality. And there is something in every published volume—I am talking now of books with thought behind them, and most books have it—which will appeal to someone in the world. It may take time for that book to find the person who wants it—to marry off the book, as it were. The personality of a book has to be discovered by just the one person to whom it will most appeal, to whom it will be of help and inspiration.

There is no use, of course, in expecting a person who is looking for love stories to be interested in a book on wireless. But somewhere there is usually a person for every book that is ever printed. The trick is to bring person and book together, and that takes time, often more time than the average publisher has to give.

A publisher is always looking for a new idea, a new thought. When he finds a manuscript that contains what he considers a good story, he brings it out in book form, feeling sure it will please a certain type of reader. The book may have a heavy sale, or it may not. It may appeal only to a particular group. A book may be a slow seller, yet cannot be called a book that does not sell. If 5,000 copies are sold, the book has attained a fair average, although the best seller may run to hundreds of thousands.

Take "Lorna Doone," for instance. When that novel was brought out, it had no sale at all. The dealer couldn't give it away. Yet now one copy of the first edition sells for perhaps \$300. It was thus, too, with Omar Khayyam. Fitzgerald sent 500 copies to a dealer in Hempstead, who tried to sell them at sixpence apiece. He could not dispose of a copy. At last he asked Fitzgerald to come for his books. Those first autographed volumes are selling today for anywhere from \$300 to \$1,000 each.

Some books are ahead of their time. People have to grow up to them; have to accustom themselves to a new thought. If a story contains thoughts that a publisher believes will attract attention, he prints it. There is no telling when a book may contain something that will change the thinking of the world, just as a certain book changed the life of Patrick McGill.

The boy belonged to a poor family who could give him no advantages. Patrick could neither read nor write. When he was old enough he went to work on the railroad with pick and shovel, like many other boys of his class. One day, as he stepped off the track to let a train go by, a paper bound book fell out of a car window. Patrick picked it up and took it home. He got someone to read it to him. The book proved such a joy to him that he determined to get an education, so that he could read the books that others read. Patrick McGill became a student of English and eventually a writer.

I remember buying in Europe 250 copies of a book called "The Criminal Prosecution

of Animals." It was a story of the way in which animals that had done harm were brought to punishment in medieval days. The horse that kicked a man and the cow that injured a child with its horns were tried before a court and punished, as if they had been intelligent human beings.

No one seemed to want these books. We held them a long while and finally disposed of the lot at a low price. Shortly after the sale a professor of law wrote for sixty-six copies, saying he wished to use them in a course he was giving on the evolution of law. I still remember the delight of the dealer in reselling the books to us at a 25 per cent. increase.

That is merely an example of the way books will find their place at last in a world that does not always appear to want them. There are a few books that "miss out," just as there are people who "miss out," or seem to. But there is always a chance that these apparently unwanted ones will be wanted some day.—New York Times.

The Detective Story

"There is no such thing as a good detective story," the late William A. Pinkerton is quoted as having said. "None of them is true, and none is as exciting as the solution of a real crime."

He was right, of course, in his last statement. Reality is always more exciting than fiction, when it becomes personal. The man who has seen a murder will remember it to his dying day, though its details may have been the simplest, the ugliest, imaginable; whereas the best story of a murder ever written will enthrall his recollection for only a little while.

But for even such detective stories as are currently produced the world is grateful nevertheless. Wilkie Collins' "Moonstone" is a

classic, though it is without a touch of style. Collins' own formula for a story teller has often been quoted: "Make 'em laugh; make 'em cry; make 'em wait"; and the detective story emphasizes the third element in a fashion that will never grow tiresome.

The detective story is the very symbol of the one great allurements of narrative—suspense. And then how nobly it sustains belief in the eternal verities! The seeker rewarded, the evil-doer captured, justice done. Curiosity and the sense of the fitness of things are rewarded together. We have seldom known a really fine intelligence which did not delight to relax over the solution of an imaginary crime.

We hope that detective stories will continue to be produced to satisfy the demand. And we are sure that the demand will persist.—Chicago Examiner.

Sincerity and Success

BY G. K. CHESTERTON

It is common in these days to declaim against negative morality; but in truth it is much freer than positive morality. To be loaded with a laborious catalogue of all the things that may or must be done is much more of a nuisance than to carry a compact list of the few that must not be done, which can be as portable as the Ten Commandments. It is easier to read one notice-board than half a hundred advertisements; though advertisements are usually of a more optimistic character. And if this be true even of ethics it is much more true of æsthetics. The positive and spontaneous element in literary art cannot be dealt with by any directions at all; it is hardly too much to say that nothing can be said on the subject. All men are creative; in the fundamental sense that all men have day-dreams and most men tell stories, if only in the nursery sense of telling lies. All men have aunts and uncles and family friends whom they appreciate as one appreciates a character in Dickens, and about whom they talk critically and often cleverly. All men feel the mystery of Nature, if it only takes the very reasonable form of talking about the weather. In short, all men have what is called the artistic temperament; though those who talk most about it are often those who have it least. But whether any given person with the artistic temperament ought to be an artist is one of those all-important problems of proportion and judgment about which there is no rule. The only thing approaching to a practical hint was given by Stevenson, when he said (I forget the words) that a man could weigh his vocation by asking himself if he found something

pleasant even in the unpleasant part of his work. There is really something valuable in this test. An intelligent man who thinks at some moment that he would like to write a particular story often means only that he would like a particular story to be written. If he can imagine himself as continuously pleased, day after day, by setting his wits to the considerable worry of putting it together, it is likely enough that he is the man really meant to write it. But if all he would enjoy would be the accomplished thing, then probably he is not meant to write it, but to read it. His status as a reader will be probably spiritually and almost certainly economically higher than that of the writer.

But when we come to certain negative warnings about the work, something practical may perhaps be said. It would be rather ungracious to put the truth by saying that the only advice we can really give a writer is to tell him to disregard all the advice that is generally given him. But there certainly are some very fashionable forms of advice which it would be easier to criticise than to accept as authoritative criticism. The warning against the *cliche*, for instance, is now almost a *cliche* itself. But the greater part of these errors work back, as most things do, to moral questions; and the first line of attack upon them lies through the question of that literary element which is talked about as truth, and what is very much less talked about, courage.

It is especially desirable to be honest when demanding honesty. It is therefore necessary to admit, to start with, that truth in any courageous sense in modern English writing may not lead to success, and may sometimes

lead to ruin. It does not become anybody who, by luck and the loyalty of friends, has been moderately successful without consciously selling his pen, to be pharisaical about anyone whom the most tragic necessities have forced into selling it. But it is certain that to recommend a young writer to tell the truth is to recommend something risky. It is my purpose here to point out that there is another side to the speculation; that it has certain genuine chances of success like many risky speculations in commerce or finance, as well as being a risk more worthy of what is respectable in human nature. The question of truth in literature is confused by sexual controversies; but that element in the affair is here irrelevant and is everywhere exaggerated. The things conventionally hidden are only conventionally hidden; that is, they are not really hidden at all. Sex is a *secret de Polichinelle*; and the phrase is appropriate, for the facts in themselves are mostly as coarse and healthy as Punch and Judy. Real courage is called out only in dealing with facts that are really hidden from the man in the street, even when he is not in the street; and these are almost always political or financial, or generally both. To give a true picture of modern England in relation to these things is, it must be repeated, risky. Yet it is the only possible course for a man whose motive is conviction; for conviction of its nature requires him not only to practise, but to preach. I wish to indicate here one or two of the quite practical advantages of pure conviction, to balance such practical disadvantages as the possibility of going to prison.

The first general fact is that editors, publishers, and the public are really hungry, not to say starving, for what is called "good copy." They will pay a great deal, and they will even tolerate a great deal, for anything that is as a fact interesting. Men so different, for instance, as Mr. Rudyard Kipling and Mr. Bernard Shaw undoubtedly really

shocked the rather shapeless conventions of the later Victorians; but clove their way through such prejudices by the very fact that there was something tart and disconcerting about their tone. And whatever we may think of their opinions, they earned the public place they gained by the simple fact that their matter was so much more interesting than the corresponding mass of printed matter they displaced. It is here necessary to enter the *caveat* referred to above against one of the cant phrases of advice addressed to the young writer. I mean the insistence on the necessity of suiting any journalism to the exact tone and habit of the journal. This advice has spoilt much more good journalism than it has ever made. It has left many a man earning a little money by writing dull things for a dull paper, when he might have earned a lot by being the one bright spot on it. I do not say that the principle can safely be carried to its final and somewhat fantastic extreme. It might be unwise to contribute the most trenchant refutation of Darwin or Karl Marx to lend solidity to *The Winning-Post*, or to save the more racy of the points for a French farce to sparkle in the setting of *The British Weekly*. But it is quite equally true that many a man has become the chief feature of a frivolous paper by writing the one article that was seriously worth reading; and has created the popularity of a serious paper by refusing to be entirely serious. And it will really be worth while considering the superior chances of a good argument even in the pink paper, or a good joke even in the Puritan paper, over those of a bad argument or a bad joke anywhere. For the first fact, as I have said, is that good arguments and good jokes are really wanted, not only by newspaper readers, but by the much more ignorant class of newspaper proprietors. I have here considered the commercial problem merely in its relation to journalism; but it is evident that the same general principle ap-

plies to the young book writer when he is told to suit the taste of the public, or more often of the publisher. The general truth involved here concerns the first of the practical advantages of conviction—the fact that a man saying what he has really seen and really thinks, whatever the quality of his brains may be, is quite certain to be showing those brains at their brightest and best. The staleness of much modern journalism does not consist, as the supercilious so often suggest, of stupid men trying to be clever; it largely consists of clever men trying to be stupid. They do it well; but it is a mistake.

But the case for conviction is even stronger and sharper than this. It is a matter that nobody adequately notices in the modern world; because complete and connected beliefs have been discouraged by a sceptical temper. But complete and connected beliefs are an incomparable help to quickness in wit and words. There is a vague idea that a man will be freer in his fancies and have a larger license for his humor if he keeps what some would call an open mind and I should call an

empty head. It is supposed that a man like Mr. Bernard Shaw gains his reputation as a wit by saying anything that comes into his head. To suppose this is as stupid as to suppose that a mob can manœuvre more quickly than an army. The very fact that a mere mob can go anywhere is the reason why it goes nowhere. The kind of man who will say whatever comes into his head generally has a long while to wait before anything comes into it. The quickest mind is that which knows where to find all its thoughts; which can put every problem promptly to a test; and the sparks of whose wit come from the collision of a fact like flint with a creed like steel. Therefore the most important of all admonitions to a writer, for the most popular or even the most playful purposes, is to possess himself of a positive view of things and to apply it boldly until it breaks down. The process will not narrow him; on the contrary, it will broaden him very much. To put it in its simplest form, if he believes something that applies to everything, he will always have something to say.

Editorial Procedure

BY GEORGE H. LORIMER

The first thing I decided to do twenty-five years ago when I became editor of *The Saturday Evening Post* was to read manuscripts promptly and to make immediate payment for them, and this policy has paid. Before that time it was the usual thing for magazine editors to take their time about reading stories, sometimes keeping them several months. If a story was accepted, payment was made at the time of publication.

To me that seemed unfair to persons who often were depending for their bread and

butter upon the fate of a manuscript. So I started at once with an ironclad rule that stories must be read within a few days and, if accepted, paid for at once.

I'm always looking for new writers and it always has been so. The very first night that I was editor I took a train for New York and went on a hunt for writers. I went to the haunts of literary folk and talked and bargained until I had made arrangements for a good start.

THE LITERARY MARKET

(Continued from Page III.)

Outers' Recreation, 500 North Dearborn Street, Chicago, Ill., Frank E. Brimmer, managing editor,

writes: "At the present time we are rather heavily overstocked with manuscripts of every nature and have on hand considerable poetry also. Stories and verse, to fit into our program, should contain a hunting, fishing, or camping flavor. Our rate for features

is one cent a word, and we pay twenty-five cents a line for verse. Payment is made upon publication."

Vogue, 19 West 44th Street, New York, N. Y., the managing editor writes: "We are not in the market for outside contributors. We have a large staff who do our writing, and we never publish poetry. If a writer has an article of exceptional originality and interest which he thinks would fit the highly specialized requirements of *Vogue*, he might send it in, but I must add that our schedules are full for many months to come."

Dream World, 1926 Broadway, New York, N. Y.; the editors write: "Dream World requires love stories written in the first person of from 4,000 to 6,000 words in length. Our rate is two cents a word, payable on acceptance. Our demand for poetry is very small but our rate for accepted poetry is fifty cents a line."

The National Sportsman Magazine, 275 Newbury Street, Boston, Mass., John J. Rowlands, managing editor, writes: "Most of the material used in *National Sportsman* is contributed by readers and just at present we are not in the market for manuscripts."

The Flower Grower, Calcium, New York, Madison Cooper, editor, writes: "I have no editorial needs, and have a great stack of unworked material on my desk, some of it easily worthy of a place in *The Flower Grower*. From the fact that I use reprint where it is good and where it meets with my approval, I have never seen the time when I was in need of material to fill *The Flower Grower*. In fact, I have had more material on hand at all times than I could use. I sometimes wish *The Flower Grower* was two or three times as big. No, I surely do not need poetry and while I have used poetry, in most cases I have paid nothing for it. I am getting more poetry right along than I can possibly use, and I think probably I should use none at all. It is hardly called for in a horticultural publication. But don't let what I have said above discourage you, if you want to write for *The Flower Grower*, but I want to warn you, too, that payment for articles for *The Flower Grower* is small. In fact, what I pay for things that go into *The Flower Grower* takes the nature of an honorarium rather than real payment. I expect people who write for *The Flower Grower* to do so largely for love of the work, and, as before stated, I am getting more material offered me now than I can use. Anyone who can write on a new subject or talk about an old subject in a new way will be welcome to *The Flower Grower* and I will pay what I can for such material as meets with my approval."

The Watchman Magazine, Nashville, Tenn., Mary G. Paul, editorial secretary, writes: "The *Watchman* has a staff of regular contributors. We now have in hand a great many solicited manuscripts, enough to last for many, many months to come."

People's Magazine, 79 Seventh Avenue, New York, N. Y., the editor writes: "Our chief editorial needs are short stories of 5,000 to 10,000 words and complete novels of 40,000 to 60,000 words. They should be stories of outdoor adventure. For these

we pay from one to two cents a word. We use very little poetry."

Motor Travel, 247 West 54th Street, New York, N. Y., the editor writes: "It has not been our custom to use poetry, and for the present we are sticking to this policy. We pay a cent a word for any material used, and a check is sent on publication."

**St. Nicholas*, 353 Fourth Avenue, New York, N. Y., the editor writes: "St. Nicholas is intended, for the most part, for boys and girls of the high school age, although we have a department for the younger children. The stories and poems submitted to us, therefore, should be such as to interest young people from, say, twelve to eighteen. You can tell better, by examining a copy of the magazine, the sort of thing we use. St. Nicholas is greatly over-supplied with material of all kinds."

The Nautilus Magazine, The Elizabeth Towne Co., Holyoke, Mass., Chester H. Struble, managing editor, writes: "We have very little use for poetry simply because we cannot find room for it. We most need practical New Thought articles containing exact methods of how demonstration was made, articles which tell what the writer has done, and how others can do the same. The rate of payment depends on how badly we need the article or how well adapted it is to our publication."

Successful Farming, Des Moines, Iowa, A. H. Snyder, editor, writes: "Just at present we do not have special need for any particular type of material. We receive several times as much material as we can use, and consequently our task is to select from the material submitted that which we feel is of greatest interest and value to our readers. We use very little poetry and are constantly overstocked with it. Our regular rate for contributed manuscript is one-half cent a word."

**The Catholic World*, 120 West 60th Street, New York, N. Y., the editor writes: "We use only a small amount of fiction and poetry, but we are always interested in seeing a good short story or a short poem. It is our custom to make payment upon publication and our rate of payment averages for prose \$3 to \$3.75 a page, and for poems \$10 a page."

The Single Tax Review has been changed to *Land and Freedom*, 150 Nassau Street, New York, N. Y.

THE EXPERIENCE EXCHANGE

A Give and Take Department—Do Your Share!

M. F. writes:

Writing Greeting Card Verses

I wonder how many writers of greeting verses agree with the Dreyfuss Art Co., in their statement in *The Editor* of May 10th that the greatest inspiration for greetings is to be found in "the woods, the streams, flowers, and fields."

If the author of this statement were talking about abstract poetry such as Wordsworth wrote, I might be willing to admit that clouds and daffodils and

grassy banks would furnish grist for the writer's mill. In fact, being somewhat poetically inclined, I'll admit that I indulge in these things once in a while myself, albeit solely for the satisfaction of my own appetite. But greetings are such human things. When I write to my friends I don't find it necessary to go to fields and streams and flowers for something to say, and I really can't see that lilacs, for instance, would have much connection with a friend's birthday. Of course, one could wish that friendship would flow on and on forever, so the stream might prove useful. No doubt most writers cherish a mental garden of forget-me-nots, they bloom so conveniently at all seasons, and the beauties of springtime seem to be a natural accompaniment to Easter wishes. But, after all, it is in life itself that I find my greatest inspiration to produce greetings that are really *sentiments*.

Another thing. The editor of Dreyfuss objects to rehashing of greetings already on the market. This brings up the old question of plagiarism, and we are reminded that the thought belongs to him who says it best. As I remember, an article in The Editor once advocated this theory as concerns fiction writing. And certainly some cards on the market could very well stand being re-hashed. Anyway, I can't help wondering if other writers don't find it as much of an inspiration as I do to examine and study the greetings that are on sale. If we don't learn from what others are doing, how *are* we going to learn?

What has been the experience of other greeting card writers along these lines?

J. B. C. writes:

For the past ten years I have followed closely The Literary Market, and my records show that the majority of the tips published in that department (which I took advantage of) resulted in acceptances and checks that in most cases were paid promptly.

I doubt if there is a similar publication that gives its readers as much inspiration and real service as does The Editor. The subscription price is easily worth \$10 per year, for those who digest its contents each week and have confidence in their own ability to turn out salable literary material.

It is truly the "writers' own paper." It is Old Man Opportunity himself.

I would like to hear from members of The Editor family as to their experience in writing for newspaper syndicates or who have successfully marketed their own work.

A. W. M. writes:

Some stuff sent to The Bronx Review, New York, N. Y., was returned marked "not found."

Ms. sent to The Wampus Cat, Leesville, La., last summer has never been heard from. The Wampus Cat does not answer letters.

M. L. writes:

I love to report sales, even though they are few. *True Confessions, Robbinsdale, Minn., has just bought a story, after rejecting five submitted at intervals during the past ten months. I had just decid-

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Your own subscription for The Editor Weekly will be credited in advance for one year, if you will obtain subscriptions from two friends, *not now subscribers for The Editor*, for one year each. If you desire, you may pay \$3.34 for your own subscription, and arrange with two friends to pay \$3.33 each for theirs. The three yearly subscriptions and \$10.00 must be sent together, direct to THE EDITOR, Book Hill, Highland Falls, N. Y.

OR—

Your own subscription for The Editor Weekly for one year, and yearly subscriptions for four friends, *not now subscribers for The Editor*, will cost \$15.00. If you desire you may pay \$3 for your own subscription, and arrange with four friends to pay \$3 each for theirs. The five yearly subscriptions and \$15 must be sent together, direct to THE EDITOR, Book Hill, Highland Falls, N. Y.

OR—

Twelve yearly subscriptions, on the same terms, i. e., at least eleven must be for folk who are not now subscribers for The Editor, will be given for \$30.00. You may pay \$2.50 for your subscription for one year, and arrange with eleven friends to pay \$2.50 each. The twelve subscriptions and \$30 must be sent together direct to

THE EDITOR, Book Hill, Highland Falls, N. Y.

OR—

A fully paid enrollment for the Major Course in Fiction Writing of The Editor Council will be given, without cost, to the writer who obtains 50 yearly subscriptions for The Editor at \$5 each. This is equivalent to an allowance of \$2.20 for each subscription. At least 40 of the subscriptions must be for readers who are not now subscribers.

OR—

For a yearly subscription, sent to us by a subscriber for a friend whose name is not now on The Editor subscription list, The Editor will give 50 of each size of Printed Manuscript Mailing Envelopes. The order must come from a reader now a subscriber for The Editor, with \$5, and must be for a reader who is not now a subscriber.

THE EDITOR MAGAZINE
A Weekly Service for Authors
BOOK HILL, HIGHLAND FALLS, N. Y.

ed that one couldn't make good with a reading staff. It's hard enough to impress editors singly. But because Mr. Roscoe Fawcett returned my first with the comment that it was an exceedingly interesting and well written tale, I felt that I must "make" True Confessions. A "Pike's Peak or bust" feeling. I accomplished both; for I went "busted" and then sold the story.

A story submitted to Telling Tales, 80 East 11th Street, New York, N. Y., two months and two days ago has not been heard from. A letter of inquiry posted three weeks ago is still unanswered. This surprises me, for I have heard that Telling Tales deals fairly, squarely, and considerately with its contributors. Perhaps the report will reach me in a few days. Here's hoping.

Mr. Fulton Oursler of Macfadden Publications, 1926 Broadway, New York, N. Y., seems courteous and anxious to repair as far as possible the shortcomings of the concern. When I had a big legitimate kick coming—and availed myself of it—he wrote me assuring me that my stories would hereafter be given prompt and sympathetic treatment. And one story was. Lately another was kept two months and a letter from his secretary assured me that it would very likely be purchased. But it was returned mutilated, and again his courteous letter of regret and apology. He seems all right, and it's too bad he is kept busy apologizing for and straightening out these avoidable blunders of others.

I find Breezy Stories, 709 Sixth Avenue, New York, N. Y., Snappy Stories and Live Stories, 627 West 43rd Street, New York, N. Y., are all prompt in reporting. The editors of each of these magazines write notes of appreciation and invite further contributions.

G. L. writes:

A. E. Little Company of Los Angeles, Calif., greeting card dealers, writes: "Our supply of sentiments will take care of our needs for at least a year to come."

H. O. M. writes:

I read with interest the article, "The Day of Small Things," by Ora A. Clement in The Editor of April 12th.

For some time past I've tried her system—and all of my stuff comes back with notation similar to this: "Staff writers attend to articles of this nature." Very seldom is one placed.

Can Ora Clement suggest markets open for short articles such as she spoke of?

Helen F. Price writes:

I'm glad to report that, since the notice in The Editor about my inability to get any answer from Woman's Weekly regarding the non-payment for a story published in February, I have received a letter from its editor stating that, owing to a re-financing campaign, its money has been unavailable for payment on current items, and that it asks authors please to exercise a little patience and it will pay as soon as possible.

Of course I'm only too willing to wait, but I can't see why they didn't write this letter long ago, for it would have saved much hard feeling. I'm very reasonable and good tempered, but no woman likes to be ignored!

In reference to the non-shipment of the magazines ordered, the editor said it was through the oversight of a shipping clerk, and the matter had never been brought to his attention.

Long life to The Editor—it's our effective weapon!

M. L. writes:

Having sold five stories to Real Life, 145 West 57th Street, New York, N. Y., at different periods, and through its change of name and policies, I submitted in rather rapid succession six short realistic stories, before receiving a letter from its human and folksy editor, asking me to withhold further contributions until she had reported on those stories of mine already in her hands. She further said that my output was heavy and that she was receiving about a thousand Mss. a week. Obviously she was swamped and overworked, and I realized with dismay that I had deluged her unnecessarily. I was panicky, too, at the thought of two stories mailed to her the day before. I sent a letter, post haste, to her secretary telling her to return those two the minute they arrived, as I was selling first person stuff rather easily and had had requests for that sort of stuff from two magazines about to open "confession" departments.

The stories did not come back and I waited six weeks for report on the lot. Not too long, considering the volume. All but two were finally returned with appreciative comment on each. The two she said she was "keeping for further consideration" and would likely buy one and quite possibly both. She explained her failure to return the superfluous offerings by saying she was always glad to see my work come into the office. Nevertheless, both the stories "held for further consideration" came back with the information that Real Life had again changed its policy. Meanwhile one magazine which had asked for first person stuff got stocked up and, when I submitted those returned from Real Life, regretted that I had not sent them when they could have used them.

A recent letter from Real Life says that magazine is now to be an all-fiction publication on the order of Red Book and Cosmopolitan. The editor intimates that she doubts my ability to make the grade. That, of course, is a challenge. It may take time; but I have received a much needed lesson. The output will not be heavy. There will be no more stuff rattled off at one sitting and put in the mail without an edit or re-write—in many cases with no more than a hasty "once over." I may not sell to Real Life, but then again I may. This spur has already resulted in letters of high and generous praise from editors of the better magazines, accompanying returned stories.

Hope springs eternal in the writer's breast.

THE EDITOR

A Journal of Information for Literary Workers

A Weekly Service for Authors

OL. 66

Book Hill, Highland Falls, N. Y.

NO. 3

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Weekly

607th Number

\$5.00 a Year

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Entered as Second Class Matter at the Post Office,
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30th Year

Do You Think in Alphabetical Order?

If you do, then perhaps a good dictionary is the only word reference book you need.

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THE LITERARY MARKET

There is a place somewhere for every good Manuscript.—THE EDITOR

In this department THE EDITOR publishes each week news of the literary market that interests and aids writers with manuscripts for sale. Whenever possible statements are taken directly from letters received from the editors of the publications concerned.

Dreyfuss Art Co., Inc., 514 Broadway, New York, N. Y., publishers of greeting cards, write: We offer \$1 a line for acceptable verses for birth-days, each verse to have a reference to the month of birth."

Samuel Carpenter Company, Ninth and Dauphin streets, Philadelphia, Pa., makers of greeting cards, write: "We are interested in designs and short verse for Christmas, New Year, Birthday and everyday occasions."

The London Advisory Council for Juvenile Employment (appointed by the Minister of Labor) invites help in dealing with this difficult problem from teachers, employers, welfare workers, and others conversant with the subject. Through the generosity of an anonymous donor the Council is able to offer valuable prizes for essays upon the problem. The subject is "The London Problem of Juvenile Employment." Essays will be restricted to a maximum of 4,000 words, and will be judged, not upon their literary quality, but upon the practical value of the propositions, criticisms and proposals they contain. The prizes offered are: First prize, 100 pounds; second prize, 50 pounds; third prize, 25 pounds; and five prizes each of 5 pounds (the pound is worth 4.30 to \$4.60). The latest day for receiving essays will be September 1st, 1924. Write for full information and rules to the Secretary, London Advisory Council for Juvenile Employment, 59, Queen's Gardens, London W. 2, England.

Near East Relief, 151 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y., announces that its offer of a \$50 prize for the best article on the observance of International Golden Rule Sunday appearing in the November or December, 1924, issue of any magazine has been enlarged to one prize of \$200, one of \$100, and one of \$50 for articles, fiction or verse appearing in any publication. The articles, fiction or verse submitted for the above prizes must deal with the origin, purpose and observance of the day. Contestants may obtain from Near East Relief material on which to base their work. They must submit to the Editorial Department, Near East Relief, 151 Fifth Avenue, New York City, copies of the magazines or other publications in which the articles appear. The contest closes on December 31st, 1924, at 5 p. m. No paid employee of Near East Relief is eligible as a contestant.

John Castle, 7 Henrietta Street, London, England, has begun a general book publishing business. He will, however, make a specialty of art works, plays, literary criticism and biography.

*Simon and Schuster, Inc., 37 West 57th Street, New York, N. Y., new general book publishers, announce their first list. The following books will be published in the fall: "Joseph Pulitzer—His Life

CAN A LETTER
OF 2,500 WORDS
BE WORTH
\$100.00?

Many writers have said in substance: "The letters that THE EDITOR COUNCIL has written to help me develop my ideas and write my stories have been of great value." Occasionally an enthusiastic COUNCIL student has said that one letter of criticism was worth the price of the whole course. And hundreds of COUNCIL students who have been helped to revise stories that they later sold, have given the entire credit—which seldom was really deserved—to the COUNCIL. We have in mind now one letter, of which the author for whom it was written plainly says: "Your last letter was worth hundreds of dollars to me!"

It happens that this letter is a fairly good one. It probably will give most writers more practical knowledge of story-writing than could be drawn from a half dozen books on fiction technique. This letter will be sent to you, if you so request when forwarding your enrollment for the Major Course in Fiction Writing of THE EDITOR COUNCIL.

FORM FOR ENROLLMENT

The Editor Council,

Book Hill, Highland Falls N. Y.

I desire to enroll for the fiction writing course of The Editor Council. I am to receive 52 Assignments and the entire series of Chap-books and Supplementary Material, and the help of an individual instructor in developing and writing and revising stories written in response to the Assignments. You agree to continue the work with me until I have sold at least \$100 worth of manuscripts after enrolling.

I enclose \$110 in full payment for the course and your tuition, or

I enclose \$20 as an initial payment, and agree to pay \$10 each month thereafter until I have paid \$120.00.

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and Letters," by Don Seitz; "The Common Sense of Tennis," by W. T. Tilden; "The Common Sense of Money and Investments," by M. S. Rukeyser; "Harvey Landrum" (a novel), by Ridley Mills; "The First Tangram Book," by F. G. Hartswick; "Poems," by Irwin Edman; and two cross word puzzle books. Simon and Schuster announce that they will publish a complete library of new and distinctive books on popular subjects under the title: "The Common Sense Library." Books already planned for this series include The Common Sense of Science, of Bridge, of Cooking, of Golf, of Psychology, of Education, of Law, of Astronomy, and of Poetry.

**Personal Efficiency*, Michigan Avenue at 41st Street, Chicago, Ill., Edgar Paul Hermann, editor, writes: "Each month we are in the market for one success story interview with a business leader. Interviews have been published during the past year with Colonel Robert W. Stewart, chairman of the board of directors of the Standard Oil Company; Charles H. Markham, president of the Illinois Central Railroad; Arthur Reynolds, president of the Continental and Commercial Bank; Edward S. Jordan, president of the Jordan Motor Car Company; and Edward N. Hurley, former head of the U. S. Shipping Board, and others. These interviews must be human and inspirational, and they must bear the O. K. of the man interviewed. A minimum rate of one cent a word is paid. It would be well for prospective interviewers to communicate with the editor concerning the proposed story before working it up."

The Portland Press Herald, Portland, Maine, is using on its magazine page a series of photographs of historical or beautiful or charming places in Maine, with brief descriptions. It will buy photographs suitable for this use, with a short description not to exceed 500 words. These will be paid for. Address material to the editorial department of *The Press Herald*.

The British Broadcasting Company offers a prize



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of fifty pounds (about \$225) and royalties of two guineas (about \$10) a performance for a new and original play submitted to it before August 1st and approved for broadcasting. Manuscripts should be sent to the London Play Company, 51, Piccadilly London, England, together with an entrance fee of one shilling and six pence (36 cents).

True Story Magazine, 1926 Broadway, New

York, N. Y., offers a prize of \$25 for the best picture showing the most attractive arrangement of flowers or shrubbery around a house. Three dollars each will be paid for other pictures that are worthy of being printed. Photographs may also be of flower beds, or of shrubbery not used as house planting. The competition closes August 15th. A list of the flowers used, with the name and address of the maker of the photograph must be written on the back of each picture. The competition closes August 15th. Address photographs to Contest Editor, Department B.

True Story Magazine, 1926 Broadway, New York, N. Y., announces the following as winners of the first five prizes in its 1923 story competition: first prize, \$2,000, to Mrs. Cora Jones Davis, for "Her Birthright"; second prize, \$1,000, to Mrs. Carrie Estella Clark, for "Collecting the Debt"; third prize, \$500, to Frank J. Schindler, for "An Investment in Love"; fourth prize, \$300, to Mrs. Eleanor Elliott Carroll, for "Other Men's Acres"; and fifth prize of \$200, to Mrs. Harry Pugh Smith, for "The Wheat from the Chaff." This competition was announced in *The Editor* for July 28th, 1923.

The Young Churchman, 1801 Fond du Lac Avenue, Milwaukee, Wis., Pearl H. Campbell, assistant editor, writes: "About the only thing that we really need for *The Young Churchman* just now are brief illustrated articles on some subject of interest to young people. We use very little verse and rarely pay for it."

Mind Power Plus, 225 North Michigan Boulevard, Chicago, Ill., beginning with the July issue, bears the new title, *Practical Psychology*.

Capper's Farmer, Topeka, Kans., Ray Yarnell, editor, writes: "Capper's Farmer is not interested in poetry. Also, we are very well stocked with manuscript and will not be in the market for anything outside of our regular services for some time to come."

**The Rotarian*, 221 East 20th Street, Chicago, Ill., Ethel Noreen, of the editorial department, writes: "I might say that we have an exceptionally large supply of good material on hand, and with the many convention addresses and features we will have a still larger supply. As to poetry—we are not able to carry very much in the magazine because of space limitations, and most of that which we do print is submitted gratis by Rotarians or members of their families. Occasionally we do buy verse but as to the rate I could not say, for that depends a great deal on the merit of the verse."

**Poetry: A Magazine of Verse*, 232 East Erie Street, Chicago, Ill., the editors write that six dollars a page is paid, on publication, for acceptable poetry.

**The Survey*, 112 East 19th Street, New York, N. Y., Paul Kellogg, editor, writes: "I might say that *The Survey* is a publication devoted to questions pertaining to the social welfare: health, education, industry, race relations, the relief of poverty, etc. It publishes two magazines: *The Midmonthly*, published on the 15th of each month, is unillustrated except for line drawings. It requires articles dealing

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Hostess, Windmill Hill, Echo Lake, N. J.

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with different phases of social work, under the above headings, fact stories of experiments in the social welfare field, comment on current issues. It does not pay for contributions. *The Survey Graphic*, published on the first of the month, is an illustrated journal devoted to the same subjects, but addressed to a more general public. The articles may be slightly more philosophic. Poetry having a social slant is accepted. The rate of payment is \$10 for a page of about 1,000 words, on publication."

(Continued on Page V.)

LITTLE "ADS"

The rate for these ads. is six cents a word. No advertisement will be accepted for less than the cost of 18 words. Payment should accompany orders.

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AUTHORS—Let us type your manuscripts; guaranteed work by a professional authors' typist. Lorette Typing Service Bureau, General Delivery, Syracuse, N. Y.

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For Manuscript With Two Folds, the Best and Usual Way, 4½ in. x 10½ in. and 4½ in. by 9½ in.: 10 of each size, \$.60; 60 of each size, \$2.50; 120 of each size, \$4.50.

THE EDITOR, Highland Falls, N. Y.

Begin and Win!

By JOHANN WOLFGANG GOETHE

*Lose this day loitering, 'twill be the same story
Tomorrow, and the next, more dilatory;
Such indecision brings its own delays,
And days are lost lamenting over days.
Are you in earnest? Seize the very minute!
What you can do, or think you can, begin it!
Action has genius, courage and magic in it;
Only begin it, and the task grows easy—
Begin it; and the task will be completed!*

Contemporary Writers and Their Work

A Series of Autobiographical Letters on the Genesis, Conception, Development, and Writing of Fiction, Poems, and Articles Published in Current Periodicals

The Editorial Search for Humor

BY ROBERT A. BACHMANN

I am glad to write about the story "Raised a Romeo" (The American Magazine for July, 1924), as you desire, especially as I want to lay before readers of The Editor, most of whom are, I take it, young scribblers like myself, certain facts concerning editors, which I think they might be interested in knowing.

The publication of "Raised a Romeo" was directly due to the fact that, one day, about three years ago, while still in the service of the U. S. Navy as Commander of the Medical Corps, I had some spare time on my hands, and two stories in my mind, which I wanted to get out.

From time to time I had written a dozen or so short stories, mostly Chinese, which were published in Popular, Green Book, Pacific Monthly, and Metropolitan Magazines, and which are now published in a volume called "The Hand of a Thousand Rings." One of the stories which I had outlined was a sailor yarn concerning a game of baseball between the champion nine of the U. S. S. Arkansas and the team of an institution known as the St. George's, in Washington, D. C.

The Captain of the Arkansas' team had heard about the wonderful team at St. George's, presumably a prep school, and arranged a meeting. As the game progressed, it gradually dawned upon everybody that St. George's was not a school at all, but a hospital for the treatment of the mentally unsound, and that their team was made up of patients.

This knowledge didn't greatly help the team from the U. S. S. Arkansas to win the game, which they didn't.

I sent this story haphazardly to the American Magazine, thinking that inasmuch as they had a large circulation they would pay good prices. I received the following letter by return mail:

January 29, 1919.

My dear Commander Bachmann:

"Average 1000%" is a corking story—just chock full of humor. I want it for the American Magazine. A check for \$200 will go to you at the end of the week.

Have you any more stories just as funny as this in your system? If you have start and get them out. I'd like to see them. By the way, won't you tell me something about yourself? I must confess I don't remember seeing your name on any manuscripts that have come into this office. Maybe you are up this way sometimes. If you are drop in and see me. I'll be glad to make your acquaintance.

Very sincerely yours,

(signed) JOHN M. SIDDALL.

I went up to see Mr. Siddall and had an interview that I shall never forget. He gave me the greatest encouragement and promised every assistance. Had I followed his kindly, intelligent, and extremely sympathetic advice, I should, in all probability, have progressed to a satisfactory degree, but I fell down on the job. The next two stories I sent in were promptly returned with the comment that they were not as good as they ought to be, that I was capable of better work, and must do it. I became discouraged, decided that Mr. Siddall had picked a lemon in me, and ceased to think about any more stories. But did Mr. Siddall cease to think about me? Read these letters:

March 3, 1919.

Dear Mr. Bachmann:

How about another story? I am anxious to get something more from you.

(signed) JOHN M. SIDDALL.

May 16, 1919.

Dear Dr. Bachmann:

Haven't you got some more funny stories? I am beginning to hear good things already about the one this month.

Very sincerely yours,

(signed) JOHN M. SIDDALL.

August 28, 1919.

My dear Mr. Bachmann:

I hope you are occupied on a story for the American. I want more stories from you and I want you to keep up your interest in The American.

Very sincerely yours,

(signed) JOHN M. SIDDALL.

Was it Elbert Hubbard who stated that opportunity not only knocks once at every door but at least a half dozen times, and then frequently waits around the corner with a club? I think the average editor impersonates opportunity when he has the slightest hope of getting desirable material from a prospect.

Eventually Mr. Siddall made me feel so ashamed of myself that I wrote another story which I submitted in the regular way, without a letter accompanying. This story, called "Ole Fitz," was fished out of the run end file of the day's mail and promptly accepted with a fifty dollar increase in payment over the previous one.

August 29, 1921.

Dear Commander Bachmann:

It was mighty good to see your name on a manuscript again. You have written a corking story in "Ole Fitz." I am very glad to have it and am sending you a check for \$250 at the end of this week. The story is too long for us, and as it drags a bit at first we have had it cut. Mr. Derieux has done the cutting, so you may know it has been in good hands.

Please get another story to me as soon as possible. We ought to have far more stories from you.

Very sincerely yours,

(signed) JOHN M. SIDDALL.

Now another lapse occurred, due this time to a change of duties, and eventually I wrote "Raised a Romeo." Again I sent this story without any warning to The American Mag-

azine, and it was returned by Mr. Siddall with the criticism that it was funny only in the latter half, and that he doubted if the story ought to be rewritten, because readers of The American Magazine might not like the idea of a bull-fight.

Upon re-reading the story, I found that Mr. Siddall was entirely right. In the first place I had too many characters, which only complicated the narration; moreover the first part of the story had too much to do with Roughhouse Rooney's previous fistic encounters.

I took Sparks, the electrician, and made him tell the tale, reduced Roughhouse to a minimum, and cut out about a thousand words all through the story, speeding it up a great deal.

In the meanwhile, Mr. Siddall had died. I felt that I, as well as many another who was attempting to sell manuscripts, had lost a rare friend. He was a most unusual man, possessed of a keen mind and a deep knowledge of human nature. His early death was a great loss.

I sent the story back to the American after revision, none too sure of the treatment it would receive this time under the new regime. I had never met Mr. Crowell, who succeeded Mr. Siddall, and I knew the fiction editor but slightly. I append the letter which I received in response, as it tells its own story:

June 23rd, 1923.

Dear Mr. Bachmann:

You have done a corking piece of revision on "Raised a Romeo." I am mighty glad you have put this across. Enclosed is our check for \$300.00.

It is understood, of course, that we are purchasing first American serial rights only. All other rights are being returned to you, with the stipulation that second serial rights must not be exercised until twelve months after date of publication.

What else have you cooking on the fire? Can't you send us something very soon?

Very sincerely yours,

(signed) MERLE CROWELL.

Now as to the story itself. While I was at Vera Cruz on the U. S. S. Delaware, during

the American occupation, I met Felipe Gonzales, a bull-fighter, who, during the week, furnished supplies to the American men-of-war. On one occasion, Felipe got mixed up with one of our blue-jackets, and as a result carried a Californian sunset under his left eye for a week or so. Felipe was indignant; he considered that the American had taken an unfair advantage of him, and he wanted to challenge him to a bull-fight. Just how this was to be arranged he did not make clear. The sailor obviously could not take the place of a bull, and in pondering over the question, as Amusement Officer of the ship, it occurred to me that possibly the blue-jacket might be willing to enter the list against Felipe as a bull-fighter. Knowing that Mexican bulls are tough problems only when delivered in the shape of sirloins, I was quite safe in this

solution. The early departure of the Delaware, however, prevented the contest.

There is on record an incident which occurred at Lima, Peru, when the Fleet was making its cruise around the world. At that time a sailor from one of the battleships, more or less under the influence of Peruvian hospitality, jumped into the bull-ring and offered to lick any bull his weight, in Peru. The shore patrol got him before he had a chance to establish his superiority. But it was the subject of debate for months afterward, whether or not a good, willing lad with a lusty wallop in either hand could, or could not, flatten the spirit of victory in ambitious Peruvian bulls. In "Raised a Romeo" I attempted to establish my own position in this controversy.

Tasks of a Novelist

BY WILLIAM CUMMINGS

If all the significant incidental matters which led up to the writing of "An Island Chronicle" (Published by Alfred A. Knopf, Inc., New York) were to be told in detail, they would occupy a good deal of time and space, and since no two persons can progress by means of identical experience, the record would probably be valueless.

In the spring of 1914 I wrote my first short story, an extremely simple tale conceived and done in the Dickens manner. It was severely criticised for "and" clauses and other faults, but my critics conceded that it had a modicum of beauty of its own. During that summer I attended a first-rate class in composition at the Harvard Summer School, and I there realized definitely, for the first time, how many elements besides sentiment go to make literature, and how strong, firm, and splendid written words may be.

My writing experience has not been filled with interesting episodes. During the past

ten years I have written and written and rewritten; but I have pretty constantly been more interested in writing stories than in selling them, and my financial reward has been next to nothing. In the meantime I have worked for my living as an accountant.

One day, a year after the close of the war, a story came to life in my mind—the story of "An Island Chronicle"—and I started to make a short story of it. It didn't get very far then, because I had on hand another manuscript which was taking all the interest and all the energy I could spare from my daily work. Finally that was finished and went to a critic. He advised me not to attempt to publish it, and warned me that if it was published, I should probably regret it some day. It now reposes serene and dusty in a trunk.

The story of "An Island Chronicle," which had thus been made to wait, now took hold of me, and I soon found that it wasn't a

short story, but a novel, that I had to deal with. Well, I couldn't undertake to write a novel—that was too much of a job under the circumstances. But it wouldn't let me go, and two years ago I gave up my job, took my life in my hands, and let that plot have its way with me for eight months.

That may have been a very unwise thing to do, since I was in no sense rich; certainly time alone can justify it, and certainly it is not an example to be followed, except perhaps in exceptional cases. But I had determined that I'd either do a book that was worth something, or I'd satisfy myself that I wasn't a writer, give up the writing idea, and build for myself a competence in business.

At last the manuscript was comparatively complete. In the process of writing ideas had swarmed and words had swarmed; I wasn't sure of all the selections and rejections I had made, and I didn't know whether the book I had written was extremely good or not. I wasn't satisfied with it, of course, and I wondered if anyone else would be. So, to resolve all my questions, I sent the manuscript to my critic; and you see, when this competent man, who had told me that my other manuscript would shame me some day if I gave it a chance, now told me that my novel would do me credit, I accepted his judgment gladly, and let the papers go to the publisher. The result is a published book which is as good as a novel should be, so far as the publisher can make it good; it is also a book which, so far as I know, no competent critic has found occasion to "slam."

As I have stated that I see that it seems very simple; and yet the work wasn't too simple. For the most part the story was sufficiently clear in my mind by the time I came to write the book, and it may generally be said that it developed and improved as I went along; but there were plenty of times when I found myself placed in a hole by some detail—a hole which I couldn't readily find my

way out of. Well, I was spending the summer at Newport, Rhode Island, beside that same summer sea that washes the shores of the Island of the Fist in my novel, and when I found myself in one of those holes I turned my back on Fortune and went swimming. That was invariably effective; in two or three days I'd find my way out—it would appear to me from nowhere sometimes, as near inspiration as anything can be. I coquetted with Fortune like that all summer, more or less, working hard most of the time, but loafing when things balked on me, and at last the final page was written.

In that glimpse I have just given of my loafing no one must lose sight of the hard work which I have also mentioned. What the novelist undertakes is to present the general in the particular, the fundamental in the incidental, the eternal in the casual. What he is after, in short, is Truth of some basic sort, and no one can secure any good measure of success in that endeavor without labor. "An Island Chronicle" was, I think, what might be called an inspirational book, and my subconsciousness did splendidly; but I had to "plug" at page after page, nevertheless—each and every one of them separately—before it was brought into unity. The tone of the story was unsophisticated and simple, and it took conscientious work to keep incidents and style up to the uniform high simplicity.

In reviewing "An Island Chronicle" in the San Francisco Journal, Professor B. H. Lehman of the University of California made certain comparisons for it with the work of Mr. Thomas Hardy, and while I shouldn't care to have that pushed too far, of course, it seems to me extremely keen criticism, since Hardy is undoubtedly an important element in its inspiration. The tale is of the simplest, the characters are primitive, and the scene is rather stark. The people in the book are foreigners in America—Portuguese—in a little community by themselves on an island

of my own creation, in the sea off the New England coast. It is a story of passions—primitive loves and hatreds and loyalties—with an almost happy ending.

I especially wanted to do three things in that novel: First, I wanted to tell a story, since I believe the story to be the heart and soul of any novel. Second, I wanted to say a sympathetic word for the foreigner here and for Americanization. Third, I wanted to say a sound word for that foundation of all communal civilized life—marriage.

These were my purposes, as far as I had

any. They and their expression are the result of honest effort during the past ten years—not only the result of my sessions with Corona day by day during that long time, but the result also of my private life during that time: they are the result, in short, of my being what I am. And the better a man is—the deeper his loyalties and the firmer his faith in something (and it is surprising how little the particular thing matters, if only it belongs to the fundamentally right class)—the better his work is bound to be, if not today, then tomorrow.

"Said By—Written By"

Opinions and Quotations from Old and New Books and Periodicals

An Author's "Models"

BY ROBERT HERRICK

When does an author "copy" or deliberately use a personal experience and when does he "create"? This question of the psychological origin of the writer's material, the evanescent facts and impressions out of which his imagination or fancy weaves by some dark process the fabric of his creation is always tempting, though ordinarily insoluble even by the person most concerned, the writer himself. The casual reader, the "public," persistently ascribes to the story teller the habit of utilizing his experiences literally—an indirect sort of compliment to his fidelity to life!—while jealously demanding of him to make something "original"—i. e., novel—yet resenting any close copy of actuality, to the extremity of a libel suit on occasion. Doubtless the popular conception of the creative process has this much truth in it, that little comes out of any human brain in expression that has not its root, elementally, in experience, but often so remotely and so whimsically transformed by time and forgetfulness and the extravagant exigencies of the imagination that the creator himself is at a

loss to account for the origin of his material and its strange transmutations. It appears to him that his conceptions well up from mysterious and utterly tenebrous depths within.

Occasionally, however, the circumstances accompanying the evolution of a conception may remain in its creator's mind with such vividness, as with peculiarly poignant dreams after sleep has passed, that one is able to separate approximately the experience from its final form as it emerges from the imagination. It is a curious and fascinating study in the workings of the unconscious.

In my own writing there have been at least two distinct occasions when it was possible for me to identify the material I used and to gauge, at least roughly, the process of transformation through which it had passed from experience to presentation. As happens to most writers who practice what used to be called "drab realism"—that is, an effort, more or less successful, to reflect the vanishing surfaces of life—I have often been accused of "copying" from personal experiences—i. e., reporting—instead of "making up"

or creating. One such instance was in "The Common Lot," where a certain character was assigned to three different women then living in Chicago, one of whom I did not happen to know even by name, with another of whom I had a slight acquaintance, and from the third was almost equally removed. Annoying as these gratuitous assumptions must be to any sincere writer, because they impute to him both a low creative power and also personal indelicacy in making "copy" of private experiences, they are inevitable and, as a rule, had best be ignored, as one of the disagreeable manifestations of that thirst for publicity and the vulgarization of all mysteries so characteristic of our modern world.

There are, however, circumstances where it seems best to speak out frankly and freely of the errors into which amateur source hunters are betrayed, and such a situation has recently arisen for me. On the "jacket" and in the newspaper advertising of a therapeutic book by Dr. J. G. Gehring the publishers have inadvertently resurrected a fable of many years' standing by the use of these words: "Those who remember Robert Herrick's 'The Master of the Inn' will be interested to know that Dr. Gehring was the original from which Herrick's character was drawn." The publishers of the Gehring book were also the publishers of my "Master of the Inn," on the title page of which after the first impression every copy bears my specific statement that "neither the master nor the inn exists in reality, so far as the author is aware," a denial I was obliged to make shortly after the appearance of the book because of the ill-advised enthusiasm of some of Dr. Gehring's patients in confounding the doctor, who had done them good, with the quite fictitious person in my story.

The facts of which the fable is a superficially plausible but untrue version are briefly these. For a period of six weeks in the summer of 1908, I think, I was one of

Dr. Gehring's patients and lived in one of the cottages attached to his home in Bethel, Me. It is also a fact that while there (if I remember correctly, during the first week of my stay) I wrote the Ms. of "The Master of the Inn," notes for the background of which I had made previously, before I had ever seen Bethel. It is also a fact, as anybody who has read the story must know, that the character presented in the Master had once been a regular physician in good standing, though I pictured him as an old man—Dr. Gehring was then in the early forties—who had long since drawn out of the active practice of his profession (having lost faith in drugs) and had established himself in an old brick mansion in a lovely New England hill country.

Beyond these bare facts there is not an iota of internal or external evidence to connect Dr. Gehring (or any other doctor or "healer") with the Master in my story, and the one internal relationship between my story and Dr. Gehring's home for nervous invalids which I intend to reveal is not one that any admirer of that good doctor and kind friend would care to stress. The Master is represented as never giving medicines, never asking fees (though sometimes grateful visitors to his home dropped checks in his letter-box), and as conducting a kind of hospice where the "Brotherhood" (composed wholly of men, *bien entendu!*) were welcome to come at will to share his simple hospitality and serene philosophy. It is hardly necessary to state that not one of these essential characteristics of my Master was true of the establishment of Dr. Gehring at Bethel. He was—and, so far as I know, still is—a practicing physician, who quite properly both charges for his services to his patients and gives drugs. Moreover, women have constituted rather more than half of his *clientele* or did in the years when I was acquainted with Bethel. And the life of his excellent "home" or sanitarium in no one respect re-

sembled the wholly fanciful picture of a modern "brotherhood" and their life in the old inn. It should be added that the story proper of "The Master of the Inn," wherein the wordly surgeon who had robbed him in his early manhood of his joy, has not the slightest foundation in fact—either in Dr. Gehring's personal life, so far as I am acquainted with it, or in any other set of personal circumstances known to me. It would be pure insult, to my thinking, to assume that the story of "The Master of the Inn" was based on Dr. Gehring or on anything in my actual experience in Bethel, Me.

After all the above reservations have been made, there is practically nothing left in the story of "source material" which might suggest Dr. Gehring's home except the rugged, hilly character of the country in which the scene of my story is placed, and, as I shall presently show, even that was not derived primarily from the Bethel, Me., landscape.

Yet there was an inner nexus between Dr. Gehring's excellent, if prosaic, home and my "Master of the Inn," more than the accident of its being written there in the first days of my stay. This was due to the process of transformation by opposites, if I may so describe it, the idealization process that often springs paradoxically enough from a disenchanting experience. It is as if one's soul refused to accept the disagreeable facts as presented by one's senses to the conscious mind and went off wilfully spinning its own more acceptable version of "what might have been." Revery—vulgarly called day dreaming—one of the happiest, most necessary functions of our imagination, which thus makes over a present inferiority into a future possibility or achievement. At any rate, my imagination has often played this agreeable paradox, making out of the fustian of an actual experience something almost exactly the reverse, something existing only in the purer ether of the ideal.

Out of respect for Dr. Gehring, for whom I have always had a very sincere affection and admiration, I ought to elaborate the paragraph above by further detail. Dr. Gehring was not running a free asylum for neurasthenics. He was exercising his very real powers as physician and man to cure the nervous disorders of his patients, whom he chose with more than ordinary care. The fruits of his many years' service in his profession he has now fortunately embodied in his book, "The Hope of the Variant." Although Dr. Gehring practiced when I was in Bethel some of the then new technique of hypnotic suggestion, which loosely resembled the spiritual method used by the Master in my story, Dr. Gehring was too intelligent, good doctor that he was, to rely wholly upon any form of "magic" and insisted upon using medicines plentifully—some thought too plentifully. He thus kept his feet upon the ground that science is supposed to have reclaimed from ignorance in his profession, which means the use on occasion of drugs. Coming into his house that hot July afternoon, my nerves jangling with insomnia, which was my special form of nervous ailment, I doubtless felt too acutely the prosaic and material aspects of the good doctor's establishment, and lying awake through some warm summer nights, I dreamed quite irresistibly of what all this "might become." And in my idle daytime hours I wrote down my dream as pure fancy, ornamenting and elaborating it at will, and providing for it the somewhat melodramatic plot with the wordly surgeon. It would be both silly and unjust to set this down as either fact or serious criticism of Dr. Gehring. It was a pure accident of the imagination stirred into activity by a special stimulus—whose product seems to have pleased a good many other dreamers and would-be dreamers. Therefore it should not be judged too harshly even if its origin was so largely a total misconception of the doctor and his methods,

from which I myself learned valuable lessons and got cured of my insomnia with attendant ills.

A last slight detail. The inn itself, described as an old brick mansion formerly used as an inn for travellers on the posting road to Canada, was suggested not by any building in Bethel, Me., or its neighborhood, but by the sculptor Saint-Gaudens's house at Cornish, N.

H. (now, I believe, turned into a museum for his work), and the atmosphere about the inn was drawn from memories of rare winter nights in Cornish, where I had lived the previous winter, more than from the immediate beauty of Bethel, lovely as this village is, to which I was a stranger when I composed my story.

(To be concluded next issue.)

THE LITERARY MARKET

(Continued from Page III.)

The Presbyterian Advance, Presbyterian Building, Nashville, Tenn., James E. Clarke, editor, writes: "I regret to say that our space is so limited that we are supplied far in advance with all kinds of material. Not only is our space limited, but the paper is a missionary enterprise which never pays its own way, and therefore, our money is limited. We purchase practically nothing except a few stories for our Home Department and an occasional special report. We do use poetry, but we have been compelled to make the rule not to pay for any poetry used."

**Motor*, 119 West 40th Street, New York, N. Y., Ray W. Sherman, editor, writes: "Motor is a business publication edited for men in the various parts of the automotive industry, in particular reference to those engaged in the selling and maintenance of automotive vehicles and allied products. The motive in the stories is the making of money and the more pleasant conduct of business. Practically no fiction is used. Photographs are always useable if of suitable character. Manuscripts are accepted or rejected promptly and payment is made within the month after acceptance. Length, 1,000 to 2,000 words. Heretofore Motor has been a consumer publication, but beginning with its July issue it will be an automotive business paper."

**The Dairy Farmer*, Des Moines, Iowa, Chester A. Goss, editor, writes: "Just at present our editorial needs are pretty well supplied along all lines. We do not use poetry or fiction stories in the magazine now. Practically all of the material we use in The Dairy Farmer is on dairying, and the other phases of dairy farm life, such as poultry, swine, crops, and the home."

Voice of Missions, 62 Bible House, New York, N. Y., does not pay for contributions.

***Harper's Magazine*, 49 East 33rd Street, New York, N. Y., the editor writes: "We are always in need of available 'Lion's Mouth' pieces and the usual rate of payment is five cents a word." In this department the editors use very short essays, usually of a humorous or satirical vein.

**Extension Magazine*, Lemoyne Building, Chicago, Ill., the editors write: "Our chief editorial needs are all adequately taken care of. We are, however,

always in the market for fiction, and willing to examine any manuscript submitted to us."

**McNaught's Monthly*, Times Building, New York, N. Y., "specializes in short and piquant articles and bits of fiction."

The Muscle Builder, 1926 Broadway, New York, N. Y., Florence Schwartz, secretary to the editor, writes: "Muscle Builder is devoted chiefly to creating strong men and women. It is therefore filled with articles on how to gain strength and the personal experiences of strong men and women; that is, what they did to acquire their powerful muscles and what they are doing to keep them."

**Top-Notch Magazine*, 79 Seventh Avenue, New York, N. Y., Arthur E. Scott, editor, writes: "Our editorial needs vary little. Any kind of a good story is what we want all the time, so long as it is not merely or chiefly a love story. We do use short verse, for which our rate is approximately twenty-five cents a line."

**Novelets*, 461 Eighth Avenue, New York, N. Y., writes: "We want colorful novelettes of 12,000 to 16,000 words. We use western, northern, detective, sea, mystery, and adventure novelettes with a strong romantic interest. Horror and sordid tales stand little chance of acceptance. Avoid hackneyed words or phrases. Keep the tone fresh. We pay on acceptance and give quick decisions." Poetry is not used.

The Churchman, 2 West 47th Street, New York City, N. Y., Guy Emery Shipler, managing editor, writes: "We are not in the field for contributions."

Lutheran Young Folks, 1228 Spruce Street, Philadelphia, Pa., W. L. Kuntion, editor, writes: "We purchase no poetry. Lutheran Young Folks is a young people's paper for those of high school age and older. We consider single chapter and serial stories suitable for these ages. We also consider educational and inspirational articles, preferably with illustrations. The average length of a single chapter article or story should be from 2,500 to 3,000 words."

Home Folks, 500 North Dearborn Street, Chicago, Ill., Horace H. Herr, editor, writes: "We are not now in the market for material for Home Folks."

The Watchman-Examiner, 23 East 26th Street, New York, N. Y., the editor writes: "We cannot

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use poetry and as we are sufficiently stocked with stories, just now we do not need further manuscripts."

THE EXPERIENCE EXCHANGE

A Give and Take Department—Do Your Share!

F. C. R. writes:

As a professional writer I, of course, come across many instances of warped ethics as displayed by certain editorial offices, but occasionally I run across the sort of thing that should not be allowed to pass. The world is a long way from realization that the easiest way is the honest way, and the professional in this business is not at all surprised when he finds a publication trying to trim him. But there is a limit, and when some insidious scheme would seem to rope in the new writer and perhaps discourage him from going ahead with his plans the facts should be made known.

Learning that a certain publication was not running quite true to form, I made inquiry regarding a proposed article. I was told to prepare something of about 5,000 words, payment to be at the rate of two cents a word upon acceptance. It was not a definite order.

The manuscript was returned by editor No. 2 with the criticism that it was too long. Would I revise? (I had actually prepared the article for another publication and was trying the doubtful market mainly as a test. I had planned to shorten it.)

Today the article was returned by editor No. 3 with the suggestion that I permit them completely to rewrite it in their office. They would sign my name to it and pay me the enormous amount of \$15.00. Of course the letter was couched in "smooth" terms, but the sum and substance of it was to the effect that the publication desired a \$100 article for \$15.00.

The next thing is to get the manuscript back and sell it to a publication that isn't primarily interested in getting something for nothing.

My experience with *Popular Finance* dovetails with all that other writers have reported about it. I am noticing that the majority of the trouble just at present is the result of the influx of scheming publishers who do not consider the writer worthy of even ordinarily fair treatment. The editors do the best they can under the circumstances, and I believe they clear out as soon as they discover that they are being forced to cut corners on business ethics. *Popular Finance* has had four editors to my knowledge since last August.

B. G. W. writes:

I have sold a four line "greeting" to Gerlach-Barlow Company of Joliet, Ill., for \$2, and several religious verses and brief "uplift" articles to Southern Baptist Publishing House, Nashville, Tenn., for both adult and juvenile Sunday School papers.

L. S. writes:

I was like some of the others—when the price

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boosted to \$5 I thought I'd let my subscription lapse for a while, as I am giving most of the magazines a rest just now. But here comes notice from London that I've won a prize with one poem and an honorable mention with another in a competition conducted by the Poetry Review. That set me thinking. Poetry Review and I might never have known that pleasure but for The Editor. A note in your columns started me reading it a few months ago, and every number received since then has been full of inspiration. So wouldn't it be both ungrateful and foolish for me to "get economical" by failing to renew my subscription to the friend which guided me to that other friend—The Editor?

I don't see how anyone actively in the game can get along without The Editor any better than he can get along without a typewriter. I say frankly that the purely commercial attitude taken by some of your contributors makes me sick. It is because we make a commerce of an art that we do so little which is truly fine. And most writers who are after the money solely can do a lot better writing advertising or publicity than they can writing other fiction. I feel, if you'll pardon my bluntness, that you're not encouraging literature when you encourage postcard poets and others who plainly have no "call" to the high emprise of writing. But you certainly do lift us far above petty aspirations in "Said By—Written By" and in some—not all—of your articles. And I doubt not that each has its uses in helping some poor swimmer to struggle on—which is good if he has any definite idea of what he is swimming for. And I can testify that twice, when I was very hard pressed for the wherewithal to buy bread and potatoes I have found tips in The Editor on which I have sold stories. One was a story I started to write at ten, finished at four that same day, mailed away without rereading, and sold for \$80—and I've been ashamed of it ever since. The other was a thoroughly good story I'd had a long time, sent to several first class magazines and then thrown into the bottom of the box. I never intended to send it anywhere, but a note in The Editor indicated that Ace-High, a magazine I had never seen at that time, wanted just that sort of story. I fired it away and the answer was a check. That magazine doesn't overpay but it does pay promptly, and wants none but clean, readable stories no one need be ashamed of writing. So I can see there is reason for everything you print, even though some of it may be of little interest to some of your readers. I realize that I, for one, can't get along without The Editor, and herewith inclose a renewal check.

A. L. L. writes:

The Editor has been my friend and was, for a great many years before I ever began to write. I took it when it was published in Ohio, then in New Jersey.

It is the best literary journal I have ever seen.

E. B. P. writes:

I would not be without The Editor, which has

been the means of bringing what few dollars I have received for verses. My first business is home-making, and verse-producing comes after that.

Since my report for The Experience Exchange Christmas week, when I had received my first money for writing—\$3 from The Quality Art Novelty Co., Inc., 18 West 18th Street, New York, N. Y., I have received an additional \$3 from the same firm. The sentiments sold were one four line Christmas, one eight line New Year's, as reported previously, and the last \$3 was for one eight line Mothers' Day, and one four line Easter greeting. Six dollars so far from these people, and they still have thirty-one verses to report on.

Henderson Lithographing Co. have purchased one four line Christmas verse sent them in November. Just recently received the \$1 for it, but this delay was through no fault of their Mr. Hunt, whose headquarters are in Chicago, while checks come from the factory in Cincinnati. They are very courteous, and Mr. Hunt told me not to get discouraged—that later they hoped to incorporate some of my verses in their line. Just mailed them six more today.

I have been anxious to get in with some of the better paying firms, and had about given up The A. M. Davis Co., but was gratified to receive last week \$12 for three verses—one Mother's Day, one Easter, one shut-in, all eight liners. I sent them a carefully selected lot again, and hope for more acceptances.

Will someone give his or her experience with Dreyfuss Art Co., 514 Broadway, New York, N. Y.? I have entered two of their contests, but have never sold them even a four liner. They are very courteous and encouraging, and I kept trying to suit them to the extent of submitting in the last contest sixty different verses, nearly all composed especially for their requirements. They said my verses were "very excellent," "admirable," etc., and once said, "We know you can write, and no doubt, with a little reflection, you may be able to please us—don't give up the contest," etc. But at last I had to give up.

Stanley just returned my offerings with a request that I send no more material to them without their authorization; that because of their name being used without their consent, many writers had sent matter to them which they did not want; that they had their own writers, or words to this effect.

Owen Card Co., Elmira, N. Y., I find as slow as others have reported. I have just sent out a second "prod" in regard to verses submitted about three months ago.

I have about four hundred sentiments out, so hope to get some more checks, but some of the companies hold material so long I feel as the man who loaned his hat to take up the collection. When stuff is held so long, I think we are justified in copying and starting it out again.

I. M. L. writes:

In the past year I sold three stories. That doesn't sound like very much but it means a lot to me. The three netted me \$266 and I feel that I owe this success to The Editor.

THE EDITOR

A Journal of Information for Literary Workers

A Weekly Service for Authors

VOL. 66

Book Hill, Highland Falls, N. Y.

NO. 4

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Weekly

608th Number

5.00 a Year

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30th Year

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THE LITERARY MARKET

There is a place somewhere for every good Manuscript.—THE EDITOR

In this department THE EDITOR publishes each week news of the literary market that interests and aids writers with manuscripts for sale. Whenever possible statements are taken exactly from letters received from the editors of the publications concerned.

**Country Life*, Garden City, N. Y., Gertrude S. Jones, of the editorial department, writes: "We do not use poetry in *Country Life*. We are always in the market for good photographs of nature subjects, and for articles dealing with living in the country, interior decorating, building, etc., although just at present we are rather overstocked with material. We pay upon acceptance for anything that we find available for use in the magazine."

**Children's Vogue*, 19 West 44th Street, New York, N. Y., Margaret Kearney, of the editorial department, writes: "*Children's Vogue* does not need any editorial work just now. We do not, as yet, publish any poetry."

**The Modern Priscilla*, 85 Broad Street, Boston, Mass., Charles B. Marble, managing editor, writes: "*The Modern Priscilla* is devoted entirely to needlework and housekeeping matter. It is therefore what you might call a technical magazine. We do not publish poetry. If you are writing along either of the above lines we should be glad to know what subjects you specialize in."

**The Bookman*, 244 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y., writes: "Just now our schedules are full, but we are always glad to consider any essays, short stories, and articles dealing with literary subjects, that are sent in to us. We publish poetry and pay at the rate of fifty cents a line."

The Presbyterian Banner, 402 Magee Building, 136 Fourth Avenue, Pittsburgh, Pa., writes: "The *Presbyterian Banner* endeavors to maintain a high standard and furnish good reading for the home. Our readers include the cultured and critical, as well as those of simple tastes, and we seek the kind of workmanship that will meet this difficult double test. This means that simplicity and clearness are essential, or they are both a requisite of good literature and a surety that all who read will understand. Sermons: We can use a limited number of sermons that have been rewritten for readers. The sermon-essay style is popular just now. Brevity, clarity and simplicity are the three essentials. Manuscripts must not exceed 1,500 words, which is equivalent to one page and a half of *The Banner* set in ten-point. Children's sermons, sermonettes and story-sermons are always in demand. Articles: We use articles on religious themes, morals and ethics, travel, character studies, everything relating to church life, work, plans, music, architecture, history and general literature. No reminiscences or lugubrious comparisons between days gone by and this generation. We wish in our pages to emphasize the joy, faith and victory spirit of the New Testament. Stories: We want stories of rural, domestic and church life, and of difficulties overcome. We insist on convincingness, or truth to life and human nature. Characters must seem like

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real people, not mere names. The readers must believe it happened. Inconsistencies and improbabilities, even in little things, ruin a story. We must have careful workmanship. We take short stories of from 1,000 to 2,500 words, and even longer, if the plot is good; and stories, novelette size, of 15,000 to 100,000 words. Poetry: We use some poems, mostly 16 lines or under. None over 36 lines, unless they are narrative, with a real story in them. Good quatrains are desired. Payment: We pay on the fifteenth of the month. Price varies according to excellence, length and other factors. News at a special rate per column. Our attitude on rights other than American serial is very liberal. Manuscripts are usually handled in from two to three weeks."

****Short Stories**, Doubleday, Page & Co., Garden City, L. I., N. Y., the editors state: "We want adventure stories, 4,000 to 6,500 words in length, with fresh, strong plots; and we also want novelettes, novels, and serials in which there is plenty of action. We are always on the lookout for new material and new writers. We keep no reserve supply, so that we are never 'full up'."

The Buick Bulletin, Buick Motor Car Co., Flint, Mich., writes: "We are well supplied with stories and poetry."

Practical Psychology (formerly called *Mind Power Plus*), 225 North Michigan Boulevard, Chicago, Ill., writes: "At the moment we cannot say that we are in need of anything in particular. Our editorial department is at all times considering articles for publication. Articles submitted should be of an inspirational, uplifting nature, along truly constructive lines. Our policy is very liberal. We by no means adhere strictly to articles along mental science lines. We like our readers to have as many angles as possible presented to them, and our magazine welcomes articles covering every phase of man's diversified thinking. We have no specific rate of payment."

The Villager, Katonah, N. Y., the editors write: "We rarely use contributions in *The Villager*, and poetry very seldom."

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Hostess, Windmill Hill, Echo Lake, N. J.

Life and Health, Takoma Park, Washington, D. C., writes: "We are not in the market for any material."

Yachting, 25 West 43rd Street, New York, N. Y., writes: "Our principal needs in the editorial line

re for stories of cruises written by those who have actually been to sea. We use very little poetry and do not believe it would be worth while submitting any for our approval."

****Cosmopolitan*, 119 West 40th Street, New York, N. Y., writes: "We use poetry rather infrequently and only when the poems carry narratives."

****Collier's*, the *National Weekly*, 416 West 33rd Street, New York, N. Y., writes: "Collier's is mostly in need of short stories of from 6,000 to 10,000 words. The rate of payment varies with the merit of the piece published, and its place in the book. Collier's is not using any poetry at present."

Our *Dumb Animals*, 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston, Mass., writes: "The immediate needs of *Dumb Animals* are for short, concise prose articles in regard to animals and birds (not especially the latter, as we have several expert writers who keep us supplied). Our rate of payment for prose averages about one-half cent a word. We do not wish any articles in excess of 800 words, but prefer them of 200, 300 or 400 words. We can also use short, happy paragraphs of a few lines each. We have little trouble in obtaining a sufficient supply of verse. Most of the best verse we use is offered to us gratuitously. We very rarely have to pay for it, and when we do we seldom pay more than two dollars. Manuscripts are reported upon promptly and payment when made is always sent upon acceptance."

The Daily News, 25 Park Place, New York, N. Y., in the department "The Inquiring Photographer" says: "The News will pay \$5 for every question submitted and used in this column. In the department, "Bright Sayings," The News will pay \$1 for each saying (by children) printed. In the department, "The Best Joke I Ever Heard," The News will pay \$1 for each story published. In the department, "Embarrassing Moments," The News will pay \$1 for every letter published on "The Most Embarrassing Moment of My Life."

College Humor, 110 West Chicago Avenue, Chicago, Ill., H. N. Swanson, editor, writes: "We are very much in the market for short humorous stories between 2,000 and 4,000 words long, as well as for stories intended for departments of our magazine. At the present time we are not buying short jokes, epigrams, or verse."

The Pittsburgh Christian Advocate, 524 Penn Avenue, Pittsburgh, Pa., writes: "We abound in material of all sorts, especially poetry, of which we receive ten times as much as we can use. We pay a small amount for part of what we use—many poems are offered gratis."

Grit, Grit Publishing Co., Williamsport, Pa., writes that it is not in the market for poetry. To contributors it writes as follows: "While articles acceptable for publication in *Grit* cover the entire field of human achievement, yet to invite favorable consideration they must meet definite requirements for the magazine department and feature sections. The subject treated must be of live general interest—susceptible of visualization by means of illustration. To

(Continued on Page V.)

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Contributors—

Contributing to *Story World* each month are men and women whose names are known wherever short stories are read and photo-plays are shown. In addition to the regular departments conducted by Frederick Palmer, H. H. Van Loan and others, there appear in the columns of *Story World* articles of interest to writers by Frederick Jackson, Frances Harmer, Jim Tully, Sheldon Krag Johnson, Carl Clausen, Gerald Breckenridge, H. Bedford-Jones, Bryan Irvine, Winifred Kimball, Ethel Styles Middleton, Frederic Taber Cooper, Tamer Lane, Louis Weadock, Zane Grey, Upton Sinclair, Eugene Manlove Rhodes, Stewart Edward White, Harry Leon Wilson, Booth Tarkington, and the famous writers for screen and printed page.

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Contemporary Writers and Their Work

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The Historical Novel and Its Facts

BY AGNES C. LAUT

As some readers of *The Editor* may possibly know, I wrote, years ago, what was one of the first of the novels on the North-West. It was "Lords of the North," and happened to be a true picture because I had grown up in the West when it was a fur region.

It never had a phenomenal sale—40,000 was, I think, its limit for Canada and the United States the first years—but it has never passed a year since without a reprint, and is now used in Western schools as a picture of the era.

I reasoned: If the public really likes history served up as live flesh and blood, why not as history, interesting as fiction and true? You will see this idea comes back in "The Quenchless Light." There followed "Pathfinders of the West," "Vikings of Pacific," "Conquest of Great North-West," "American Fur Trade," and others. These are also standards in universities and schools. Each was serialized in *Century*, *Scribner's*, *Harper's*, the old *American*, and *Outing*, and I received a much higher price than was paid for fiction at that time, amazing as that fact may seem. I don't take any credit for it. I happened to know the country from canoe and camp trips pretty much all over the West, and I had picked up a library of old Western Americana which was so valuable I had later to sell it, because some of the old volumes were worth \$200 and so scarce they should have been in a public library. Some 500 pages of my library were in old Mss. from Hudson's Bay forts all over the West. In my early teens, when a youngster at

school, I had picked up one of these volumes in a half-breed shanty for one dollar. That old volume, written by a Hudson's Bay trader, was a revelation to me that we were just passing out of one of the most romantic eras in Western life. Many of the children of these old worthies were at school with me, and I had seen the old grandfather and grandmother dance the Red River jig on snow shoes with legs so stiff I used to wonder if "the windmill" would fly to pieces; but they could out-wind and out-dance us—a third generation younger. I should add that we were newcomers to the West. Perhaps that is why I saw it romantically.

After finishing those histories, I had gone to the South-West. Later, I went to Mexico during the revolution. There I became enthusiastically interested in archaeology. Prehistoric caves and cities and temples going back to the days when the South-West must have been a watered land, when perhaps the glacial seas washed the base of the present mesas (see Winchell of Minnesota and Olmstead on Assyria), when an Atlantis must have bridged from Gibraltar to Yucatan—set me collecting every scrap I could lay hands on: Oxford imprints, the Louvre, University of Pennsylvania, Chicago, etc. You know, though 200,000 tablets had been brought from Assyria and Babylonia, it is only in the last ten years that half of these have been translated, verified and given to the world. It was a mighty expensive fad. I have paid \$49 for one volume, sometimes to find it didn't have what I wanted, but sent

me down another trail—for instance, why are the Hittites, who preceded Babylonia, so much like the pre-historic Mexican drawings on stone, the clown boot, the laced-shoe pack, the cork sandal, the mitred crown, the head slouched forward from back bone? Why has little Gudea, 3700 B. C. (almost 2,000 years before Abraham), a face that might be Hindoo, or Mexican? Where in the world does the prehistoric zodiac come from, Babylonia, Mexico and India all alike enough to be from one source? And all the time I kept studying out Indian types first hand. The Aztec and Hopi, for instance, are as alien and different racially from the Sioux and Cree I knew as a girl, as the Egyptian is from a Saxon, though I was once floored in the British Museum by seeing a mummy there of colossal stature with hair red as a Saxon. He is supposed to have preceded the dark skinned race by thousands of years and to have come from the North.

Then came the war, which swept me into economics on the Allied side, followed by a period on the lecture platform. I forgot to tell you, I got much of my Western data in Public Records, London, the British Museum, and the Hudson's Bay Company Archives. I have crossed the American continent more than eight times in the last four years.

I used to think clear economic thinking would straighten out the war destroyed world.

When I got back from lecturing, I knew all the economics on earth put out clear as crystal would not save the world, for the simple reason people no longer (especially the younger generation) *know what to believe, why to believe, or that there are as good solid scientific and historic grounds for religious beliefs as for scientific data or modern historic fact.*

Now you see how the thing was working out in my mind.

Since the War, when archaeologists can go freely into the former domain of the Turk unhampered by Arab raid or Turkish graft, proofs of the Biblical record, Old Testament and New Testament, have been coming out in floods, but on account of the price and the limited edition issued—from 2 to 500 copies for the whole world of scholars—are not available to the general reader. Don't mistake me or run ahead in inferences. These proofs *not only prove truth but correct errors and show how the errors occurred that have divided the world in schismatic sects.* I may tell you that I am a Protestant descended from a long line of "divines," but I have no better friends on earth than the Catholics of both Mexico and Canada; and if you will follow the Vatican studies being put out by the present scholarly Pope, you will see his mind was working along lines, as early as 1893, which all who follow the trend must recognize. Did it ever strike you why an obscure (though undoubtedly the most learned) librarian in the world was suddenly elevated to be Pope? If you will read the volumes the Vatican is now putting out for students, you will see how far they have gone in historic and archaeological and Biblical research, like Protestant groups at Oxford and groups in America radiating from Pennsylvania, Harvard, Yale, Chicago.

The rest of us are still wrangle-jangling, where we should be pursuing facts.

The Vatican is shooting out the facts like a rapid-fire gun; and I venture to wager a deadly safe wager, if these scholars, independent of sectarian differences, would get their heads together for five years, there would not be a single division in the Church today, except on local self-government, or such temperamental differences as you find between Latins and Saxons, or Presbyterians and Methodists, or Oblates and Jesuits.

I venture to go farther: there would be one universal Church in the world in fifty

years. What its name would be, I don't know. Protestants would say it would be a Protestant Church. Catholics would say it would be a Catholic Church. Its name does not much matter—it would be a united Christian Church working for the same ends.

Would that embrace India? Of course! Don't you know that Thomas, the Apostle, left such seeds of Christianity in India that today the greatest Christian scholars and the greatest Buddah scholars don't know which comes from Buddah and which comes from Christ? Read Rhys David and J. C. Edmonds. The same of China and Japan. Just as Druse missionaries (Druids) from India were busy in the British Isles from 55 B. C. to 100 A. D., so the same missionaries were busy in Japan and China. And of course, as per usual, instead of seeking truth as ground of Christian Unity, we go flaring off in a wrangle, which of all things on earth, the prophets told us we were not to do; and civilization hangs on the brink of an unbelief that means anarchy.

I had seen that in Mexico. The memory of what it means in horror sickens me yet.

Obregon stopped all that in Mexico; but that with the record of our own war taught me—taught me hard in the words of both Bryan and Coolidge—we have to re-establish religious belief on foundations that can't be shaken, not on authority, but fool-proof, bullet-proof, science-proof facts—facts for the iconoclast to smash his ax on and not leave a dint.

Now this is a long story but it is a true one.

But I was not writing for scholars, nor for church people, nor for people so good they could not be lawless if they tried. I wanted to reach Youth, which is the most beautiful thing on earth next to Light; and to reach Youth, I put facts on a fiction string as a cord—as true as I could make the story to fact, without rousing controversy on unsettled points. I like the Spanish translation of

the New Testament the best of all, whether from Latin or Greek. One night I was reading Philemon in Spanish and the picture of Old Paul and the little runaway slave gripped me. I got up and wrote it and shot it in without a preliminary word to a soul, to a magazine which is one of the few magazines I had never written for before—Pictorial Review. I think now subconsciously I did that because I felt the other magazines would say: No, we want West, or Mexico, or economics; and I was sick of economics, for I know it will never do the job. Economics has to be made religiously and basically righteous.

An instant request came for more; and when I finished five, I realized I had written a novel on the little runaway slave. Then as an afterthought, I put in a historical sketch at the back of the book, so seekers for Truth could chase up the proofs for themselves.

That is the psychology of "The Quenchless Light" (D. Appleton and Company) as far as I am concerned. I may add that on the lecture platform I was accompanied by a very fine glee club of college boys. In our long motor trips along the Pacific and through the big timber and over the prairies, between snatches of grand opera sung by husky young lungs, we used to talk about the average college graduate regarding the Bible as "bunk" instead of the historic epic of the human soul. I gathered they thought it was because "nobody reads the Bible now a days." At least four out of the five of us thought we'd read it. You will find that in the back of the book. Today, one of the four is now studying for the ministry. A second preaches to the anarchists (supporting himself with his music) and a third reads his New Testament as regularly as he trains his fine tenor voice. Going to first sources did that for them.

I think it will do it for all Youth, if they can be led to go to first sources instead of having dogma and dispute rammed down

them. The world wants Truth. It is sick of arguments.

Suppose we don't get back to integral Right as a basis of all life—economic and social—shall we have more of poor little kids gone criminal like the bandit with the bobbed hair, or those pathetic college boys in Chicago? If so, the blood guilt will be on us as a nation, not on these poor little misguided cracked brains. From their premises, they reasoned correctly, but their foundation premise, being ego instead of God, was wrong; and they landed at the impasse of the hangman's rope.

If you "intellectualize" (forgive the hybrid word) or vitalize with the stimulant of freedom, a keen little animal and leave it without a soul, or a spark of the Divine Light called God—what can result but a race only fit to be burned up in a second Atlantis, or Lemuria? Sometimes, I think I see the underground red flame of such a fire in our own civilization; and it frightens me. If I hadn't faith in God, it would frighten me; but the War gave us our first volcanic jolt; and I know we are going to rebuild a sounder civilization.

On Humorous Fiction

BY GARDNER HUNTING

The Editor asks me to tell you how my story, "The Trouble With You, Tom," in McClure's for last December, came to be a story, how it grew, how it was pruned and what I sprayed it with. Well, first, I thought the idea of a man who was naturally shy and retiring, without much confidence in himself, being coached into putting on the front of a mixer, was funny. It seemed much funnier, in fact, than it does in the story—which somehow got slightly frost-bitten, or was bitten by a tent-caterpillar I failed to detect, or something. Then, I remembered that I had once read in The Editor (this is genuine, and not intended to tickle anybody's attitude toward the present writer)—I had read in The Editor a suggestion that a man who has always written seriously may profitably try sometime to see if there isn't humor in him. I was nothing if not serious—so serious that I sometimes felt sepulchral. But I had been trying The Editor's advice, which lingered in my memory like one of those ripples from the proverbial pebble that drops in a pool without foresight as to where its wavelets may break, or what

breaks it may lead others into perpetrating. Nobody had so far gotten excited about my funny product, however, except at this address. I remained, no less, still unsuppressed. Moreover, I sat in the Public Library, in New York, one day, and chanced to see, in the hands of a young man adjoining, a copy of Bergson's book called "Laughter." That added to the above mentioned purely local excitement. I got hold of the book and read it, and something resembling fever developed. I had found a recipe, a formula, a rule, a system—for consciously constructing the fundamentally funny fiction I pined to produce. Incidentally, I still think Bergson has come the nearest to putting a finger on the reason why things affect our risibles of all those whose finger-prints I have examined. I thought he had taught me by a method better than any correspondence course how to bag the joke and train him to perform in public. So I took the method home and tried it over on my typewriter.

My wife and I have often been amused at the tendency that develops in many a young woman just after marriage to alter the work

that has previously been done on her husband. Of course she has to make a husband of him, but that is supposed to have been partially accomplished by the ceremony. So I started off fine—and really got a few laughs out of myself and my private audience from delicate touches I delicately lifted from real life. But then came the problem: I had to tell a story, and, unfortunately, a story does not consist in the mere depiction of a situation, and findings, but in a purpose and an obstacle and a struggle and all that stuff—not to mention keeping sympathy with your hero, keeping minor characters in their place and not giving away your suspense. Bergson says that fun results from fastening upon a man some contrivance that makes him act or speak like a mechanism. So I tried to let my hero's motive to become a mixer become mechanical. Unfortunately also, however, an author does not necessarily grow funny as he grows mechanical, and I am afraid that in some of my incidents you can hear a slight knock and, now and then, a canary-squeak—at least. However, again, it was the main incident that was my real hill-climbing test. It was natural, though, to see that the hero's mechanism must lead him into the big action—his fixed idea, as it was in this case, must carry him into the complication that threatens to ruin him, crowds him to the edge of the cliff and is about to spell dreadful disaster for him, when he wins out by his own efforts and not by accident, as the books say. So I steered him up against a crook he had no reason to suspect, but who had a fixed idea of his own that somebody suspected him, and I let them misunderstand each other by simply acting on their own pet little mechanical notions, until they saw the

true situation, when I handed the action over to the hero and let him finish it. At the end I gave the young feminine remaker of husbands a fixed idea of her very own to follow for a minute, for a final flash of flashing humor—and mailed the three of them to Mr. McClure.

He liked their naive little ways, and I liked his way of expressing it. And I still believe in Bergson. But the longer I write—as Holmes never dared to do—as funny as I can, the more I become convinced that there has to be something spontaneous somewhere among the ingredients of a funny story. Otherwise he will limp like a cork leg in a tight shoe. So I still get serious sometimes. I think a man learns to be funny by being funny, just as he learns any other attitude of mind. Cultivate a habit of thought and it will sooner or later master you, for weal or woe. Which is serious enough for anybody to sit up nights over. So it might as well be a humorous habit—which you allow to become spontaneous by allowing it to master you. Only, don't forget, Bergson takes *human beings* as his original material. And when you begin with human beings, you find that you have to say something somewhere that is true. And when you do that you've done all that gives any man a right to write—and you've proved yours.

The Editor asks me also for a brief account of my work. The briefest one I know about is in "Who's Who." It's a lot briefer than anything I can write gracefully, and modestly, and with an eye to publicity. The only thing I can conscientiously add to it is that I have no special reputation for being funny. So, herewith, I resume the old jumpers.

The Novelist as Historian

BY THOMAS DIXON

My methods of work are simple. I have never conscientiously attempted to write Literature. As far as I am concerned the next generation can write and read its own books.

And the next century and the next. I never write unless I have something I wish very much to say—now. And then I do not try to say it until I am so full of the subject I can't keep away from my desk.

Having spent twenty years in the study of the Reconstruction period of our history, the Ku Klux Klan always interests me. In "The Clansman" is told the true story of the rise and triumph of the original Klan. At the time of the writing the North still had a very erroneous idea of the original organization. It was the current opinion of the North that they were a gang of reckless, lawless night-riders, guilty of all sorts of crimes and misdemeanors. I wrote to set forth in its true colors this much maligned organization. And, I think, I succeeded. The original Klan I showed to be a stern revolutionary armed political force, composed principally of ex-Confederate soldiers. They organized in the face of an army of occupation to throw off by force of arms an intolerable political tyranny set up by bayonets. They chose a disguise as their deadliest weapon with which to do this. And they succeeded.

When their work was done, reckless fools reorganized the Klan and used it as a weapon of personal ambition or revenge. The present reorganized Klan naturally suggested to me that the story of the reorganization of 1871 should be told.

I have done this in "The Black Hood" (D. Appleton & Co.). It should be as interesting to the members of the present Klan as to

its enemies. It is the story of the tragic failure which followed the dramatic triumph of the old Klan. And while its scenes cut into the issues of today I make no effort to press the analogy. I have attempted to make an analysis of the conditions of today by a study of the history of 1871.

The chief problem which confronts an author in writing such a story is how to tell the full truth without becoming a bitter partisan of one side or the other. For there is no such thing as "History" spelled with a capital H. History is not a science. True History only God can know. The historian is one who lifts the light of his own mind in a dark corner of the past and tells us what *he* sees or imagines he sees. The best historian is the novelist or poet who can clothe the events of the past in flesh and blood and breathe into them a soul. The bare recital of facts is uninteresting and utterly misleading.

I have tried in my historical novels to find and incarnate the true soul of an era in the events narrated. I can tell only what I see and feel and know. What I see and record will of course be affected by the angle at which I hold aloft my light, and the steadiness of nerve with which I hold it. It is worth only what my powers of reasoning are worth as an illuminator and recorder of truth.

The "historian" attempts to be a photographer. The novelist tries to be an artist. All of our worth while histories have been written by novelists.

"Said By—Written By"

Opinions and Quotations from Old and New Books and Periodicals

An Author's "Models"

BY ROBERT HERRICK

(Continued from last issue.)

Another instance from my own experience of the tricks which the imagination plays with

the story teller is to be found in "Clark's Field." The first chapter is almost purely factual. That is, there was such a large tract

of land surrounded by a high white paling fence near my childhood home and I seem to remember some story about a legal complication in its title which prevented it from being sold. Thereafter all is pure fancy, and to me all the more remarkable because of its utter unexpectedness. I had been engaged fruitlessly on another Ms., and being interrupted by an urgent call to Boston happened to pass near old Clark's field, where I had not been for many years. It had disappeared, and the strangeness created in my recollections by its disappearance into commonplace houses and lots set off my revery or fancy. The result was that when next I could get at my typewriter I sat down ostensibly to make a few notes about old Clark's field, and wrote the entire story as it stands before I gave over the Ms. Where the story came from I have not the least idea, but I am positive that it did not come, after the introductory chapter, from any experience of mine, though some kind persons have obligingly identified its characters! What could happen to a piece of vacant property outlawed from utilization by the freaks of our laws? That was the first condition of my speculation. Then, as often happens, the mind fastened upon some commonplace melodramatic solution, such as the bestowing of the property, now become valuable, upon some poor, ignorant waif, whose life will thereby be madly disturbed. And in my case I determined to make the waif a girl, far from romantic or appetizing in her crude germination; let her, so to speak, achieve her beauty through living the maze of circumstance that her inheritance of Clark's field necessitated. My heroine was brought up by a trust company as guardian, not an uncommon incident these mechanical days. That sportive detail was suggested to me, I believe, by the remark of an official of the trust company where I happened to bank: "Oh, yes, we do everything. The other day we sent up into Montana and buried a man!"

And the good judge, who is Fate and Chorus to my tale, came to me from a glimpse I once had of a kindly face behind a bench in a probate court questioning in a fatherly way some ignorant woman. That is all, absolutely all, that can be traced to its origin.

When I consider the work of the masters of fiction, the great ones who do wrong masterfully and make it right, I realize that much of their most precious work has sprung quite directly from personal experience. What would George Eliot be without the "Scenes," "Adam Bede," "Middlemarch," in which transcribed experience shows like veins of malachite through a duller matrix? There would be left "Felix Holt" and "Daniel Deronda," in which a dulled imagination labors ponderously with material never quite alive. It is fascinating to follow where one can (without the aid of the literary gossips) the personal clues in Dickens or in Tolstoy, who contrived to give as warm a glow to the episodes of "War and Peace" almost as to Anna and Kitty and Levin. As for Balzac, the most "documented" of the great realists, one feels—at least, I feel—that there is never a trace of fact in the huge structure of decoration and character with which he has illuminated a civilization: it was all spun within from a gossamer thread of experience.

But this is hardly the place for an extended discussion of "origins." The more sophisticated reader of my words does not need to have the point labored, because he is always hauntingly aware of the strange interplay between fact and fancy, and is none too positive about the reality of the so-called real, suspecting that what we in our daily contacts call reality is often a mere approximation accepted for the sake of common convenience. So he tolerantly leaves to the artist and his conscience his private dealings with the sources of his visions, satisfied if the creator is subtle and strong enough to set him dreaming on his own account and can impose on him the in-

ner truth symbolized by his pretended realities. But there are so many literal, not to say unaware, minds in the world that these fundamental processes of the creator must be dealt with again and again, patiently and explicitly, as the teacher deals with the ele-

ments of his subject before succeeding classes. It is not a crime for the artist to draw directly from life, but it is an impertinence for the ignorant stranger to attribute his models.—The Literary Review of The New York Evening Post.

On Staying at Home

Great literatures of the past have been rooted deep in the soil from which they have sprung. Their makers have been men and women who loved or hated their environments with vigor and depth, but who did not flee from them under the specious plea that they must have perspective before they could fix true pictures upon their canvases. Many young American writers, ignoring history, are fleeing to foreign lands in search of "literary atmosphere" or surcease from the American hurly-burly, or the afore-mentioned perspective.

That American authors should turn to England and to France for study is the most natural thing in the world, since the literature of the two countries is a spiritual heritage of ours as much as our own, but that they should feel it possible to write better American literature while in voluntary exile is altogether another matter.

The very nature of the American scene, filled, as it is, with vivid colors, with swift movement, with the clamor and the blare and bravura of a strong, young industrial civilization not yet settled into any permanent molds, forbids that one see it from too great a distance lest much of its strange and disquieting beauty be lost and blurred. Your representative author will be one who loves or hates it, it matters not which, but who can bear it in all its harshness and clamor and make deathless prose or verse of it.

Reasons for living abroad abound, although in most cases they sound more like rationalizations. The author finds the English or

French environment personally more congenial and immediately sets out to convince his friends, and incidentally himself, that he can do better work on the other side of the wide Atlantic from America. He forgets, perhaps, that even when America had far less literary material than lies ready to the hand today her writers were making their reputations and earning their fame without feeling it necessary to leave her shores.

It may be granted that artistic success is more difficult in a country that uses the financial standard for virtually all its measurements; that England, for instance, offers peace and quiet in the depths of a beautiful countryside only a few shillings away from London; or that Paris offers atmosphere in which great art flourishes and thrives as nowhere else; but it is still to be proved that the American author who succumbs to these temptations is doing his country's literature or his own fame a service.

The whole problem of literary exiles will, of course, become more and more serious as developing means of transportation shrink the world still further, until, no doubt, we shall have those young Americans who will tell us that only in the interior of Thibet can be found the proper place for the building of masterpieces of literature which concern Middle Western farms or New York tenements. But the man or woman who means to make serious contributions to the literature of this or any other country will not be misled by any such factitious pleas.

As a matter of fact, there are few real ad-

vantages to be had by residence abroad that may not be found somewhere in America. Even if the advantages were as great as some would have us believe, we should view as an unmitigated calamity any general exodus of young American writers to any other country. The present healthy state of letters in this country should not be interrupted by any chase after a foreign *fata morgana*, as alluring as mirages of that kind may be.

Nor should this be taken in any sense as a plea for insularity. We need the kind of intelligent criticism that comes from thorough acquaintance with the cultures of other lands and other times; we should have our writers thoroughly acquainted with what goes on in the world, even to the most remote parts, and fully imbued with the unity of the human race. But when they prepare to tell us our

faults and virtues let them look at us closely with eyes as keen as may be, not from a distance and through an alien haze.

What we need is not writers who feel it necessary for sound or specious reasons to live elsewhere, but who are of tough enough fiber and fine enough spirit to stand us as we are. We need more literary centers such as have developed in the Middle West at Chicago; we need further development of the spirit that has stirred in the South during the past few years; we need more writers able to stand the strain, physical and spiritual, of New York, and to catch upon the printed page the unusual beauty of its present era.

Let us have a literature deep-rooted in our own fertile soil.—The Literary Review of the New York Evening Post.

THE LITERARY MARKET

(Continued from Page III.)

be acceptable the subject must have originality; that is, must be either some subject new and fresh to the general reader, or some new phase or development of an old subject. It must have ideas and these ideas must have life and punch. The articles must be carefully written on one side of the paper only, preferably typewritten, with name, address, subject of article, and number of words and number of photographs indicated at the top of the first page of copy. Also the name and address together with the inscription, should be on every photograph submitted. Grit pays from \$5 to \$10 a column for text, according to value, and for photographs from \$1 to \$3 each. Special features should not exceed 2,000 or 2,500 words in length—articles of 1,800 words generally preferred. It is very essential that such articles be accompanied by eight to ten photographs. Care in selection of photographs is as necessary as judgment in composition of the article. The story must tell itself in pictures. Shorter miscellany articles of from 800 to 1,500 words need from 5 to 7 photographs for illustration. Grit's 'Odd, Strange and Curious' page covers a wide field. It is devoted to short stories of the unique and eccentric throughout the world, and though manuscripts should have at least 200 words, they should not exceed 400 words, and must be illustrated by at least one photograph. Photographs submitted should be of the best quality obtainable—of adequate size, sharp, clear and of such character as to tell a story each in itself, if possible. Illustrated articles having special appeal to women

and children should contain 200 to 600 words and one to five photographs. All communications are examined in order of receipt, and acknowledged. Rejected manuscripts and photographs are returned; those accepted are paid for the week following publication."

Southern Agriculturist, Nashville, Tenn., the associate editor writes: "Our files are so full right now that we can hardly say we have any present editorial needs. We are, however, always glad to see short, practical farm experience items pertaining to Southern farm conditions. Our payment varies with the value of the article, from \$1.50 to \$5 a column of approximately 700 words. We use few long articles."

Money-Making, 117 West 61st Street, New York, N. Y., writes: "We maintain our own staff of investigators who look into all the money-making ideas which we write up in our magazine. We, therefore, have no occasion to buy articles or poetry."

****The Red Book Magazine* and ***The Blue Book Magazine*, 36 South State Street, Chicago, Ill., the editors write: "We have so much material on hand that we are buying practically nothing at present. We use very little verse. We have no fixed rate of payment. That depends on the value of an accepted manuscript to us."

****Sunset*, 460 Fourth Street, San Francisco, Calif., the editors write: "At present we have no special needs, being amply supplied with fiction for several months to come, and with feature articles already arranged for. Our preference is for material of Western flavor, as our especial territory includes eleven Western states. Our rates of payment are the

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THE EDITOR, Highland Falls, N. Y.

established market rates of contributors, which vary, of course, according to the individual's professional standing."

The Boy Citizen, Fort Wayne, Ind., Charles A. Phelps, editor, writes: "We wish to say our first need will be short stories of things boys are doing, which articles should be confined to from 100 to 200 words with photographs. We have no plans for poetry at the present time. Our rate of payment for the special articles will vary according to the merit but we expect to make a special rate of about three to five dollars for the small special stories."

Journal of Electricity, 883 Mission Street, San Francisco, Calif., John W. Otterson, assistant editor, writes: "The Journal of Electricity serves only the eleven western states and consequently editorial matter that is used in it is secured only from those states that we serve. The publication is entirely a sectional one and does not attempt to go into national circulation or editorial policies."

Visual Education, 327 South La Salle Street, Chicago, Ill., the editors write: "Our chief need is for

authoritative articles touching upon the scope and methods of visual aids in all sorts of education in and out of school. We seldom use poetry. We have no fund for the payment of contributors."

The Rainbow, 248 McLemore Avenue, Memphis, Tenn., Ernest Schmidt, editor, writes: "Our needs at the present time are mainly: Good mail ordering schemes, plans and formulas, written up so that the average reader can understand them; and write-ups on the general mail order business, such as selling formulas, circular mailing, etc. We do not pay by the inch, but according to what the article is worth. You may figure at fifty cents to one dollar a page of 200 words. No articles longer than 500 words unless they are a series of installments."

The Woman's World, 107 South Clinton Street, Chicago, Ill., writes: "We are not in need of anything at present, as we have an abundance of material on hand."

Ace-High Magazine, 799 Broadway, New York, N. Y., writes: "Ace-High Magazine is always glad to read stories that deal with the West; that is, the real West. We are not anxious to see any other type of story. Ace-High Magazine believed primarily in the West and its people, and we have found that success has come to us in a logical way as a result of this belief. The quickest and the surest way to get an idea of the type of story we publish is to read two or three issues of Ace-High. This does away with a lot of explaining."

Detective Story Magazine, 79 Seventh Avenue, New York, N. Y., the associate editor writes: "We are, as perhaps you know, a weekly publication, and we use 52 novelettes a year, about 20 serials, and many short stories. We are in the market for all three. We rarely use poetry in Detective Story Magazine."

The Literary Review (of The New York Evening Post), 20 Vesey Street, New York, N. Y., the associate editor writes: "Our editorial needs at the present time are chiefly short reviews. We use one poem a week of sonnet size. The rate of payment depends on the length and importance of the review."

Save the Surface Campaign, 507 The Bourse, Philadelphia, Pa., announces the following prize awards in its 1924 contest: First prize of \$100 to Gertrude Batchelder, second prize of \$50 to Susie E. Chambliss, and third prize of \$25 to Lucille Hall. There were numerous smaller awards.

Real Life Stories, 145 West 57th Street, New York, N. Y., has suspended publication.

Neal G. Adair, who has been editor of *Motor World*, 239 West 39th Street, New York, N. Y., has resigned to become manager of the show department of the Motor and Accessory Manufacturers' Association.

Optical Age, which has been published by The Keystone Publishing Company, Philadelphia, Pa., has been discontinued.

Mastercraft, maker of greeting cards (to answer an inquirer), is still in business at 314 West Superior Street, Chicago, Ill.

The Perl Art Company, 1129 East 43rd Street,

Chicago, Ill., is announced as successor of The Durant-Herzog Company, Chicago, Ill., publishers of greeting cards for all occasions.

Midland Printing & Engraving Company, 68 East Utica Street, Buffalo, N. Y., has begun the publication of a line of personal and business holiday greeting cards.

Farm and Fireside, 381 Fourth Avenue, New York, N. Y., offers a first prize of \$10, a second of \$7.50, and a third of \$5 for the best letters of not more than 500 words each, on "How I Solved My Farm Labor Problem." Two dollars will be paid for other letters that are available. Good informal photographs are desirable. The competition closes July 25th. Enclose a stamped, addressed, return envelope if you wish the contribution returned. Address: Contest Editor.

Messrs. Duckworth & Co., 3 Henrietta Street, London, England, are offering a prize of one hundred pounds (about \$450) to the author of the best original manuscript of a book of travel-adventure submitted before December 31st, 1924. This prize is to be in addition to a substantial royalty on each copy sold, and a share in any sum received for serial, moving picture or other rights. Duckworth & Company are the publishers in England of Ponting's "The Great White South," "Mitchell-Hedges' "Battles With Giant Fish," "Doughty's "Wanderings in Arabia," "Lady Dorothy Mills' "The Road to Timbuktu," and other famous travel books. Authors who intend to enter manuscripts must have a regular entry form which will be supplied by Raymond Savage, 43 Aldwich, London, W. C. 2, England.

The Newbery medal, offered each year by The American Library Association for the most distinguished children's book of the year, has been awarded posthumously to Charles Boardman Hawes for his work, "The Dark Frigate." Readers of The Editor will recall that in memory of Charles Boardman Hawes, The Atlantic Monthly Press, 8 Arlington Street, Boston, Mass., offer a prize of \$2,000 for the best book of adventure for boys. See The Editor for May 31st, 1924, for complete information.

THE EXPERIENCE EXCHANGE

A Give and Take Department—Do Your Share!

Trewe H. Collins writes:

People's Home Journal, 80 Lafayette Street, New York, N. Y., has bought "The Atavism of Alcibiades," a humorous story. The manuscript was read promptly, and a check for \$100 accompanied the acceptance.

J. D. K. writes:

The editor of Automotive Electricity, 383 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y., makes the following suggestions to staff correspondents:

Any story that is to "get over" must contain a certain amount of human interest. The object of the stories run in Automotive Electricity is not mere-

MONEY SAVING SUBSCRIPTION OFFERS

Your own subscription for The Editor Weekly will be credited in advance for one year, if you will obtain subscriptions from two friends, *not now subscribers for The Editor*, for one year each. If you desire, you may pay \$3.34 for your own subscription, and arrange with two friends to pay \$3.33 each for theirs. The three yearly subscriptions and \$10.00 must be sent together, direct to THE EDITOR, Book Hill, Highland Falls, N. Y.

OR—

Your own subscription for The Editor Weekly for one year, and yearly subscriptions for four friends, *not now subscribers for The Editor*, will cost \$15.00. If you desire you may pay \$3 for your own subscription, and arrange with four friends to pay \$3 each for theirs. The five yearly subscriptions and \$15 must be sent together, direct to THE EDITOR, Book Hill, Highland Falls, N. Y.

OR—

Twelve yearly subscriptions, on the same terms, i. e., at least eleven must be for folk who are not now subscribers for The Editor, will be given for \$30.00. You may pay \$2.50 for your subscription for one year, and arrange with eleven friends to pay \$2.50 each. The twelve subscriptions and \$30 must be sent together direct to

THE EDITOR, Book Hill, Highland Falls, N. Y.

OR—

A fully paid enrollment for the Major Course in Fiction Writing of The Editor Council will be given, without cost, to the writer who obtains 50 yearly subscriptions for The Editor at \$5 each. This is equivalent to an allowance of \$2.20 for each subscription. At least 40 of the subscriptions must be for readers who are not now subscribers.

OR—

For a yearly subscription, sent to us by a subscriber for a friend whose name is not now on The Editor subscription list, The Editor will give 50 of each size of Printed Manuscript Mailing Envelopes. The order must come from a reader now a subscriber for The Editor, with \$5, and must be for a reader who is not now a subscriber.

THE EDITOR MAGAZINE

A Weekly Service for Authors

BOOK HILL, HIGHLAND FALLS, N. Y.

ly to paint a mental picture of what is contained within the four walls of a service-station but to portray the personality, originality and business acumen of the organization executives who have built up the business. The actual operations in the service station are incidental to the executives, and, while of importance in the story, are supporting factors to the executive's ability.

Automotive Electricity is vitally interested in a pen-picture of the men around whom the business is built. Stress the people, not things, unless the inanimate is of an original and unusual character.

In every business organization there are one or more phases of its activities which are exceptionally strong and of more than usual interest. Stressing these features puts the "punch" in the story, and makes it of value to readers. If the ideas are original, they help the other fellow, who may be weak upon these very same things.

Don't quote the proprietor frequently and at length. You tell the story, and let it take narrative form.

The questions listed below are designed as a guide to information that is available in every automotive electrical service station. The outline need not be followed in the order as listed. Mention should be made of practically all the points brought out in the outline at some place in the story.

This outline is not designed as a form to be filled out and returned. It is meant for your file, and as a guide in writing articles for Automotive Electricity, upon special assignment; and in submitting Mss. on concerns in your mind which have a story.

Outline of Points to Cover

Name of company

Address

Names and titles of proprietors

Number of employees

Number of traveling men

How long in business

Short history of owners and the business

What business engaged in previously?

If partnership, how did partners come to enter into business together?

Did business start in small way?

What location and what kind of shop at first?

How many people in the early organization?

How much capital did they start with?

Were there many obstacles encountered in the early days?

What were they and how were they overcome?

Do the proprietors recognize strongly the human element in their business?

Are the proprietors "bosses," or do they do actual mechanical work?

Do the proprietors meet the customers, and listen to their complaints and troubles?

Are the proprietors affectionately known by their surnames or nicknames by the employees?

Do the employees receive bonuses?

Are the employees encouraged to give suggestions?

What, if any, social activities are engaged in by the organization as a whole?

What is the hobby of the proprietor?

Any other narrative of human interest concerning the organization?

What line of equipment does the company handle? (Give manufacturers.)

Does the station combine starting, lighting, ignition, with battery service.

Why has it, or why has it not, found best to combine or separate the two lines?

What is the percentage of total business volume done on each branch of service?

How are the two branches, or departments, separated?

What territory is covered with any, or all, of the above lines?

Are there any sub-dealers operating under the station?

Do they work in close co-operation with the car-dealers?

Do they have owners of new cars register electrical equipment with them?

Describe the method of stocking parts.

Is the perpetual inventory system used? Describe method. How long used? Has it been satisfactory?

Describe receiving and shipping department methods.

Describe exterior of place of business, sign-arrangements, etc.

Describe the interior, counter arrangement, show-cases, special displays, etc.

Are show-windows used to the best advantage, so as to create a buying appeal? Describe any special features of window displays.

Is the flat-rate system for repair employed? If so, describe how it is handled and how it is working out. Tell the proprietor's attitude toward the flat-repair system.

Describe the shop and testing equipment for starting, lighting and ignition.

Describe any special tools or practices, original with the station.

Describe any special routine methods of handling and testing jobs in the shop.

Describe battery-charging and battery-shop equipment.

Do they give free service on batteries? State why they do, or do not, give free battery service. How is the battery rental-business handled? Does it pay? How are losses in rental-batteries prevented? Approximately how many batteries are handled a week?

What shop-forms are used for the progress of work and for making charges? Send samples of forms.

How is business secured? Is advertising done, and in what form? (Send samples of unusual ads.)

Describe any unusual equipment.

Describe any other interesting phases of the business procedure not mentioned above.

In order that the story may be properly dressed, it must be well illustrated. Send with the Mss. as many photos of exteriors, interiors, equipment, service-wagons, personnel and the executives, as it is possible to obtain.

THE EDITOR

A Journal of Information for Literary Workers

A Weekly Service for Authors

VOL. 66

Book Hill, Highland Falls, N. Y.

NO. 5

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Weekly

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30th Year

Do You Think in Alphabetical Order?

If you do, then perhaps a good dictionary is the only word reference book you need.

If you are not an A-B-C thinker, you need the New International Edition of Roget's Thesaurus. Its function is that of the author—to find words to express thought. It is the great first aid to right expression in written language.

Roget arranged words in relation to their use to express thought. He realized that words existed to be used, not merely to be defined, and he planned his Treasure House of Words and Phrases to facilitate correct, fluent writing. After years of effort he found his way to an arrangement of words in categories, or classes, so that words that are related in the expression of thought are gathered in the same groups.

In addition, he found a way to make his Treasure House of Words a great collection of Likes and Opposites, for in parallel columns are grouped words of opposite uses and meanings in the expression of thoughts.

The New International Roget, revised and brought up to date by C. O. S. Mawson, is especially designed for the American author. It is in reality the one indispensable reference book.

The comprehensive index lists in large bold type more words than any work except an unabridged dictionary. This index is so compact, the arrangement so convenient, and the type so large—three to four times as large as dictionary type—that Roget's Thesaurus is superior to all other word books for the use to which these are most often put—to check spellings. In the office of The Editor, unabridged dictionaries are consulted less than one-tenth as much as Roget's Thesaurus.

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The cost of the New International Large Type Roget's Thesaurus of English Words and Phrases, latest edition, is \$3.15. There are cheaper editions, printed from unrevised plates, on poor paper, with small type, and treating one-third to one-half less words, but you cannot afford to bother with one of these. The best brain food is none too good. Orders placed now will be filled at once if sent to:

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for all writers
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manship of the
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(\$3.15 alone).
both for \$6.50.

THE LITERARY MARKET

There is a place somewhere for every
good Manuscript.—THE EDITOR

In this department THE EDITOR publishes each week news of the literary market that interests and aids writers with manuscripts for sale. Whenever possible statements are taken exactly from letters received from the editors of the publications concerned.

Liberty, 25 Park Place, New York, N. Y., offers \$1,000 a week for Tongue Twisters. The rules of the contest follow: \$1,000 a week in ten cash prizes of \$100 each will be paid for the ten best Tongue Twisters accepted and published. The contest is open to everyone except employees of *Liberty*, The Chicago Tribune, The News, New York's Picture Newspaper, and their families. It does not matter where you live. Tongue Twisters may be submitted on the coupon published in *Liberty* for your convenience, or on a separate sheet of paper in any form. Contestants may submit as many Tongue Twisters as they wish. No manuscripts will be returned. All entries must be mailed to Tongue Twisters, Post Office Box 1123, Chicago, Ill.

Grant Studio Line of Greeting Cards, 815 Locust Street, Philadelphia, Pa., J. Grant writes: "We like the unusual kind of greeting—something that sings but is not 'sing-songy.' We will be glad to consider greetings for Christmas, birthdays, congratulations of various sorts, sympathy, party invitations, friendship, and children cards."

Heacock's Monthly, 52 Andrews Building, 35 Court Street, Buffalo, N. Y., Fletcher Pratt, associate editor, writes: "We particularly invite the contributions of young poets of merit for our 'Season's Poetry' department. We do not pay for accepted poems. We publish a few short stories, one serial, and a few articles and book reviews."

The Edison Monthly, Irving Place and Fifteenth Street, New York, N. Y., Norman Maul, manager, editorial bureau, writes: "We are always glad to consider poetry for *The Edison Monthly*. The occasional references to our magazine which *The Editor* has made always have brought a very large response, and some of the material has been just what we desire. It is not always understood, however, that poetry for *The Edison Monthly* must relate in some way to electricity or its uses. We require serious material of perhaps eighteen to twenty-four lines, or humorous material (puns are barred) of four, six, or eight lines, which can be used as filler."

Joy of Living, 16 Hudson Street, New York, N. Y., is issued by The Better Life Publishing Company. Jay Ranz, editor, writes: "We are in the market for material that is constructive along the lines of our publication. The purpose of this magazine is to cultivate health, beauty and inner happiness. We want articles written in plain language suggesting thoughts along these lines. We are offering \$10 in prizes for the best letter of 50 words written in very simple language suggesting the Joy of Living. This letter may be about 'A Day at Work,' 'An Outing,' 'A Day of Housework,' 'A Day at

CAN A LETTER
OF 2,500 WORDS
BE WORTH
\$100.00?

Many writers have said in substance: "The letters that THE EDITOR COUNCIL has written to help me develop my ideas and write my stories have been of great value." Occasionally an enthusiastic COUNCIL student has said that one letter of criticism was worth the price of the whole course. And hundreds of COUNCIL students who have been helped to revise stories that they later sold, have given the entire credit—which seldom was really deserved—to the COUNCIL. We have in mind now one letter, of which the author for whom it was written plainly says: "Your last letter was worth hundreds of dollars to me!"

It happens that this letter is a fairly good one. It probably will give most writers more practical knowledge of story-writing than could be drawn from a half dozen books on fiction technique. This letter will be sent to you, if you so request when forwarding your enrollment for the Major Course in Fiction Writing of THE EDITOR COUNCIL.

FORM FOR ENROLLMENT

The Editor Council,

Book Hill, Highland Falls N. Y.

I desire to enroll for the fiction writing course of The Editor Council. I am to receive 52 Assignments and the entire series of Chapbooks and Supplementary Material, and the help of an individual instructor in developing and writing and revising stories written in response to the Assignments. You agree to continue the work with me until I have sold at least \$100 worth of manuscripts after enrolling.

I enclose \$110 in full payment for the course and your tuition, or

I enclose \$20 as an initial payment, and agree to pay \$10 each month thereafter until I have paid \$120.00.

Business,' 'A Day at Camp,' 'A Day of any Outdoor Sport Preferable.'"

****Harper's Magazine*, 49 East 33rd Street, New York, N. Y., is now conducting the third quarter of its 1924 \$10,000 short story prize contest. For the best short stories submitted during the quarter beginning July 1st and ending September 30th, a first prize of \$1,250, a second prize of \$750, and a third prize of \$500 are offered. Full particulars of this contest were published in *The Editor* for May 31st, 1924.

Practical Electrics, 53 Park Place, New York, N. Y., the editors write: "We are pleased always to consider articles of a popular nature on electrical subjects, experiments, etc., which should be accompanied with photos and diagrams. We also are open for stories of longer length, which are of popular interest, although based on electrical science."

The Double Dealer, 204 Baronne Street, New Orleans, La., writes: "We do not offer payment at the present time. We are glad to see poems, short stories, and literary essays and sketches."

The Etude, 1710 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, Pa., the editors write: "The needs of *The Etude* are peculiarly specialized. Imagine an audience of 200,000 or more music lovers, students and teachers, all of them interested in the vital things of the music life, a great majority interested in the practical side of piano playing, and especially anxious for any information that will enable them to play better, to play with more facility, and to take more pleasure and profit from practice. Others are interested in non-hackneyed aspects of musical history of wide appeal; others, in violin playing, organ playing, singing, and in getting the best methods of teaching. In other words, *The Etude* is a practical, utilitarian, educational musical magazine, looking for 'Tell How' material of the entertaining, instructive and inspirational type. It is not a musical newspaper. None of its space is devoted to the criticism of musical artists or to the discussion of abstruse musical subjects. It is not looking for dissertative material of the editorial type, but for rational, innately interesting, always readable stuff of the 'work-a-day' kind, touching the progressive activities of the world of music. Any writing, to be available, must be sound, lively and sensible."

The Independent, 9 Arlington Street, Boston, Mass., writes: "The greater number of articles in *The Independent* are upon political, social, economic, scientific, literary, and religious subjects. It is suggested, however, that contributors read carefully current issues of *The Independent* as a basis for deciding what manuscripts to send. Poems are desired and a small amount of fiction is printed, for the most part in the form of very short stories, of 1,500 to 2,000 words in length."

The Alabama Sportsman, Birmingham, Ala., is a new magazine devoted to sporting events in Alabama. It will be the official organ of clubs and associations interested in fishing, hunting, trapshooting, yachting and other outdoor activities.

An editor says: "I have just learned where authors get those neatly printed, strong brown envelopes that are bobbing up more and more in my manuscript mail. If writers knew how satisfactory these printed envelopes of just the right size and weight are, *The Editor* would need a large factory to supply them."

The Editor has a special automatic press for printing the brown manuscript mailing envelopes that so many authors are using. And the envelopes themselves are made to our order, in large quantities, from a strong, tough, light paper. The glue is specially chosen, and the "cut" of the envelopes is designed to keep the edges of manuscripts from being pasted together by contact with the flaps.

The best thing about these special Kraft-paper envelopes is that their use is economical: though they adequately protect manuscripts, in fact, give more protection than ordinary bond or woven envelopes—they save postage. Five manuscripts were chosen at random from among several hundred. Had the authors used *The Editor's* kraftpaper manuscript envelopes their postage for mailing and return would have been 23 cents less for the five Mss., or an average of over 5 cents each.

Properly used, *The Editor's* manuscript mailing envelopes save their cost by lessening your postage expense.

The Editor supplies these envelopes in two sizes only, suitable for use in mailing manuscripts on 8½ x 11 inch paper when folded twice, which is the usual, most convenient, most satisfactory way of folding a manuscript for mailing and presentation to editors.

The envelopes now cost less than they used to, so we are able to offer more of them for the old prices:

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120 envelopes of each size, postpaid	4.50
10 envelopes of each size, postpaid (unprinted)	.60

These prices include printing to your order, and delivery, except in the case of the ten lot order. Since we have a large stock of envelopes, and an automatic press for printing, we can make prompt delivery.

KRAFTPAPER ENVELOPE DEPARTMENT
THE EDITOR MAGAZINE
BOOK HILL, HIGHLAND FALLS, N. Y.

The Dial, 152 West 13th Street, New York, N. Y., Alyse Gregory, managing editor, writes: "We have no especial needs at the present time. We pay for poetry from \$20 up, according to the length of the poem or poems."

The School Review, The University of Chicago, Chicago, Ill., writes: "We are very glad at any time to examine articles dealing with any phase of educational matters, with a view to publishing them in *The School Review* or the *Elementary School Journal*. We cannot, however, make use of poetry. Our journals are scientific publications, not published for profit, and no payment is made for contributions."

The Home and School Visitor, The D. H. Goble Printing Co., Greenfield, Ind., writes: "We are overstocked at the present time."

Lone Scout, 500 North Dearborn Street, Chicago, Ill., has been discontinued. *Boys' Life*, the Boy Scouts' magazine, published for all boys, everywhere, is now the official organ of the Lone Scouts of America. A special Lone Scout department contains Lone Scout contributions and news.

Readers' Syndicate, Inc., 799 Broadway, New York, N. Y., writes: "We are planning to release a newspaper feature in the form of a regular tabloid Sunday newspaper section and are desirous of receiving manuscripts from authors and special writers along the following lines: Special articles of from two to three thousand words in length on travel, historic events, biographies, religion, and any other subjects that would be of interest to the general newspaper reader. We do not desire any fiction. We are willing to pay for such material as we accept at the rate of one cent a word and up."

Boy's Magazine, Smethport, Pa., is not in the market.

SHORT STORIES, SERIAL STORIES, ESSAYS,
VERSE, FEATURE ARTICLES

***THE CENTURY MAGAZINE

353 Fourth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

(Monthly; \$.50; \$5)

Short Stories: "The Century Magazine publishes stories long or short, complicated in plot or mere sketches of character or setting, detailed in their realism or forceful in their escape from it, somber or hilarious, as the matter or occasion warrants, as domestic as a hearthstone or as adventurous as a pirate. The only requirements for stories to be published in *The Century Magazine* is that they be of skilled workmanship and style and that they portray an understanding of life and people. This is true of short stories and of serials."

Serial Stories: The requirements for serials are the same as for short stories, except as to length.

Essays: "Essays are used, on anything that is interesting or important, not more than 4,000 words in length."

Verse: "The Century encourages in its verse the greatest freedom consistent with clarity. Open minded to all experiments, it selects only those poems which succeed in communicating actual meaning to normal beings."

Feature Articles: "The Century prints feature articles, frequently with illustrations in black and white, wood cuts, lithographs, or pen and ink sketches."

Photographs: "The Century has entirely done away with photographs and has adopted a policy of black and white decoration, in order to present to its readers the best that is done by the most skillful of modern artists."

Rate of payment: "No scheduled rate of payment."

Requirements: "The only special requirements for material to be published in *The Century* is that it be of a high quality of literary excellence and human interest."

Suggestions to New Contributors: "Our only suggestion to new contributors is to get a copy of the magazine and see the sort of thing that is accepted. Every manuscript coming into *The Century* is read with care and consideration, the editors hoping in each day's mail to discover a new author."

Glenn Frank is editor; Carl Van Doren is literary editor.

THE CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR WORLD

41 Mt. Vernon Street, Boston, Mass.

(Weekly; \$.05; \$2)

Short Stories: 3,500 words.

Serials: "From twelve to twenty-four chapters, each about 3,500 words. All kinds of clean and worth-while fiction suited to a religious paper."

Verse: "Genuine poems, but no free verse, with a preference for nature poems and narrative poems."

Articles: "We specialize in 600 word articles on scientific, biographical, historical, missionary, and literary themes, also on the Bible, missions, important matters pertaining to the United States and its government."

Feature Articles: "We use short feature articles with photographs, about one in a number."

Photographs: "We use photographs in connection with articles, but usually make special arrangements for cover photographs."

Rate of Payment: "Half a cent a word usually, payment made upon acceptance. For poems, roughly \$1 a four-line stanza."

Suggestions to New Contributors: Our special need is for the six-hundred-word articles mentioned above. The articles most difficult to obtain are historical and Biblical. We seldom have enough serial stories precisely adapted to our needs. New contributors should make a careful study of our paper."

Amos R. Wells is editor.

MARKETS FOR NOVELETTES

In order to assist authors who write long stories, *The Editor* is listing the magazines that use novelettes:

Ace High, 799 Broadway, New York, N. Y., uses no novelettes, but 30,000 words is called a complete novel.

Action Stories, 461 Eighth Avenue, New York, N. Y., uses novelettes of 10,000 to 25,000 words.

(Continued on Page V.)

LITTLE "ADS"

The rate for these ads. is six cents a word. No advertisement will be accepted for less than the cost of 18 words. Payment should accompany orders.

Manuscript Typing

AUTHORS! PLAYWRIGHTS! Have your manuscripts typed in proper form. Miss Corina Crovo, 104 Congress Street, Newark, New Jersey.

TYPING 65c per 1000 words. 80c with corrections in spelling and punctuation. Amelia M. DuBay, Authors' Typist, Madison, Maine.

AUTHORS' MANUSCRIPTS neatly and accurately typed; also carefully edited and marketed if desired. Rates reasonable. Prices upon application. Authors' Service Bureau, Grace P. Cobb, Manager, 509 North Calhoun Street, Tallahassee, Florida.

AUTHORS: Let me type your manuscripts; guaranteed work by a professional authors' typist. Authors' Typing Service, Dunbar, Pa.

AUTHORS—Let a professional authors' typist type your manuscripts. The Authors' Typist, Lock Box 82, South Connellsville, Pa.

Manuscript Typing and Revising

AUTHORS—Let me type your manuscripts; also revising. Authors' Typing Service, 48 Falcon Street, East Boston, Mass.

AUTHORS—Let me type your manuscripts; guaranteed work by a professional authors' typist; also revising and criticizing. Joy Wilson, 1130 North Washington, Enid, Okla.

AUTHORS—let me type your manuscripts; guaranteed work by a professional authors' typist; also revising, criticizing and marketing. Authors' Typing Service, Mr. Henry Hilbinger, R. F. D. No. 6, Warren, Ohio.

Greeting Cards

GREETING CARDS. Write, or design them. 2c stamp brings interesting letter on the subject. B. J. & R. N. Stannard, Eltingville, S. I., New York City.

Artists

ANNE MOUNTFORT—Artist, Illustrator. 7004-E Chappel Ave., Chicago, Ill.

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THE ART of Inventing Characters (Politi). A further development of the principles set forth in The 36 Dramatic Situations. Of incalculable value to writers, and others interested in the psychology of fictional art. \$2.50
MODERN Photoplay Writing—Its Craftsmanship (Dimick). The best book of instruction on Photoplay writing yet published. \$3.00

PLOTTING the Short Story (Culpeper Chunn). \$1.00

THE WAY INTO PRINT. Contains: "Getting Into Print," Jack London; "In the Literary Market," Albert Bigelow Paine; "The Way Into Print," Amos R. Wells; "Unavailable Short Stories," Robert H. Davis; "The Short Story," Leslie W. Quirk; "Hints to Verse Writers," Horatio Winslow; "Syndicating One's Own Work," Waldron Fawcett; "The Question of Timeliness," James K. Reeve; and other valuable articles. Price 50 cents

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Contemporary Writers and Their Work

A Series of Autobiographical Letters on the Genesis, Conception, Development, and Writing of Fiction, Poems, and Articles Published in Current Periodicals

Inspiration from the Schoolroom

BY MARGARET EMMANUEL FORTUNE

I have had for years a longing to write. My natural bent was at first toward poetry, and some of my earliest efforts were published. Then, having to earn my living, I became a teacher, whereupon I found a world in my two hands. It was a small world; four walls of a classroom encompassed it, but it was a world nevertheless, mine to master—and master it I would. Under the strain of the new responsibilities and the pressure to succeed, the poems melted away. I was simply earning my living. I used to thirst, I used even to bleed, for the coming again of the poems and the dreams. It hurt me, too, when people sometimes said to me, with a fringe of disappointment edging the sound of their words: "I had always expected you would write!" How could I write? I had to earn a living. What was in a classroom but plain work?

Then, rambling through a book—I think it was a book of essays—I stumbled upon a sentence to this effect: "All the mistakes in a classroom are not made by the children." You smile? I did, too. But then, half closing my eyes, I saw a great many little faces, children and children and children; there were clean and dirty faces, rosy lips and pale ones, blue eyes and brown, but those eyes, all wide and upturned eyes. And down through those wide eyes I looked, far down into those children's hearts; and there I saw delight and song and laughter and beauty. But deeper therein I saw torn places and bleeding hurts and pain in the shadows. "All the mistakes

in the classroom are not made by the children." The smile died on my lips.

Of a sudden my little world within the classroom had broken into life. Here were children. Here were minds to furnish, hands to occupy; but here, too, were hearts and souls; here were joy and cowardice and sufferings and memories and aspirations. Then Yolanda's face rose out of the sea of faces, and came Yolanda's story ("Yolanda Comes and Goes," *Sunset Magazine* for July, 1924); later, Geni's face, and came Geni's story—the little "Tragedy" in the June *Sunset* of this year.

Both of those stories are in large part true, products of my two years' experience in the schoolroom with children of Latin parentage, in San Francisco. I have, for the past six years or so, been teaching in other districts among children of a different type. However, when I began to write school stories, the little Latin children, though less near, were clearer to me than most others, and dearer than when I had been with them. Naturally, therefore, I penned Yolanda and Geni first.

Latin children are impulsive and enthusiastic. They pour into the veins of American child-life the rich red of European centuries. But all children partake of life, and in some of them epics are consummated.

When I was a child, I found among some old papers of my father's, a withered fragment of poetry in his handwriting. It was called "The Wild Gazelle," and it sang the honors of the ship of that name, one of the

many ships that had carried my father, since his boyhood days in Christiansand, upon the seas of the world. Whether my father had created or copied the poem, I cannot say. But poetry lived in the tissues of his being and his still soul was the temple of the universe. Solemn mountains and deep fiords and midnight suns and the immensities of sky and sea—these profounds were at home and moved about with him. But they made him a silent man. I mention these facts, because those same profounds are come to me through memory and blood; and finding not such spaciousness in me as they found in my father, they beat against my being and may yet break into words.

Add to the above the fact that my mother's feet, in childhood, sped the lanes and waterfront of Wexford, Ireland; and her girlhood knew the back meadows, the hillsides, and the Folly whereunto the leprachaun and the fairies came at evening with tales from the edge of the world. Then, with one half of her heart full of Ireland's cheer and the other half full of its sorrow, my mother set sail for California. Carelessly and as a matter of course, the ship that brought her to the new world deposited mother's little paper-covered trunk with its cherished trinkets and Irish clothes, upon the San Francisco dock. In later years, likewise as a matter of course, but not carelessly, mother unloaded upon me the treasure of her Christian faith, her hu-

man sympathies, her cheer and sorrow and fairy-lore.

What can I do with all this gigantic inheritance—these Celtic mysteries and these Norwegian profounds? What can I do with all this singing and crying of the world, that my father and mother so lightly dropped into my soul?

The Editor has asked me for a brief outline of my career as a writer. The outline is necessarily brief. You see, I have no career. The two short stories, "Yolanda Comes and Goes" and "Tragedy, an Idyll in Prose," and a few poems—they are all I have had published. It is only in vacation time that I find leisure to create.

At this writing, I am spending my vacation in a little valley which is nestled in among our beautiful, wooded California hills. Across this meadow, Jeanne d'Arc might pass by with her sheep! Very close by me and every forty-five minutes, a geyser shoots upward and makes a water-glory against the trees and sky. Just now I am wondering if at some time, through the guidance of Providence, the forces of my Celtic and Norwegian inheritance will, like the seething waters of the geyser, find outlet. They tell me here that unless the geyser waters met outlet, there would be earthquake and perhaps death. Yet death somewhere bursts into such a glory that we cannot see it.

Some of the Difficulties of Authorship

BY HENRY JUSTIN SMITH*

Writing has always been, for me, the "gladdest and maddest" thing one's brain could work upon.

And writing, for me, has meant labor over

a series of apparently hopeless tasks. It may as well be added that editors or publishers have voted, now and then, that these tasks actually were hopeless.

I am "being personal" like this only because The Editor has requested it; and also because there may be incidents in one's experience that may help someone else. To

*Editor's Note: Henry Justin Smith has been city editor and news editor of The Chicago Daily News for 25 years. He has just resigned to become assistant to the President of the University of Chicago, in charge of Public Relations.

continue, then: I present myself as an example of a writer whose self-confidence has always been at zero, whose methods have been utterly unsympathetic, and whose business instincts have been a joke. Take the matter of method. Mine has resulted in half filling an attic with faded typewriting. I have a trunk-load of manuscript marked "N. G." There is a desk-full of Mss. labeled "not quite so bad," including copy for two complete novels and two unfinished ones. Out of these I occasionally salvage a few pages which are fitted, comfortably or not, into the structure of the new work in hand. For example, there is a little sketch of a Paris street, opening Chapter XV of "Josslyn," which was originally the beginning of another novel. The chapter in "Deadlines," called "The Poet," was once a magazine article—which no magazine would have. It often annoys me, when looking over an old manuscript, to find that I have filched from it pages 49 to 57, and used them elsewhere.

And as for self-confidence—ah! how one must envy authors like Ibanez, who, I am sure, plows along in perfect harmony with his ego, or like Ben Hecht, who, I know, is quite ignorant of the fear of failure. They say that genius swims in the wine of conceit; a rarified and often unconscious form of vanity. Fortunate genius!

There was published, in 1919, a novel called "The Other Side of the Wall." I wrote it, with my usual crawl-fish methods and my usual gusts of discouragement. The fact that I wrote this novel—or, indeed, that it ever was published—has become an item known only to archaeologists. I never thought it was good; and I determined never to write any more.

Two years later I was asked to speak on news writing before the Medill School of Journalism. Oh, I couldn't do that! Had no ideas, really. But the date for the lecture came on, and I *had* to write the speech.

When republished by The Chicago Daily News under the title, "It's the Way It's Written," it "caught on." Letters; reviews; what not. That experience pushed me along, so to speak, into the writing of "Deadlines." Gradually, very unsystematically, with always the cart before the horse, this work took form. It was the distillation of over twenty years' newspaper experience, written with the idea that it might be worth multigraphing and passing around, tied in pink ribbon, to a few friends. Several New York publishers concurred in the theory that this was the way to handle it. For six weeks "Deadlines" lay in a drawer, and then Ben Hecht took it to Covici-McGee. They agreed to publish. "Thrill that comes once in a life-time."

And then came the notion of picking out of the portrait-gallery of "Deadlines" the character called Josslyn, and making him a full length figure. At first that seemed easy. I could steal the whole plot for it out of my own work, add some atmosphere, and for once sail on a calm literary sea. But somehow or other, after the first week, "Josslyn" began to strike snags. He began to fade out, I thought; and the narrative, the poor stumbling narrative, how it lagged! And there were all sorts of reveries, and superfluous pictures of bird-life and plant-life, that kept intruding. In the spring of 1923 I had nearly a complete draft, but—it was no good! No, it was no good! I put it away in a drawer, labeled "probably N. G.," and told Covici-McGee (general book publishers of Chicago, Ill.) that there was no use in expecting a sequel to "Deadlines." But those boys wouldn't believe it. So out came the dog-eared manuscript again, and I started in at the beginning. Then I went back and wrote a conclusion; I wrote five or six conclusions. Then I did over, five or six times, some places in the middle. Then I wrote an opening paragraph (which still stands) and, after that, another epilogue, which was a bad mis-

take. By this time the book was being set; and, to the horror of the printers, the idiotic author wrote still another ending, the one which, entitled "L'Envoi," now concludes Josslyn's journey.

I fear to tire the reader with these confessions. They have only the value of confirming what is already a commonplace: That if one hacks away, despite mental indigestion and bitter self-criticism, at a book manuscript, he may eventually finish it. After that, his work is at the mercy of someone else. But the joy of hacking away is the chief joy—it is unsurpassed even if one's friends come forward with kind comment, as have mine. And what pleasure, after one has chiselled at a fragment, an unwieldy and ugly fragment it may be, to find it suddenly endowed with life! By such shaping and re-

shaping, very often the most unexpected and even thrilling results ensue; seeming, some of them, to spring even from some power outside oneself.

All this is a most unpractical sermon to aspiring writers. I wish I could tell of some note-book-and-diagram system, like that of Sinclair Lewis, or some blackboard system, like Henry Kitchell Webster's. They are "regular authors." I can only term myself an amateur, an experimentalist, whose sole equipment is a love of style, and a toilsome way of making style emerge. But I suspect that I get more fun out of this than does many a more accomplished and business-like writer from the construction of his deservedly popular novels.

At least, I do after the job is done.

"Said By—Written By"

Opinions and Quotations from Old and New Books and Periodicals

The Million Dollar Play

BY ANNE NICHOLS

"Abie's Irish Rose" has an interesting, though a stormy history. It has been running for almost two years on Broadway, and there are five Abie companies on the road. But, in addition to its phenomenal success, and the amazing record it has established in theatre annals, it has not been without its troublesome features. Abie has been dragged through numerous legal battles, and there have been all sorts of difficulties over bookings, suitable theatres in which to produce what has been termed "the million dollar hit," assembling capable companies for the road, contracts, and dozens of other trials encountered in the active management of this play.

Perhaps, if a comprehensive history of Abie is to be outlined, we had better start at

the beginning—when first the idea germinated for the play. It all came about in my Long Island home six years ago. Fiske O'Hara and his wife were my dinner guests. They told me an amusing story about a friend of theirs. He was a young Jewish lad, who had married a Gentile. The boy, son of an orthodox Jew, loved desperately his Christian sweetheart—an Irish Catholic—but feared his father's disapproval. So he conceived the idea of introducing the girl to his father under a Hebrew name.

"Win over my Dad first as a Jewess," the lad urged. "Then, after he has grown fond of you, and we are married, we will tell him the truth. It will be too late for him to object then, and, besides, you will have won his affection by that time."

The girl agreed, they were married, and, of course, there were many complications regarding marriage ceremonies. One day, quite a time after the mixed marriage, the young bride was feeling indisposed. She was lying down resting, when her father-in-law called unexpectedly. A crucifix hung above the young wife's bed. The Hebrew father was shocked at his discovery, and immediately ran out of their house.

Mr. O'Hara's story amused us all, but it made a strong impression upon me. I couldn't stop thinking about that mixed alliance, and all the prejudices which it brought in its wake. Ten minutes after the O'Haras left, I started work on a play. I welcomed the opportunity to write a play which might serve to overcome religious bigotry. We have been fighting religious battles for centuries, and we'll continue fighting them until we have one church, and a realization that, after all, there is only one God, that he is good, and that we are all looked upon with favor if we do the best we can during our life.

Incidentally, I believe that this is why Abie achieved success. Abie was not born in 1921, when first it was produced, for the ingredients of this play were always with us: bigotry, hatred of one another's religious and racial inheritance and viewpoint. Abie was old in the minds and hearts of people of different races and different churches, and that was the strong appeal it yielded. People did not have to become familiar with Abie. They felt that it had always been with them.

Well, as I said, I got the germ of the idea for the play from Mr. O'Hara's casual recital of the marital difficulties of his young friend. Most of my play is absolutely true. Of course, I elaborated on it somewhat, and at first I found it a rather delicate subject to handle. That crucifix incident, for instance. That was fine dramatic material, but I had to leave it alone. Naturally, I had to delete much that was interesting, but, fundamental-

ly, the story is that of the trials of the young friend of the O'Haras.

I worked fast and furiously on that play. Something impelled me to keep at it. I sat up three nights writing steadily upon it. When it was finished, Adelaide Matthews, who collaborated with me on "Just Married," helped me type it, and she exclaimed immediately that it was sure to be a hit. I remember how we interrupted our own progress with the typing by our laughter over certain lines. We were a pretty good audience for that newly finished play.

When it was all ready for the market, no one wanted to buy it. It met with the cold shoulder everywhere. I submitted it to Mr. Al Woods first, for at that time he was putting on such plays as "Potash and Perlmutter," and I thought it would fit in nicely with this program. But no, he didn't want it. And the funny thing about it is that, quite some time after "Abie's Irish Rose" had achieved success, Mr. Woods met me in a hotel lobby one day and reproached me for not letting him see the script.

"You were the first one to get the manuscript," I told him. "You turned it down cold." He had even forgotten having had first chance at the play.

After Mr. Woods' turn-down, I took the play to Augustus Pitou. I wanted the late Barney Bernard to star in it. Mr. Bernard read the play, and shook his head.

"It will never go," he declared. "The public won't stand for it. The orthodox Jew, in particular, will object to the theme."

I was beginning to get puzzled. Of course, I had not glorified the Hebrew race, but neither had I glorified the Irish. I tried to stick as close as I could to facts and real types. I even went down to the Ghetto and studied the men and women there, so that I could draw all the characters, particularly those of Mr. and Mrs. Cohen, true to life.

After Mr. Bernard had registered his dis-

approval, I visited Eddie Abeles, who was ill in an uptown hotel. Himself a young Jew, the actor caught the spirit of the play almost immediately. He said:

"I think there is a fortune in it. I want to play the part of Solomon. It will be my first character part."

Two weeks later Mr. Abeles died, and I took his passing as another bad omen in connection with Abie.

Abie finally opened at the Fulton in 1922. Then I signed a contract with Oliver D. Bailey, and when his lease on the Fulton expired, Abie moved with him to the Republic, where it has been ever since.

After the opening, several well-known dramatic reviewers of New York "panned" Abie, but all the others treated it well in their reviews. It got a fair break, but for some reason or other the three critics referred to kept up a continual barrage of criticism until people came to believe it was universally "roasted." Of course, the adverse criticism did affect the play at first, and the box-office receipts. I felt badly about it, but I still retained my faith in the ultimate outcome. I knew that a play which was as fundamental as Abie, which could make people laugh at their own faults—their own small prejudices, and which more or less put over the suggestion to banish bigotry from human hearts—was bound to make a go of it.

So, in the beginning, when Abie wasn't doing so well in New York, friends of mine who were playing stock in Washington asked me to let them have it. I did, against the advice of those who believed that this would ruin its New York run. It ran for fifteen weeks to capacity in Washington, and then we opened in Baltimore. It stayed there for

twelve weeks. We took it to Pittsburgh, where it stayed seven months. Then it was booked on the road into Cleveland, where it has played for seven months. We had a company in Montreal for ten weeks, and this is our fourteenth week in Toronto. We played ten weeks in Atlantic City, twelve weeks in Columbus, and there are five companies now on the road.

We have played small towns like Erie, Pennsylvania, for three weeks. In a town of four thousand we have played to five thousand people, so that proves conclusively that people "repeat"—see the show more than once.

With the establishment of road companies came numerous trials and tribulations for me. Managers tried to force "fliv" houses upon me. Sometimes we couldn't get suitable houses at all; there was trouble with contracts, booking agencies. I became involved in suits to collect large sums of money due me. There was difficulty in getting the right actors for the road companies. Many of the actors we tried out over-played the parts, particularly that of Solomon, the old father.

I haven't the slightest idea of how long "Abie's Irish Rose" will continue to run in New York and on the road. Suffice it to say that all offers to do any business with motion pictures for at least three years have been refused. Abie is a folk play—like "Way Down East," for instance. It has the love element, the comedy, and it tells facts, but tells them with a smile. And for all these reasons Abie continues to survive even though adverse criticism tried to make short shrift of what now is known as "the million dollar play."—Theatre Magazine.

Filming the Popular Novel

BY AILEEN ST. JOHN-BRENON

It is with increasing frequency that the screen is turning to outside sources for the material for its photoplays. Strange as it may seem, the films have not developed to

any degree their own writers, with the result that it is always the short story, the latest novel, or the new play which is bought to provide a suitable vehicle for the camera star, to wit "Spring Cleaning," "So Big," "The Fool," and a host of others.

Writers in all branches of the cinema, however, are unanimous in their opinions that the time is not far off when the important screen plays will be written by those who have developed a screen technique and have learned to tell their story in pictorial form. But in the meantime producers are eagerly buying the works of eminent authors in one field or another, and as a consequence scarcely a day passes without the announcement by a film company of the acquisition of some new piece of fiction or drama. Those who witness "The Magic Skin" or "West of the Water Tower" in pictures are at a loss to understand why it is that a producing organization goes to such pains and expense in order to perpetrate what seems to be only a wild and incoherent distortion and mutilation of the original idea. This custom of buying up names and best sellers and turning them into unrecognizable film stories has caused much adverse criticism.

It may be interesting to hear how those who are responsible for the changes in an author's script feel about the matter. In other words how does a scenario writer have the temerity to take such liberties with a well-known author's work?

In nine cases out of ten they lay the blame on the censor.

The censor is the unique individual who has been appointed keeper of the public morals. Intelligence has rarely been known to interfere with his shears. He is cantanker-

ous and inconsistent, and his ideas of decorum vary with the State in which he happens to reside.

In Massachusetts, for instance, it is lawful and proper to exhibit on week days a child born out of wedlock, but by the Sabbath the child must somehow have been born within the bonds of matrimony. It is in Maryland, I believe, that no one is permitted to kiss, while in Pennsylvania and Kansas the lists of deletions amount almost to a mania.

It is doubtful, if produced as Thomas Hardy wrote it, that such a fundamentally chaste masterpiece as "Tess of the D'Urbervilles" will be permitted to offend the puritanical consciences of the censorship boards in many localities.

Why, it may be asked, do producers persist in acquiring material necessitating elaborate alterations instead of drawing directly upon the talents of their own writers who are familiar with the limitations and characteristics of the moving picture?

Clara Beranger, who prepares the scripts for William de Mille, is authority for the statement that producers feel that there is less risk involved in exhibiting a subject which has already established its appeal and hence its market value.

On the other hand Frances Marion, in her varied experience, as a free lance, attributes this policy to the producer's desire to take advantage of the exceptional possibilities of additional advertising and exploitation.

How much longer this practice will prevail is a matter of speculation but the production plans for next season point to an increased demand for popular literary successes.—Theatre Magazine.

The Bible as Guide to Style

BY W. L. GEORGE

There is so much to say to young writers that he or she should not be too young. at I hesitate to say anything at all. Still Poetry, the finest, has been written by youths; . . . one of the things that occurs to me is prose seldom. Before one writes one must

give impressions time to settle, one must collect many of them, give oneself a chance to forget the unessential. I should say that, with exceptions, few English people are fit to write prose before twenty-five to twenty-eight.

Very strongly, too, I would advise the young writer to write about anything save his or her marvelous childhood, experiences at Oxford, or early struggles in London. Autobiography written too soon is always bad, because one is interested in twopenny details about oneself, and one cannot be sure that the reader will be interested too. It is all so vivid that one cannot select. Let the beginner write of the atmosphere he knows, office, slum, ducal castle, yes, but let his characters

be people he has known, not glorified reflections of himself. Let him keep out of the canvas.

I don't care for well-read writers; the beginner should not soak himself in Dickens or Meredith; he should study man and nothing else—his oddity, his charm, his beastliness: that alone is eternal.

Especially, he should absorb as much as he can of the world; stories of love alone are worthless save in the hands of genius; the writer is the world's showman, and nothing, business, art, politics, is alien to him.

Lastly, let him write English; use "begin" and not "commence," "odd" and not "strange" or "peculiar." For style let him read the Bible every day.

How to Acquire Lucidity in Writing

BY E. V. LUCAS

I know of no way by which the art of story writing can be grafted upon one who has no natural gifts as a narrator. I wish I did. But I am sure that in order to acquire directness and lucidity in writing, and clear the head of verbiage there is no better practice

than to compose mock-heroic (eight-syllable) couplets, concluding the sense with each couplet, and to translate from the French some author peculiarly responsible for his words—such as Guy de Maupassant.

The Essential of Success

BY ISRAEL ZANGWILL

Since all art consists in the personal expression of the individual impression, I do not see how beginners can be taught—except not to begin. Possibly some rules of technique can be given them, so that they should not stand between their art and their audience. They should at least be taught how obscure the English language is, and how de-

sirable it is for writers to achieve lucidity in it, not to mention grammar.

The essential of success in story writing is vivid expression of life. This is by no means identical with taking your characters and situations from life. What you have to do is to add them to life.

Take Advantage of Adverse Criticism

BY J. J. BELL

The symposium greatly interests me, only I don't feel competent to take part. How-

ever, to young writers, beginners like myself I venture to say this:

If you *honestly feel* you have written something containing merit, don't despair so long as you can raise a postage stamp. Take advantage of all adverse criticism. Cultivate Humanity in all senses of the word. Avoid alcohol and the praise of friends.

Avoid Elaboration

By "RITA"

Author of "Calvary," etc.

The chief essential of success in story writing is to be able to write a story. Plot is not so necessary as clear, concise phrasing of the ideas in question. Avoid elaboration. Confine yourself to few rather than many characters. Don't sacrifice art to conventionality. Let your subject be as clear to your readers as to yourself. Above all, be sure you *can* write before rushing into print!

Learn to Condense

By BEATRICE HARRADEN

When young writers have asked my advice I have always suggested to them that they learn to condense, learn to write a short story, finish everything they attempt, no matter if they have to burn it in disgust, but finish it. The mere fact of finishing is a cumulative help which will carry them on to better results. And the habit of condensing will enable them to "visualize," to seek the right and apt word, and, with a directness of appeal, to present to their readers the meaning of the situation they have been creating and the characterizations they have been working out.

THE LITERARY MARKET

(Continued from Page III.)

Male interest must be paramount, but love interest is desired if it is subservient to action.

Adventure, Spring and MacDougal Streets, New York, N. Y., uses novelettes of any length up to 60,000 words. Must be of interest to men.

Ainslee's Magazine, 79 Seventh Avenue, New York, N. Y., uses novelettes of 20,000 to 40,000 words. Stories must be of feminine interest, with strong plots and unexpected denouements.

Argosy-All Story Weekly, 280 Broadway, New York, N. Y., uses novelettes of 15,000 to 20,000 words. Stories may be of adventure, romance, business, comedy, or crime.

Black Mask, 25 West 45th Street, New York, N. Y., uses novelettes of 12,000 to 25,000 words. Detective, mystery, and adventure stories are desired, but nothing sordid or horrible.

Blue Book, 36 State Street, Chicago, Ill., uses novelettes of 10,000 to 30,000 words. No dialect or tragedy. Stories of love, romance, or adventure are used.

Boy Citizen, 809 Tri-State Building, Fort Wayne, Ind., uses novelettes of 10,000 words, on adventure, business, or camping.

Breezy Stories, 709 Sixth Avenue, New York, N. Y., uses novelettes of 15,000 to 20,000 words, of "breezy" type.

Brief Stories, 805 Drexel Building, Philadelphia, Pa., uses novelettes of 12,000 to 18,000 words. Dramatic action is desired.

Chicago Ledger and Saturday Blade, 500 North Dearborn Street, Chicago, Ill., uses novelettes with strong plots, up to 18,000 words in length.

Cupid's Diary, 46 West 24th Street, New York, N. Y., uses novelettes of 10,000 to 15,000 words, of love and sex interest.

Detective Stories, 79 Seventh Avenue, New York, N. Y., uses novelettes of 10,000 words. Detective stories only are considered.

Dramatic Novels, 46 West 24th Street, New York, N. Y., uses novelettes of about 30,000 words. These are really condensed novels.

Droll Stories, 377 Fourth Avenue, New York, N. Y., uses novelettes of 15,000 to 25,000 words.

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The word "droll" explains the type of stories desired.

Elks Magazine, 50 East 42nd Street, New York, N. Y., uses novelettes of 10,000 words. Stories with dramatic action are desired.

Everybody's Magazine, Spring and MacDougal Streets, New York, N. Y., uses novelettes of 15,000 words. It desires dramatic, strong stories, usually with love interest.

Frontier, Doubleday, Page & Company, Garden City, Long Island, N. Y., uses stories of sea, plains, mountains, etc.—wherever there is a "frontier."

I Confess, 46 West 24th Street, New York, N. Y., uses novelettes of confessional type, running to 15,000 or 20,000 words.

Ladies' Home Journal, Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pa., uses novelettes of 10,000 words, of woman interest, but with dramatic value.

Live Stories, 627 West 43rd Street, New York, N. Y., uses novelettes of 10,000 words. Realistic, sex problem stories are desired.

Love Story Magazine, 79 Seventh Avenue, New York, N. Y., uses novelettes of 15,000 words, of love interest.

Marriage Stories, 46 West 24th Street, New York, N. Y., uses novelettes of 10,000 words about married life—stories of suspicion, jealousy, etc.

Metropolitan Magazine, 1926 Broadway, New York, N. Y., uses novelettes of 10,000 words. Stories of all kinds are used, but it leans to the "modern" story.

McCall's Magazine, 236 West 37th Street, New

York, N. Y., uses novelettes of 12,000 to 15,000 words. It likes stories revealing the play of basic human emotions, dramatized and made vivid in action.

Munsey's Magazine, 280 Broadway, New York, N. Y., uses novelettes of 10,000 to 20,000 words. Stories of adventure and romance are desired.

Mystery Magazine, 168 West 23rd Street, New York, N. Y., uses novelettes of 10,000 to 12,000 words. Mystery stories only are used.

Novelets, 461 Eighth Avenue, New York, N. Y., uses novelettes of 14,000 to 15,000 words. Dramatic action stories are used, which are really condensed novels.

People's Favorite Magazine, 79 Seventh Avenue, New York, N. Y., uses novelettes of 15,000 words, of the adventure type.

Popular Magazine, 79 Seventh Avenue, New York, N. Y., uses novelettes of 15,000 words, of adventure, etc.

Saturday Evening Post, Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pa., uses novelettes of 10,000 words, which are really long short stories.

Saucy Stories, 25 West 45th Street, New York, N. Y., uses novelettes of 10,000 words. Romantic or realistic fiction is desired.

Sea Stories, 79 Seventh Avenue, New York, N. Y., uses novelettes of 10,000 words, of the sea or having some relation to the sea.

(To be continued in next issue.)

THE EXPERIENCE EXCHANGE

A Give and Take Department—Do Your Share!

R. W. H. writes:

Five dollars is a lot of money in my circumstances, and I've told myself I would have to drop The Edi-

tor, but I can't do it. I've been trying to write about a year, but the few things I sent out came back, quick. I have three out now that have had lots of time to get back in, and the anticipation of what will happen to them is wonderful. It gives me the recreation and excitement that I need to lighten the every day routine of my life. Every time the postman doesn't stop I'm happy, because I can still hope.

I finally persuaded myself that twice a month would be just about all I'd need *The Editor*, when along comes the latest edition and opens three new roads of adventure for me. Every day since I've wandered down them to my own amusement and benefit. I feel as if I am living and growing, inside of me. I'm actually afraid to miss a copy for fear it will be the one I want most. At least if I never sell a story or win a contest I will not live and die in the same old rut because I didn't make an effort to get out of it.

Kind (?) friends tell me I am wasting my time because I haven't a "pull" or a college education, but the fact that I have seen my name attached to articles in the daily paper, tells me I can write things worthy of printing. Like the sheep herder in the last *Editor*, grammar school, with the addition of half a year of high, is all I can claim. But this typewriter was given to me, I own a good dictionary and several reference books, and by some act of Providence I've always had lots to read, good, bad, and indifferent, and I scorned none of them. Imagine reading Hawthorne at the age of thirteen. I'll never forget "The Marble Faun." It was horrible.

I have lived in the hills, wandered in a prairie-schooner, been an inmate of an orphan asylum, herded dogs, and worked like a bonded slave for a stepfather (from whose power I deliberately faced death to free myself), washed dishes in an oil camp, waited tables in a big hotel, and sold books from house to house. At twenty-three I landed in a state thousands of miles from where I was born, with thirty-nine cents in my pocket and not a friend in the world. I earned my living and owed no one. And I found romance. My world, except my husband, knows nothing of my life before it met me, and never shall. But I feel that I have graduated through a good many grades in life, poverty, charity, distrust, fear, oppression, hatred, desperation, recklessness, courage, independence (most valued), trust, love, wifehood, sacrifice of all I loved for my country, aloneness and hope in the black years of war, joy of reunion, motherhood, sorrow, and, now, ambition. So in spite of jeers, I dare to spend precious money, and waste (?) my time trying to write.

I've taken up more of your time than a mere subscription warrants, but I want to tell you that your magazine is my Aladdin's lamp. If I can't rub it and get what I want, I can read it and dream of getting what I want.

L. A. writes:

Reading "The Gospel of Two Thousand Words Day" has stirred me.

There is no doubt but that "Two thousand words

MONEY SAVING SUBSCRIPTION OFFERS

Your own subscription for *The Editor Weekly* will be credited in advance for one year, if you will obtain subscriptions from two friends, *not now subscribers for The Editor*, for one year each. If you desire, you may pay \$3.34 for your own subscription, and arrange with two friends to pay \$3.33 each for theirs. The three yearly subscriptions and \$10.00 must be sent together, direct to THE EDITOR, Book Hill, Highland Falls, N. Y.

OR—

Your own subscription for *The Editor Weekly* for one year, and yearly subscriptions for four friends, *not now subscribers for The Editor*, will cost \$15.00. If you desire you may pay \$3 for your own subscription, and arrange with four friends to pay \$3 each for theirs. The five yearly subscriptions and \$15 must be sent together, direct to

THE EDITOR, Book Hill, Highland Falls, N. Y.

OR—

Twelve yearly subscriptions, on the same terms, i. e., at least eleven must be for folk who are not now subscribers for *The Editor*, will be given for \$30.00. You may pay \$2.50 for your subscription for one year, and arrange with eleven friends to pay \$2.50 each. The twelve subscriptions and \$30 must be sent together direct to

THE EDITOR, Book Hill, Highland Falls, N. Y.

OR—

A fully paid enrollment for the Major Course in Fiction Writing of The Editor Council will be given, without cost, to the writer who obtains 50 yearly subscriptions for *The Editor* at \$5 each. This is equivalent to an allowance of \$2.20 for each subscription. At least 40 of the subscriptions must be for readers who are not now subscribers.

OR—

For a yearly subscription, sent to us by a subscriber for a friend whose name is not now on *The Editor* subscription list, *The Editor* will give 50 of each size of Printed Manuscript Mailing Envelopes. The order must come from a reader now a subscriber for *The Editor*, with \$5, and must be for a reader who is not now a subscriber.

THE EDITOR MAGAZINE

A Weekly Service for Authors

BOOK HILL, HIGHLAND FALLS, N. Y.

a day" are necessary and the thought is much better put than "Six Hours a Day for Twenty Years."

No doubt editors are much abused by loads of impossible manuscripts written by impossible people.

For instance, I know a woman who wished to furnish me with ideas to write. She said I was far more clever with words. Of all the women I know, she has the fewest intelligent ideas, and the most absurd views of life, and yet she considered herself exceptionally otherwise.

However, "For I have no confidence in these women of thirty or forty, or fifty, who suddenly begin to write," is far too definite and inclusive.

The chances are that very few "begin" at that age, even if there are no known published works that bear their names.

The probability is that an editor's daughter, with five generations of writers behind her name and her heritage, can't form any true image of the environment that some women have to combat from infancy.

And yet, in America, the Melting Pot, and other places, as well, who dares say that no obscure person can have inherited a talent or desire to write?

It may be true that to be a writer one must have no sense of duty, but I refuse to believe it. I dislike to think that books must be produced by individuals who have no character, who know not right from wrong, who cannot distinguish between kindness and cruelty, who are utterly ruthless.

There are those who could openly write, only by having the qualities implied in the foregoing paragraph and possessing a tremendous physical courage besides, but that doesn't say they never touch a pen or write a poem.

Neither does it say that no editor ever sought their products or published them.

Dorothy Wardwell writes:

Having been, for several months, an interested reader of *The Editor*—and especially of its "Experience Exchange"—I'm obeying an impulse to "do my share."

The Popular Magazine for July 7th includes in its announcements for the next issue "a story of the oil-fields by Dorothy Wardwell." Just that. No apologies or anything.

As this story—"Black Gold"—will be my first in print, I'd like to celebrate by saying "thank you!" to *The Editor* for recommending me, back in January, Robert Thomas Hardy as an author's agent. Without Mr. Hardy's constant interest, help and encouragement I doubt if I'd ever have made the grade. For I am one of the helpless and hopeless horde who've "made up their minds to write." Scathing remarks were handed out liberally to this class in a fairly recent issue of *The Editor* by a story writer of standing, who, in the same article, asserted that one who couldn't produce at least two thousand words a day might as well back out before beginning. I hope other earthworms—like myself—noticed that in the same issue James Whitcomb Riley was quoted as

saying that there were days at a time when he couldn't write a "damn word." Keep on crawling!

My chance to have a try at story-writing came with the first of the year, 1924. Mr. Hardy sold my first story—"The Incomplete Angler"—to the Munsey Company in May. Within ten days he sold two others—"Black Gold" and a confession story. I'm not confessing what it was; only that I was broke and desperate.

If this slight "experience" warrants my breaking into "The Experience Exchange," let me just tuck in this last word to those as inexperienced as myself. Get an agent. If possible, one who is equally adept at supplying stimulating praise and healthy, stinging criticism. And then—hang on to him!

Countess de Chilly-Mumford writes:

On February 4th, I mailed (from Paris) to *True Confessions Magazine*, Robbinsdale, Minn., a short story written in the third person. On March 6th they wrote me the following kind letter: "We do not publish third person stories, but we shall turn the re-writing over to one of our staff men. . . . We are enclosing an acceptance slip for \$100." This is the third story I have sold to *True Confessions* since August, and their treatment is uniformly prompt and courteous.

The *Southern Magazine* 156 Fourth Avenue N., Nashville, Tenn., after requesting me to give them a story free because they were a beginning publication (a request I refused on advice from *The Editor*) has now written offering to pay for it—however, at a very low rate.

Pearson's Magazine, 157 East Ohio Street, Chicago, Ill., to which I submitted a story on October 31st, replied on February 4th (three months later!): "I want to write you at length about it and shall do so just as soon as it is humanly possible. I have your story under consideration."

L. R. writes:

I wonder if most of *The Editor's* readers do as I do, which is to have a card system for filing market reports? Anything that seems to be promising for me I card and file with the date. Very often, just running through this card system will get me to work on something that I have forgotten. What is more, having one or more actual markets in mind helps me to concentrate and to get directness into the stuff. I keep the magazines, too, of course, but I might read through four or five before I came on what would apply just to me, and when I found one I might forget the others. I think the card system idea the best and pass it on for what it's worth. I attend to it each week just the moment *The Editor* arrives.

E. W. G. writes:

I have sold a story entitled "The Diary of an Automobile," to the *Motor Camper and Tourist*. This story appears in the July issue, and I have received \$18.50 from them for it. I feel that I want to thank *The Editor* for this, as "The Literary Market" was the means of submitting my manuscript to the above magazine.

The Author's Weekly

Fifteen Cents a Copy

August 9th, 1924

THE EDITOR

A Journal of Information for Literary Workers

A Weekly Service for Authors

VOL. 66

Book Hill, Highland Falls, N. Y.

NO. 6

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Weekly

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610th Number

\$5.00 a Year

30th Year

Do You Think in Alphabetical Order?

If you do, then perhaps a good dictionary is the only word reference book you need.

If you are not an A-B-C thinker, you need the New International Edition of Roget's Thesaurus. Its function is that of the author—to find words to express thought. It is the great first aid to right expression in written language.

Roget arranged words in relation to their use to express thought. He realized that words existed to be used, not merely to be defined, and he planned his Treasure House of Words and Phrases to facilitate correct, fluent writing. After years of effort he found his way to an arrangement of words in categories, or classes, so that words that are related in the expression of thought are gathered in the same groups.

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The New International Roget, revised and brought up to date by C. O. S. Mawson, is especially designed for the American author. It is in reality the one indispensable reference book.

The comprehensive index lists in large bold type more words than any work except an unabridged dictionary. This index is so compact, the arrangement so convenient, and the type so large—three to four times as large as dictionary type—that Roget's Thesaurus is superior to all other word books for the use to which these are most often put—to check spellings. In the office of The Editor, unabridged dictionaries are consulted less than one-tenth as much as Roget's Thesaurus.

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year and that
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manship of the
One-act Play"
(\$3.15 alone),
both for \$6.50.

THE LITERARY MARKET

There is a place somewhere for every
good Manuscript.—THE EDITOR

In this department THE EDITOR publishes each week news of the literary market that interests and aids writers with manuscripts for sale. Whenever possible statements are taken exactly from letters received from the editors of the publications concerned.

***The American Magazine, 381 Fourth Avenue, New York, N. Y., offers a first prize of \$20, a second of \$10, and a third of \$5, for the best letters of not more than 400 words each on: "What I Would Do With a Year's Vacation." The editors write: "If you had a whole year of leisure, instead of your usual vacation, what would you do with the time? Could you spend twelve months in enjoyable leisure? Turn your imagination loose; 'play like' you are to have a year off, and then decide definitely what you will do to occupy yourself. There are thousands of books worth reading, thousands of places worth seeing; there are friendships waiting to be developed, and there is some subject perhaps which you have always wanted to study. Or maybe you would build your own house, beautify and improve your farm, or engage in some form of philanthropic work. Whatever your preference may be, write us about it." The competition closes August 20th. Address: Contest Editor, The American Magazine, 381 Fourth Avenue, New York, N. Y. Contributions to this contest, and any enclosure, cannot be returned, so you must make a copy of your contest letter and of any enclosure if you want to preserve them. Manuscripts and inquiries not connected with the contest must be sent under separate cover to the editor of The American Magazine.

Motor Express, P. O. Box 1426, Boise, Idaho, Ernest F. Ayres, editor, writes: "This magazine, the official organ of the Intermountain States Truckmen and Auto Carriers Association, has been published as a four page monthly for a year. It will now be enlarged to 48 pages, and the staff wishes to get in touch with writers who can meet its needs. We want short articles on everything of interest to men who operate motor vehicles for hire. Special preference will be given to articles telling how someone has overcome a common difficulty. We want personality stories of men and women who have made a success, but these must always be accompanied by a statement from the subject of the article saying that he has read and approved the interview. We want good photographs. No serials will be used, but we want a good story, about 3,000 words, humorous preferred, for each issue. Decisions will be prompt and payment made on the 10th of the month following acceptance. Minimum rates: one-half cent a word; photographs \$2 each. Higher rates will be paid for good short articles."

The Pasadena Center of the Drama League of America, Pasadena, Calif., announces the following conditions for its prize play competition for 1924-1925: (1) The contest opens October 1st, 1924, and closes February 1st, 1925. Residents of any part of the United States may submit plays. All manuscripts must be in the hands of Mrs. Gertrude

CAN A LETTER
OF 2,500 WORDS
BE WORTH
\$100.00?

Many writers have said in substance: "The letters that THE EDITOR COUNCIL has written to help me develop my ideas and write my stories have been of great value." Occasionally an enthusiastic COUNCIL student has said that one letter of criticism was worth the price of the whole course. And hundreds of COUNCIL students who have been helped to revise stories that they later sold, have given the entire credit—which seldom was really deserved—to the COUNCIL. We have in mind now one letter, of which the author for whom it was written plainly says: "Your last letter was worth hundreds of dollars to me!"

It happens that this letter is a fairly good one. It probably will give most writers more practical knowledge of story-writing than could be drawn from a half dozen books on fiction technique. This letter will be sent to you, if you so request when forwarding your enrollment for the Major Course in Fiction Writing of THE EDITOR COUNCIL.

FORM FOR ENROLLMENT

The Editor Council,

Book Hill, Highland Falls N. Y.

I desire to enroll for the fiction writing course of The Editor Council. I am to receive 52 Assignments and the entire series of Chapbooks and Supplementary Material, and the help of an individual instructor in developing and writing and revising stories written in response to the Assignments. You agree to continue the work with me until I have sold at least \$100 worth of manuscripts after enrolling.

I enclose \$110 in full payment for the course and your tuition, or

I enclose \$20 as an initial payment, and agree to pay \$10 each month thereafter until I have paid \$120.00.

M. Fuller, 499 Ellis Street, Pasadena, Calif., on or before February 1st, 1925. (2) Plays submitted may be either (a) full evening plays or (b) one-act plays. Plays to be in class (a) must require at least two hours for playing time; one-act plays must not exceed forty-five minutes for playing time. The playing time should be stated on each manuscript. (3) A play dramatized or adapted from a published play or story will not be eligible; a play that has been previously published or printed will not be eligible; a play that has taken a prize in any previous competition will not be eligible; a translation will not be eligible. (4) The subject matter of each play must be original. Two or more authors may collaborate. (5) There is no limit to the number of plays one author may submit, nor is any limitation imposed as to the subject matter or scope of a play. (6) Each manuscript must bear the inscription: 'Submitted in the 1924-1925 Play Contest of the Pasadena Center of the Drama League of America.' (7) The author's real name must not be signed to a manuscript; a pen name must be used. The author's name and address and any other indication of identity must carefully be kept from the manuscript. With each manuscript a sealed envelope must be enclosed, bearing on its face the title of the play and the pen name of the author. On a slip in the envelope should be written the real name and the complete address of the author, as well as the title of the play submitted and the pen name. (8) The Pasadena Center will not be responsible for the return of manuscripts unless sufficient postage is enclosed. A manuscript that is not awarded a prize will be returned to the author within four weeks from the time of the final decision of the judges. It is hoped that this final decision may be made within sixty days of the close of the contest. (9) A prize of \$100 will be awarded for the best full evening play, and a prize of \$50 for the best one-act play. Both prizes will be awarded, with the added privilege of production before June 1st, 1925, without royalty for the period of two weeks of the initial run, under the auspices of the Pasadena Center of the Drama League of America. Should the judges decide that no play submitted is worthy a prize, The Pasadena Center shall be under no obligation to make an award. (10) It is understood that all plays submitted in the contest shall remain the property of the author after the initial run under the auspices of the Pasadena Center. Manuscripts should be typed cleanly and clearly. A manuscript should be sent flat. The paper should not be too thin. Manuscripts should be carefully weighed and the proper amount of return postage enclosed. Manuscripts should be mailed early.

The American Viewpoint Society, 61 West 48th Street, New York, N. Y., are publishers of books for use in schools, in industry, and for patriotic organizations. It has already published the following: "We and Our Government," by Jeremiah Whipple Jenks and Rufus Daniel Smith; "We and Our Work," by Joseph French Johnson; "We and Our History," by Albert Bushnell Hart; and "The Spirit of America," by Angelo Patri.

Manuscript Mailing Envelopes

Envelopes made of light, tough kraftpaper. They are in pairs, an outgoing, larger envelope, printed with the author's name and address in the upper left-hand corner, and a smaller envelope, printed with the author's name and address across the face for return purposes. The return envelope fits, without folding, into the outgoing. The envelopes are of the proper sizes for manuscripts on 8½ in. by 11 in. paper, the usual size, when folded twice. The prices include printing, if the order is for at least \$2.50 worth, and prepaid delivery.

For Manuscript With Two Folds, the Best and Usual Way, 4½ in. x 10½ in. and 4½ in. by 9½ in.: 10 of each size, \$60; 60 of each size, \$2.50; 120 of each size, \$4.50.

THE EDITOR, Highland Falls, N. Y.

TO AUTHORS AND WRITERS:

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G. P. Chapman and Hamish Miles, 8 Buckingham Street, Adelphi, London, England, have organized a general book publishing firm. G. P. Chapman has been with Chapman and Dodd, Ltd.

The Younger Set, 19 East 48th Street, New York, N. Y., has suspended publication. Efforts are being made to re-organize the magazine financially, and the assurance is given that even if these efforts are not successful another magazine of the same class will be published.

THE READING TRADE JOURNAL

Scarsdale, N. Y. (Monthly; \$2)

Fiction of any kind is not used.

Verse is not used.

Essays and Feature Articles should be very brief and should deal with practical sales and promotion methods that newsdealers and booksellers may use in building business.

Photographs of window displays, sales devices, etc., are used in accordance with the above.

Payment is made on acceptance, according to value of article, arranged with author.

The editor is Herbert Hungerford.

**True Confessions Magazine*, Fawcett Publications, Inc., Robbinsdale, Minn., "is in the market for short fact foundation stories about women, running from 2,500 to 3,500 words in length. It also welcomes stories up to 7,500 words, but its most pressing need is for the shorter contributions. These stories must be told in the first person and must deal with some poignant phase of feminine experience. They must be chapters from real life and they must be 'human.' Prompt reading of manuscripts is promised. Payment at a minimum rate of two cents a word is made upon acceptance. *True Confessions Magazine* also wants contributions to its department of tabloid confessions, 'My Untold Secret.' These run from 150 to 500 words; and a flat rate of \$5 is paid for each contribution accepted."

**Triple-X*, Robbinsdale, Minn., "illustrated monthly magazine of adventure, western and detective stories, is looking for some good north woods stories. These preferably should be of from 5,00 to 15,000 words each in length, but longer manuscripts that are outstandingly good will be considered. It is also still in the market for western short stories. It will pay a minimum of one and one-half cents a word immediately on acceptance and will give prompt attention to all manuscripts. From now on *Triple-X* will ask only first American serial rights of all manuscripts it purchases. The \$5,000 prize story contest, in which there are 16 awards to be made, will end September 1st. The third issue of *Triple-X*, that for August, will exceed 200,000 copies."

PSYCHOLOGY (Monthly; \$.25; \$3)

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Short Stories: "Preferably 2,000 to 3,000 words. Of psychological basis; overcoming obstacles; achievement and success through proper functioning of the mind and emotions."

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Special Material: "We are always anxious and on the lookout for new thoughts, new suggestions, new ideas, new inspirations, and new hints for the application of the principles of psychology to the daily tasks of life, and for accounts of noteworthy cases of how success has been achieved by the application of such principles. Essays and plays are hard to find, of the type suitable for this magazine."

Especially needed are "inspirational articles, stories or verse which would tend to improve the health, happiness or success of the reader."

The editor is Henry Knight Miller.

The British Columbia United Farmer, Vancouver, B. C., Canada, has absorbed *Farm & Home*, of the same place.

Fancier's Guide, Montpelier, Ind., is the new name of the periodical formerly known as *The Poultry Guide*.

Automobile Trade Journal, 239 West 39th Street, New York, N. Y., announces that David Beecroft has become editorial director. A. V. Comings is now editor of *Motor World*, of the same address.

True Drug Story, 1926 Broadway, New York, N. Y., is being issued by The Macfadden Publications, as a retail service magazine for druggists. A. Rowden King is the editor.

Modern Mining, 108 Smithfield Street, Pittsburgh, Pa., has been formed by the consolidation of *Coal Industry* and *Mine Electrician*. It will be issued by the Miller-Matthews Publishing Company of Pittsburgh, Pa.

Daily Mirror, 55 Frankfort Street, New York, N. Y., is a new New York tabloid newspaper.

Music Trade News, 25 West 42nd Street, New York, N. Y., is the new name of the periodical formerly known as *Sheet Music Trade News*.

Bernarr Macfadden, of Macfadden Publications, 1926 Broadway, New York, N. Y., is to begin the publication of a new daily newspaper in New York about September 1st. The new newspaper will be a tabloid illustrated daily.

Horace B. Liveright, book publisher of the firm of *Boni & Liveright*, 61 West 48th Street, New York, N. Y., has formed a theatrical producing organization, with Frank Mandel and Lawrence Schwab as partners. Plays by younger American writers will be favored.

Wall Street News, 58 Stone Street, New York, N. Y., is the new name of the daily financial paper formerly known as *Financial America*.

Ohio Real Estate News, 552 West 2nd Street, Dayton, Ohio, which will appear monthly, has come out for the first time. Robert A. Hopkins is editor and publisher.

(Continued on Page V.)

LITTLE "ADS"

The rate for these ads. is six cents a word. No advertisement will be accepted for less than the cost of 18 words. Payment should accompany orders.

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WRITERS—Have your stories, photoplays, poems, etc., typed by a professional authors' typist. Satisfaction guaranteed. Prices right. The Writers' Typist, 10 Orchard Street, Dexter, Maine.

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AUTHORS—let me type your manuscripts; guaranteed work by a professional authors' typist. Authors' Typing Service, 184 Pine St., Muskegon, Mich.

AUTHORS! PLAYWRIGHTS! Have your manuscripts typed in proper form. Miss Corina Crovo, 104 Congress Street, Newark, New Jersey.

TYPING 65c per 1000 words. 80c with corrections in spelling and punctuation. Amelia M. Dubay, Authors' Typist, Madison, Maine.

AUTHORS' MANUSCRIPTS neatly and accurately typed; also carefully edited and marketed if desired. Rates reasonable. Prices upon application. Authors' Service Bureau, Grace P. Cobb, Manager, 509 North Calhoun Street, Tallahassee, Florida.

AUTHORS: Let me type your manuscripts; guaranteed work by a professional authors' typist. Authors' Typing Service, Dunbar, Pa.

Manuscript Typing and Revising

AUTHORS—let me type your manuscripts; guaranteed work by a professional authors' typist; also revising, criticising and marketing. Authors' Typing Service, Mr. Henry Hilbinger, R. F. D. No. 6, Warren, Ohio.

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Contemporary Writers and Their Work

A Series of Autobiographical Letters on the Genesis, Conception, Development, and Writing of Fiction, Poems, and Articles Published in Current Periodicals

The Writing of Novels

BY DIANA PATRICK

I began my writing career some five years ago with "The Wider Way," a story of my native Yorkshire, and it, and perhaps all my books are to some extent influenced by the fact that I was brought up in the very heart of the Bronte moorlands, with their steadfast yet ever changing grandeur of scenery. It deterred me not at all that the greater pens of "Currer and Ellis Bell" had depicted the strange and sombre charm of that scenery. After all, those daughters of the bleak parsonage looked at things from the very different outlook of another century. I was familiar as they with the often dour yet loyal and deep characteristics of the moorland dwellers, not less than of those whose lives were spent in the drab surroundings of the factory towns clustering around.

Having regard to the axiom that the novice will do well to write of what is familiar, I therefore set my first story in the manufacturing town of "Beighlington," and this town looms smokily through several of my ensuing novels—"Islands of Desire," "Dusk of Moonrise," and "The Manuscript of Youth." How far I was successful in depicting scene and character may be gathered from the title bestowed on me by a leading London newspaper: "Miss Patrick bids fair to become the Arnold Bennett of the West Riding." None of the phrases, often much more flowery, has given me the peculiar satisfaction that these words gave—for I am an ardent lover of the style and methods of the famous chronicler of the Five Towns.

"The Wider Way" was begun in the last

dark days of the war: literally, amid many anxieties, it took shape during odd half-hours of leisure, when my two babies had been put to bed and in the quietness thoughts flew in the realm of romance. My books have been called realistic. I do not quite know what that signifies—but I hope and believe they are full of romance as well as realism. For romance is what gilds grey days, stimulates fancy, imbues the commonplace with beauty. I hope I shall never be old enough to view a world emptied of romance.

Fortunately for myself, if not so interesting for The Editor's readers, I had no uphill struggle in my search for recognition. My first novel completed—and christened, by the way, "Heritage" ("This our heritage of laughter and of tears!"), a title I had to change before publication owing to its adoption by that brilliant novelist, Miss V. Sackville-West—I opened a library book at random, saw the imprint of Hutchinson thereon—it was, I remember, a novel by Baroness Von Hutten—and in all ignorance and faith despatched my fairly bulky manuscript, ship of my dreams, to the same haven. There it found good harborage. Messrs. Hutchinson sent me their acceptance of the book on the day that peace was declared, and it was published the following January. Four editions were disposed of in about three weeks. I believe such a quick success is fairly uncommon. Oddly enough it has seemed to me much more remarkable in looking back upon it than it did at the time, when I was merely conscious of considerable exhilaration and the

reflection that if one wished for a thing "hard enough" one was bound to obtain it. I still have this rather enviable optimism.

Since then I have written six other novels, all published by Hutchinson in England and Dutton in America, and have signed an agreement with Messrs. Hutchinson for three more. Of my novels, I like best "Barbara Justice" and the one just published in England but not yet in America, "Dreaming Spires." This is dedicated to my great friend Harry Wall, whose wonderful war play, "Havoc," you will shortly have the opportunity of seeing in New York.

The Editor asks me to tell of the problems I faced in writing my books, and particularly "All to Seek." I cannot recall any problem beyond the very simple and definite need to tell a story, and to tell it in the most graceful style that I could. Poetry is a passion with me, therefore my prose is inevitably touched with poetry. I am dissatisfied until a phrase, a sentence, rings musically in my ear. Such a line as this from "Barbara Justice" pleases me, because it has a lyric sound: "Even when the nights were moonless, it seemed that moonlight fell upon the thorn." It used to be the exception to care for poetry. Now, when almost everyone admits a love of it, I

think many readers like even the novels they read to be expressed in musical words and phrases. Color, too, is a real delight to me. I have been accused of making my work too colorful—perhaps that is so. I can only confess that the temptation would be very difficult to resist. Perhaps the best advice I can give, and that only very diffidently, so much have I still to learn of my craft, is for the young writer to be natural. If one writes what pleases oneself, it is quite likely it will please scores of readers, if not always the critic, who sometimes suffers from the artistic temperament, defined by Compton Mackenzie as "the creative temperament without the power to create." Then again, I am enamoured of youth, its endless possibilities, especially today, surely the hey-day of youth! So that I am pleased when your Boston Evening Transcript says that in my books I "capture the very essence of youth, at once lovable and cruel." Cruel sometimes—but how very lovable!

But all I have said above has been said before, very much more ably. Decide what you want to do, and do it! Appalling to think of the millions who are almost all the time doing what they *don't* want to do, and keeping on doing it!

On the Writing of a Modern Morality-Novel

BY JOHN HARGRAVE

The Genesis of "Harbottle"

I had read Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress" as a child, and hated it. I did not open the book again until I was 29 years of age. I happened to be looking at the shelves of a second-hand bookshop in Charing Cross Road, London, when my eye caught the title, "Pilgrim's Progress." I purchased the copy for 2s 6d and took it home to read.

My father was staying with me at the time,

and the day after my purchase we sat in the garden talking and reading. "What is wanted," I told my father, "is a modern version of Bunyan's 'Pilgrim's Progress'." As we sat there, all on a golden afternoon in late summer, I spun him the story of Harbottle, of his triple tragedy, of his New Sin, and of his pilgrimage through the lanes and woods of Hertfordshire and Buckinghamshire with his rucksack on his back, and his Burden of the Sin of Inate Inertia on his mind.

The story flowed easily and naturally, like a bed-time fairy story told to a child. We sat out late into the summer twilight until the story was done.

"You ought to write that down at once," my father told me. "It is too good to lose." That is how "*Harbottle*" (published in the United States by J. B. Lippincott Co.) came to be written. It was told, in the first place, just to amuse myself and my father—to wile away a peaceful hour in the garden.

Even while I was writing it I had little idea of publication: for I imagined that a story of this kind, which lacked all the essentials of a "popular novel," could hardly hope to find a publisher. I was mistaken. Messrs. Duckworth & Co., London, promptly accepted the book.

Even so, I felt that there would not be a "big public" for a serious novel of this type. Again I was mistaken. The first edition sold out on the day of publication, a second edition followed, and within a few weeks a third edition had been called for. Somehow or other, I had struck a human note and human beings responded to it. The book is still selling rapidly.

Development of the Idea of Harbottle

I realize now that the idea of "*Harbottle*" had been simmering in my mind for a number of years, and that the spark which touched off the fuse was that chance glance in the second-hand bookshop in London.

The characters whom *Harbottle* meets on his pilgrimage are all drawn from types which I have met—the artist, the occultist, and the rest.

The main idea which runs through the book—that war, and dirt, and disease, and muddle are all due to poor thinking and untrained minds, and could all be swept away by logical thought and mental training based upon scientific knowledge—developed while I was serving in the Dardanelles Campaign during the Great War.

The Writing of Harbottle

In writing the story of *Harbottle* I was faced with a very real difficulty. Bunyan's Pilgrim had a Burden of Sin; a burden which was the simple, clear-cut notion of "original sin" inherited from Adam and Eve; a sin which might plunge Christian into the bottomless pit, there to burn forever and a day in sulphur and brimstone of Hell Fire to the gruesome grating of gnashing teeth.

That was all very well in Bunyan's day, but such a Burden could not be shouldered upon a modern Pilgrim of 1924 in a world of wireless, airplanes and typewriters. I had to find and describe the New Burden of Sin, and I found it in the listlessness, the placid contentment of respectable smugger, the milk-and-watery tittle-tattle rubbish which goes to make up the most part of our lives—the innate inertia and the sluggish sloth with which we are all, more or less, tainted.

As I went on with the story I found that I wanted to describe *Harbottle's* mental state as he continued his pilgrimage to Nowhere in Particular, and I wanted to do this in a direct manner.

I discovered that this could be done only by writing the actual thoughts as they poured into *Harbottle's* brain, and so it came about that most of the book is akin to "thinking aloud"—a method which, as far as I know, had not been developed along these lines before.

I believe that this "thinking aloud" method of describing the mental state of the characters in a novel is the only way in which the characters can "come alive."

Let me give an example of what I mean. Mr. Jones, the chief character in a novel, has been shipwrecked and the author wishes to describe the feelings and thoughts of Jones. The old method would be something as follows:

" . . . Good swimmer as he was, Jones knew that his strength could not last.

There he was, a little bobbing head and shoulders, in that great heaving waste of green waters. What hope was there? Instinctively, as his aching arms struck out through the spume and spindrift, his mind went back to the old days—back to the tiny cottage on the hill and the friendly glow of lamplight and the school companions of his childhood's days . . .”

Now see how much more effective this is when it is written in the direct “Harbottle” thinking-aloud method:

“. . . There was Jones, a little bobbing head and shoulders in that great heaving waste of green waters—like undulating, rolling downlands, bottle-green with swirling lace-edged foam-trimmings. So very green and deep. Ache. Arm-ache. . Can I keep going? Must keep it going. Jolly well got to keep it going—or go down—right down—down among the Dead Men—let—him—lie. . . Might get cramp. Sharks? Horrible to drown. Good swimmer. Thank God, I'm a strong swimmer. Often read stories about people getting shipwrecked—never thought I should ever get—Lord! Was that a dead body, or just seaweed and spindrift? Come on! Keep it up. Float on the back for a spell. Not much hope of getting picked up—almost bound to go under in time. Exhaustion. Exposure. Cold. Wonder what Aunt Hilda's thinking now—she doesn't know I'm here in the sea—No. 'Course not. She died ten years ago. Jimmy Faulks would shout 'Hullo, Jones! What's up, eh? Trying to swim the Channel?' Haven't seen him for—sixteen years—grown up and married by now, maybe. Wonder if Elsie, his sister with the fair hair, ever got married? I drew her portrait on the whitewashed wall of Rose Cottage when I was eleven—no, twelve. The night we read 'Treasure Island' sitting by the fire. Lamplight. I

wonder where they all are now? I'm near done. Beat to the wide. I doubt if I can keep this up for another half hour—another twenty minutes even. . .”

Experiences as a Writer

I began writing at about ten years of age, mostly imitation Rider Haggard adventure stories which never got beyond the first half dozen chapters.

I wrote a handbook on camping and naturecraft entitled “Lonecraft” at the age of sixteen to seventeen, which was accepted by Messrs. Constable & Co., of London, and which has been translated into a number of European languages, and is still selling steadily.

“Harbottle” is my first novel to be published, although I have had a number of Naturecraft and Outdoor Handbooks accepted and published.

Methods of Writing

I am certain that it is necessary to sit down regularly each day to write, even if you sit at the desk with pen, paper and ink, and do not write a word.

I never use a fountain pen, because I find that the mechanical pause in dipping the pen into the ink-pot is a useful rhythmic motion—as the action of chewing gum or sucking a pipe is for some writers.

I seldom write until towards the evenings when things and people begin to go quiet and the work of the world begins to be hushed in twilight.

I am able to write at a great speed.

I never go to bed without a pad and a pencil handy for jotting down ideas, words, phrases, snips of conversation heard and details observed which often flip into the mind in a half-asleep state. These can never be recovered if they are not jotted down at once. A good chapter heading, title, name of a character, a crisp little description of a village, a horse, a motorcycle, or a clump of willows

dipping to the wind—these, and a thousand and one oddments which are invaluable in building up the story, should be registered as soon as they flash into the mind. A good general plot or theme may be “still-born” for the lack of convincing details crisply turned and caught alive from the brain. Such details often come to mind at odd moments—when you’ve just lathered up for a shave; when you’re busy spraying the roses; when you’re talking to a friend about the latest political muddle—and especially when you’re on the last lap before drowsing off to sleep.

Editors

I have always found them to be good judges of the work they know they want and of what they don’t want. The one mistake they are all liable to make, I think, is that they really believe that they know “what the Public wants”; whereas, as a matter of fact, there is no living man who can tell what will or will not appeal to the general public. In fact, it is safe to say that “The Public never knows what it wants—till it gets it.” If editors would bear that in mind they would, now and then, “try off” some of the “rather out of our line” stories just to see what happens. As it is, magazines, both in England and in America, are astoundingly all alike. If you take up the June issue of the “Brightest Ever

Magazine” you may be fairly certain that the July, August, September, October, November, and other numbers will feature the same sort of stories, the same type of cover designs, the same style of illustrations, and very often exactly the same set of authors. This is because the editor has convinced himself that he knows what the public wants, and he points to the circulation-chart to prove that this is so. That, however, is a snare; it proves nothing of the sort.

The lack of any sign of originality in magazine editing is, to me, astonishing beyond words. (I happen to know something about the inside of magazine editing in England, so I am not merely speaking as an “outsider.”)

I began as an artist, not as a writer. I am now just 30 years of age. I am the son of Quaker parents; my father is a landscape artist. At fourteen I had to leave school owing to poverty at home, and begin to earn a living by drawing, writing, and painting. I quickly discovered that “influence” and “introductions” were not of very much use, and that the quality of the work produced mattered most. I just packed up the typescript Mss. of “Harbottle” and sent it by post to Messrs. Duckworth & Co. I had no introduction to them, and knew no one on the firm. I never use an agent.

“Said By—Written By”

Opinions and Quotations from Old and New Books and Periodicals

Better Words to Use

BY RICHARD SURREY

*I love bright words, words up and singing early;
Words that are luminous in the dark and sing;
Warm, lazy words, white cattle under trees;
I love words opalescent, cool and pearly,
Like midsummer moths, and honied words like bees,
Gilded and sticky, with a little sting.*

—ELINOR WYLIE.

These words were recently used in a printer’s house-organ, under the heading of “Words For Use.” On the copy that was

shown to me were many penciled comments by a man who directs a good-sized advertising appropriation.

Contact, however slight, with a newly found enthusiast for better copy is always a cheering experience for me; and on glancing at the suggested substitutions and additions I heartily wished that I could agree on more

points with one who evidently has a genuine appreciation of the power and value of words.

I could have agreed with him more thoroughly if he had displayed a disposition to find—not *more* words—but better words. Unfortunately, he did not. One instance of what I mean will suffice to show what I mean. Instead of Miss Wylie's:

. . . white cattles under trees
he suggested the following line, which really presents a different picture:

. . . grey cattle under motionless trees
by still water.

Apart altogether from the rhythm, with which he obviously did not concern himself, this is scarcely an improvement. I am sure that superlatively good writing consists in creating a concrete, vivid and memorable image by the simplest possible means. And I think that in this half-line, at least, Miss Wylie has achieved it. She wanted to picture cattle under trees. She added the word "white" so that the mind would immediately be smitten by the contrast between the white flanks of the cows and the green foliage of the trees. Then she cried: "Enough!" And one gets a complete and perfect picture. A Corot in miniature!

There are writers, and Miss Wylie is apparently one of them, if we are to believe what she says in this poem, who love words as children love lollipops, for the sweet roll of them over the tongue; and not as a sculptor loves his tools, because they are his means of expression, lifting for him out of the uncouth stone the slender, perfected shape of the thing, seen or imagined, that has been lying so long at the hazy threshold of his unconsciousness.

No writer of whom we have knowledge ever spent so much time upon the study of words, upon the enrichment of his vocabulary, and upon the selection of the exactly right word for his purpose, as Gustave Flaubert, the French stylist. Yet his object in increas-

ing his stock of words was not that he might use more of them, but less. He knew that one vivid image-evoking word is better than three or four that are dull and debased. In a letter to Guy de Maupassant, his protege, he wrote: "Make me see, by a single word, wherein a cab-horse differs from fifty others that follow or precede him."

This reference to cab-horses reminds me of a passage I recently marked in one of Katherine Mansfield's stories. A retired army colonel has just died, and his two timorous daughters, maiden ladies of uncertain age, have gone into his room, two days after the funeral, to "go through father's things and settle about them." They shut the door behind them:

It was the coldness which made it so awful. Or the whiteness—which? Everything was covered. The blinds were down, a cloth hung over the mirror, a sheet hid the bed; a huge fan of white paper filled the fireplace. Constantia timidly put out her hand; she almost expected a snowflake to fall. Josephine felt a queer tingling in her nose, as if her nose was freezing. Then a cab klop-klopped over the cobbles below, and the quiet seemed to shake into little pieces.

To a generation accustomed to macadamized roads and automobiles, the vividness of this reference to a cab and cobbles may not be immediately apparent; but to one who has heard the "klop-klop" of a solitary four-wheeler resounding through a quiet London square, there is something utterly magical in this invented word that our authoress uses. With one word she achieves actuality. In this case, of course, it was not the cab itself that she wanted to call into being before our eyes; it was merely the sound of it, trundling below the window of that white, shrouded room, shaking into pieces the deathly silence and thawing the icy atmosphere with its note of human and animal warmth.

Over and over again Miss Mansfield gets such effects with a single word. In a story about a pathetic old char-lady you may find this:

While the water was heating, Ma Parker began sweeping the floor. "Yes," she thought, as the broom knocked, "what with one thing and another, I've had my share. I've had a hard life."

Here again, unfortunately, to a generation surrounded with corn brooms and vacuum cleaners, the amazing facility—the startling economy of means—with which our author-ess calls to mind the "knock" of a wooden broom (the only sweeping apparatus known in my time in England) against the wainscoting or the chair-legs, is perhaps none too obvious. For me it is an inspiration. Almost every other writer I know would have put in the wainscoting and the chair-legs. But Miss Mansfield leaves that for me to put in. And just because the mind is not glutted with too detailed a picture the imagination has a chance to work, and from memories of old rooms that we were chased out of, with our toys, when the sweeping began, we supply our own pictures.

What a gift! If we could so write copy that the prospect would supply his own pictures! If, with a single word, we could call up old longings, old determinations, the entire old troupe of things that we once wanted so much to do!

No one writing copy that is supposed to possess the cosy, homely, intimate appeal; no one, indeed, who seeks vividness of the most natural, down-to-earth order, should miss reading Miss Mansfield's tales.

Her three volumes of short stories contain literally thousands of "better words to use." Occasionally they are invented, like the "klop-klop," or when she says that someone "stumped" his cigarette into an ash-tray. Occasionally they are common words in uncommon connotations, as when she says that the window was pricked with long needles of rain." But, as a rule, they are ordinary words, exquisitely placed; the exactly right words, and only the exactly right words necessary for the imaging of a certain object, a sound, or a thought.

And so supremely natural is the quality, either of her imagination or her memory (for one constantly feels that she must be recalling something that actually happened to her), that the reader is enticed right into the room or the scene she is describing, feeling its warm, familiar air and actually touching the stairs, the fence, the window-seat, or whatever it is that she has kindled into reality with her art.

A single sentence of this quality, which seems to enclose the reader with the characters in the room or scene described, will perhaps be sufficient. In an Australian home, where people go to bed by candlelight, a husband and wife have just entered their bed-chamber:

It was quite dark in the room. He heard her ring tapping on the marble mantelpiece as she felt for the matches.

Here, in the fewest conceivable words, is created the darkness, the woman fumbling, the man in the doorway waiting till a light has been struck, the intimacy between them, the bedtime hour. It is not seen, but sensed, as one *does* sense things in the dark.

And now let me jot down a few phrases from among the many that I have marked in the volumes of her stories that I possess:

. . . the feeling of the cold shining glass against her hot palms.

. . . they were clanking through a drive that cut through the garden like a whip lash.

. . . the sunlight seemed to spin like a silver coin dropped into each of the small rock pools.

. . . the men walked like scissors; the women trod like cats.

. . . and lemons like blunted fishes blob in the yellow water.

. . . An immense tree with a round, thick silver stem and a great arc of copper leaves.

. . . they are going home together under an umbrella. They stop on the doorstep to press their wet cheeks together.

I ask you to read these brief excerpts from the standpoint of "economy of means." On the page from which the last extract is taken there is no mention of rain. It is just a picture all by itself, and it is drenched, sopping!

I say that by studying writing like this, copy men may learn to get *their* effects with something approaching its simplicity.

And in a search for better words—especially natural words—the copy writer should not overlook Walter de la Mare's "Memoirs of a Midget." In this remarkable book there are words that sting and bite, words that leave a taste or a smell behind.

In one of the early chapters the midget discovers a dead mole. She speaks of stooping "with lips drawn back over my teeth," while she surveyed "the white heaving nest of maggots in its belly."

When I read that passage I consciously and deliberately drew my own lips back over my teeth, to see what was meant. Try it yourself, and your nose will immediately wrinkle, and you will feel yourself actually confronted with some distasteful spectacle.

Having tried the experiment I was astonished to find, several pages further on, this revealing sentence:

I often found out what she was feeling or thinking by imitating her expression, and then translating it, after she was gone.

This, it would appear, is the author's own method of observation. He sees a certain expression, imitates it, and discovers in his own consciousness what it denotes.

They say that Dickens used a somewhat similar method. I once read that some of the inmates of his household thought him unduly vain, because they were constantly finding him in front of a mirror. One day they were startled to find him making a horrible grimace into the mirror, and it came out that when he wished to write about a person in a highly emotional state he would stand for several minutes before the glass, casting his features into the most exaggerated grimaces of fear or grief or anger, and studying the effect, which, he claimed, enabled him to feel more intensely within himself the emotion he wished to convey.

I mention these methods of observation

(if they may be called such) used by Dickens and de la Mare, because they contain a hint for the copy writer. To be entirely successful an advertisement must bring the prospect right into the scene. He it is who must feel the emotion of desire or satisfaction that artist and copy writer are trying to convey. And, in some way, the copy writer must get under the prospect's skin. Acute observation of other people in the act of using his product, or his own reflection in the mirror, may give him a clue to the state of mind that his copy should produce.

The infinite capacity for taking pains, for laboriously building up the semblance of the thing, the thought, or the emotion to be portrayed, so that the one essential and revealing detail, the one aspect that makes the whole thing communicable, cannot possibly be overlooked; that is genius. Advertising needs more of it. And no better or more easily tapped source of inspiration exists for the copy writer than the works and the biographies and the letters of the masters of literature.

Their works alone are not always revelatory. For instance, I have just finished a novel of eighteenth century Egypt, called "Goha, the Fool," which from first page to last is a marvelously vivid panorama of that particular time and place. It is quite frankly pictorial in treatment. But it is impossible, even after close study of individual pages, individual sentences, to discover how it is done. The magic seems to lie behind the words, not in them.

That is why I suggest that the lives and letters of great writers, which reveal the aspirations, the experiments, and often the actual methods they employ, are sometimes more helpful than the finished works themselves, in which the art is generally so exquisitely concealed.

It is all very well to enlarge one's vocabulary by reading a great deal, but better words

will not spring to the pen until the secret of better observation is learned. The copy writer must learn to sense better before he can learn to write better; and by "sense" I mean the faculty of exposing himself, so to speak, of laying his nerves bare to the utter wholeness of the thing to be portrayed. Then, and only then, the one right aspect, the vividly communicable "key" detail that unlocks the imagination and aids it to supply its own pictures, will be revealed.

But let us get back for a moment to *de la Mare*. An instance or two will make my point clearer.

After the death of her parents the midget is sent to a strange town and a strange house, where she is to "lodge" with a Mrs. Bowater.

Here is her first glimpse of her new surroundings:

Even dwarfed a little perhaps by my mourning, there I stood, breathed upon by the warm air of the house, in the midst of a prickly doormat, on the edge of the shiny patterned oilcloth that glossed away into the obscurity from under the gaslight in front of me; and there stood my future landlady.

You will see that in this case the wholeness of the thing portrayed is grasped and communicated. It is much more than a description, a mere word-picture of the hall she has just entered. The moment is created for us, because the author has reduced himself to the midget's size, has felt the dwarfing effect of her mourning dress, and the expanse of the prickly doormat, which for one so small seems like an island in an ocean of shiny oilcloth.

(To be continued next issue.)

THE LITERARY MARKET

(Continued from Page III.)

The Sportsman, Los Angeles, Calif., is a new weekly.

R. M. Anrig, 7th Floor, 200 William Street, New York, N. Y., offers to pay cash for ideas and complete directions for making advertising novelties that may be produced by the lithographic process.

**Excella Magazine*, 222 West 39th Street, New York, N. Y., the new magazine for women to be published by The Excella Pattern Company, Inc., will appear for the first time about October 1st. See The Editor for April 19th, 1924, for the editor's statement of requirements.

The Nation's Garden, Wilmington, N. C., is a new monthly agricultural paper.

Sportlife, "the national magazine of sports and recreation" (to answer an inquirer), is located at 3 North 10th Street, Philadelphia, Pa., where it is published by The Sporting Life Company, Inc.

Alexander Taylor & Company, Inc., 22 East 42nd Street, New York, N. Y., athletic outfitters, offer a first prize of \$10, a second of \$5, and a third of \$5, for the best three verse jingles relating to its business. There are no conditions or restrictions other than those already stated. The competition closes December 1st, 1924.

American Motherhood, 18 East 18th Street, New York, N. Y., the editors write: "We use very short articles which would be helpful to mothers, on child training, amusing or helping them, etc. We also use short poems. At present we are so over supplied with material that, while always glad to see it, it will be six months before we can use anything more. We

pay on publication, from one-half to one cent a word."

American Poultry Journal, 523 Plymouth Court, Chicago, Ill., writes: "We have all the material we can use at this time."

Good Stories, Vickery & Hill Publishing Co., Augusta, Me., the editors write: "As we have a supply of material on hand at the present time we are not in need of literary articles for our magazine. We do not use original contributions of verse, all the poetry we publish being selected."

Film Fun, 627 West 43rd Street, New York, N. Y., George Mitchell, editor, writes: "We are not in the market at the present time for any material."

The Young Crusader, 1730 Chicago Avenue, Evanston, Ill., the editors write: "Just at present The Young Crusader is not in the market for manuscripts of any kind. In the fall, a serial teaching temperance, mercy, or anti-cigarette truths will probably be needed. We do not pay for poems. If a writer desires to submit stories of from 1,200 to 1,500 words in length, we shall be pleased to receive them. Have you ever written Christian citizenship articles for children, or articles dealing with health matters? We would welcome teaching of that kind."

The Smart Set, 119 West 40th Street, New York, N. Y., will discontinue publication after the September issue, which is now in press, is published.

***Duckworth & Company*, 3 Henrietta Street, London, W. C., England, "are desirous of obtaining a record of travel and adventure *actually experienced by the author*, and in order to encourage the writing of such a book are offering a cash prize in addition to royalties on the sale of the book. In most competi-

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THE EDITOR, *Book Hill, Highland Falls, N. Y.*

tions the publisher secures the world rights for an outright payment, and beyond the cash prize the author has no further interest in the book, but in this case the author retains the copyright of the book and all dramatic, film, serial, translation and other rights except book rights in the English language. Further, while asking for the offer of the winner's next two books, the publishers do not bind the author to accept such terms as may be proposed by them, but leave him free, upon declining the publisher's offer, to sell the books elsewhere. Competitors who do not win the prize but who submit works worthy of publication will have the advantage of a recommendation to the publishers who shall have the right to make the first offer for publication to the authors. The terms and conditions of the competition are: 1. Messrs. Duckworth offer, for what they consider to be the best travel book submitted, a cash prize of £100 (about \$450) to be paid upon signature of contract, in addition to the following royalties: Great Britain and Ireland—10 per cent. to 1,000 copies sold; 15 per cent. from 1,000 to 2,500 sold, and 20 per cent. on all copies sold over 2,500. Copies sold to the Colonies—On all copies sold on special terms for export to the British Dominions or Dependencies the author shall receive ten per cent. of the price received per copy. America—The publishers will pay the author 60 per cent. (instead of the usual 50 per cent.) of all royalties accruing from the publication of the book in America, and if no arrangement is made for royalties 60 per cent. of the net profits from the sale to America of sheets or bound copies of the English edition. 2. It is to be left entirely to the discretion of the publishers as to whether any portion of the winning book shall be published serially before, or simultaneously with, the publication of the book, and in the event of the publishers agreeing to this course they shall receive 25 per cent. of the net proceeds and the author 75 per cent. 3. The competition is open to everybody throughout the world, and Mss. must reach Raymond Savage, 43

Aldwych, London, W. C. 2, England, not later than December 31st, 1924. A decision will be effected, it is hoped, by the end of March, 1925, and the book published in the autumn of the same year. 4. All Mss. must be original work and in the English language. They should be typewritten if possible, and on one side of the paper only. Mss. which are torn or are full of corrections, making reading difficult, will not be read. 5. If a book is written in collaboration, private arrangements must be made between the collaborators as to any division of profits, as the publishers are prepared to make a contract with one person only. No Mss. may bear the actual name of the author, but must bear a pseudonym under the title. Agreement forms (which will be furnished upon application to Raymond Savage) must be attached to the Ms., which must be accompanied by sufficient stamps for return by registered post. Competitors are warned to keep a duplicate Ms. for themselves, for while every reasonable care will be taken of Mss. submitted, neither Messrs. Duckworth nor Raymond Savage will assume any liability for loss or damage by fire, water, or any other cause whatsoever. 7. The only person who will be aware of the identity of the author will be Raymond Savage, and neither he nor any of his staff shall be eligible for the competition. All Mss. will be examined by Raymond Savage personally and a staff of specially retained readers, and those which are considered unsuitable for submission to Messrs. Duckworth will be returned immediately. Those Mss. which are considered worthy of submission to Messrs. Duckworth will be sent to them and the publishers' adjudication will be final. No correspondence can be entered into with regard to rejected Ms. Messrs. Duckworth will, on selecting the winner of the competition, inform Raymond Savage, who shall then prepare a contract for signature upon the terms and conditions laid down above, but if no work is submitted which is considered worthy of publication, the publishers shall be at liberty to cancel the entire competition and to declare

their offer null and void. Mss. should be of not less than 75,000 words in length and not more than 120,000 words. The author should supply original photographs with which to illustrate the book. 9. A competitor may submit as many Mss. as he chooses, but each must be entered separately according to the method laid down in section 6." Raymond Savage adds: "My own position with regard to the competition must be made quite clear. Messrs. Duckworth have asked me to undertake the preliminary reading and to conduct the preliminary business without payment of any kind from themselves. Further I have agreed not to deduct any commission from the cash prize, but only the usual ten per cent. commission on the sums collected for authors from any contracts I may actually make for them. I shall on no account demand that authors become clients of mine, nor are they under any obligation to me, but I naturally hope that they may care to make use of my services for further work."

MARKETS FOR NOVELETTES

(Continued from last issue.)

Short Stories, Doubleday, Page & Company, Garden City, Long Island, N. Y., uses novelettes of 15,000 to 30,000 words. Stories of swift action, with not too much sentiment, are desired.

Sport Story Magazine, 79 Seventh Avenue, New York, N. Y., uses novelettes of 15,000 words. Stories of sport are used.

Sunset Magazine, 460 Fourth Street, San Francisco, Calif., uses two part stories of 12,000 to 15,000 words, having to do with the west. Stories of action, adventure, and romantic interest are used.

Telling Tales, 80 East 11th Street, New York, N. Y., uses novelettes of 15,000 to 20,000 words, sophisticated in treatment.

Top Notch Magazine, 79 Seventh Avenue, New York, N. Y., uses novelettes of 15,000 words. It desires outdoor stories of adolescent interest.

Triple-X, Robbinsdale, Minn., uses adventure, western, and detective novelettes of 30,000 words.

Western Stories, 79 Seventh Avenue, New York, N. Y., uses western novelettes of 15,000 words.

Young's Magazine, 709 Sixth Avenue, New York, N. Y., uses novelettes of 15,000 words. Sex, etc.

THE EXPERIENCE EXCHANGE

A Give and Take Department—Do Your Share!

Fred S. Shepard writes:

The Give and Take department of The Editor is most helpful one and I get many valuable suggestions from it, and so perhaps I ought to add a bit of my own experience.

I have been trying to break into the greeting sentiment class for some time but with only a minimum of success—just enough to whet the appetite for more. I have made no attempt to "write an even dozen every morning," as one writer reports he is

MONEY SAVING SUBSCRIPTION OFFERS

Your own subscription for The Editor Weekly will be credited in advance for one year, if you will obtain subscriptions from two friends, *not now subscribers for The Editor*, for one year each. If you desire, you may pay \$3.34 for your own subscription, and arrange with two friends to pay \$3.33 each for theirs. The three yearly subscriptions and \$10.00 must be sent together, direct to THE EDITOR, Book Hill, Highland Falls, N. Y.

OR—

Your own subscription for The Editor Weekly for one year, and yearly subscriptions for four friends, *not now subscribers for The Editor*, will cost \$15.00. If you desire you may pay \$3 for your own subscription, and arrange with four friends to pay \$3 each for theirs. The five yearly subscriptions and \$15 must be sent together, direct to

THE EDITOR, Book Hill, Highland Falls, N. Y.

OR—

Twelve yearly subscriptions, on the same terms, i. e., at least eleven must be for folk who are not now subscribers for The Editor, will be given for \$30.00. You may pay \$2.50 for your subscription for one year, and arrange with eleven friends to pay \$2.50 each. The twelve subscriptions and \$30 must be sent together direct to

THE EDITOR, Book Hill, Highland Falls, N. Y.

OR—

A fully paid enrollment for the Major Course in Fiction Writing of The Editor Council will be given, without cost, to the writer who obtains 50 yearly subscriptions for The Editor at \$5 each. This is equivalent to an allowance of \$2.20 for each subscription. At least 40 of the subscriptions must be for readers who are not now subscribers.

OR—

For a yearly subscription, sent to us by a subscriber for a friend whose name is not now on The Editor subscription list, The Editor will give 50 of each size of Printed Manuscript Mailing Envelopes. The order must come from a reader now a subscriber for The Editor, with \$5, and must be for a reader who is not now a subscriber.

THE EDITOR MAGAZINE

A Weekly Service for Authors

BOOK HILL, HIGHLAND FALLS, N. Y.

doing, nor do I expect to make \$300 a year writing sentiments as a side line, which another reports to be doing, nor have I 400 going the rounds of the publishers, as has E. B. P., but I do keep a few dozen in the mails most of the time.

I have recently sold greetings to W. E. Coult's Co. and British Canadian Publishers, both of Toronto; The Blanchard Co., of Aurora, Ill.; The Buzza Company, of Minneapolis; The Exclusive Company, of Philadelphia; The Grant Studio Line, Philadelphia; The Post-Michel Company, Buffalo; The Boston Line, Boston; and Owen Publishing Company, Elmira, N. Y. and have found them all most cordial and considerate, especially the Owen Publishing Company, which others have found reasons to criticize. I have especially been greatly assisted by personal interviews with two or three editors, and find the face-to-face method the most satisfactory, although impossible in most cases.

This is one of the things which has puzzled me: Most of the sentiments I have placed, with only a few exceptions, have been those I have considered of the most ordinary kind—not a few of them of the kind we are cautioned not to write; another puzzling matter is the fact that some of them which have brought the best financial returns have been "returned with thanks" a number of times before reaching a safe haven; as for instance, one was accepted on its eighth trip, three were accepted on their fifth, two on their tenth, two on their thirteenth, one on the fifteenth, one on the eighteenth, one on the nineteenth, and one on the twenty-fifth. I wonder if other writers have any such experience as mine? If it were not that the acceptances were from such companies as the above mentioned, I would question the quality of the verses or the judgment of the publishers. Which leads me to say, with due apologies:

O wad some power were mine to write 'em,
So editors would all invite em.

Editor's Note: The same differences in tastes and opinions which explain why some readers like "Jurgen," some "The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come," and some "The Newcomes," account for the acceptance by one publisher of material that another does not like.

F. B. writes:

As I get each week's issue of *The Editor*, the first place I turn to is "The Experience Exchange." To me, it is the most interesting or at least one of the most interesting departments in the whole worth while publication.

I imagine a lot of others enjoy this fine department also, so why not push it a little, say by putting a notice in *The Editor*, telling the laggards who read it, who could add a helpful note, to send it in? Especially the fiction writers; ask them to tell their experiences, so their brother scribes can be wise to the lay of the land. Push it, I say! It's worth it! Now I'll add my information.

I am necessarily a tyro. I do fiction, as a side line; hence a limited amount goes out, but I try to make it good.

Black Mask, 25 West 45th Street, New York, N. Y., is a hard market to satisfy. It admits that it is. The only way to tell, if you have a story, is to try it. It reports promptly as a rule, and then again is very slow. I have sold to it.

Street and Smith, 79 Seventh Avenue, New York, N. Y., are prompt. It seems I can never sell them a story; maybe I couldn't give them one. They come back regularly and only spur me on, to sell them or bust. It may be bust, but I will have tried anyway.

Now that's my bit, and let's hear from the rest of the fiction writers.

C. S. McC. writes:

Complaining again! But it all goes to help out *The Editor* family. Today's Housewife, 18 East 18th Street, New York, N. Y., promised to pay on acceptance, and after six months, still has not sent a check.

Progressive Teacher, Morristown, Tenn., wrote a cordial note of receipt of manuscript, and then fell back into a comatose state.

Social Progress, 205 West Monroe Street, Chicago, Ill., turns a deaf ear to all appeals and expostulations, and then writes a sarcastic letter, when your patience at last gets clear out of line.

Please advise a long suffering writer if there isn't something we can do, besides talk about it, to make these people come to time, and understand how unreasonable they are to use our stuff, and then expect us to cool our heels or use up excess postage in trying to obtain payment.

If business firms conducted their business along the lines of some of these people, they would long ago have cobwebs over their front door!

It is getting serious, this long drawn out child's stuff, and I for one am going to boycott all of these small town publications until they see the light of day. Stamps come high, and worry comes higher!

E. J. de M. writes:

Manuscript sent Buy-At-Home News, New York, N. Y., was returned by the post office.

The present address of Motorcycle & Bicycle, Illustrated, is 239 West 39th Street, New York, N. Y.

People's Home Journal, 80 Lafayette Street, New York, N. Y., does not use short fillers.

The Congregationalist, Boston, Mass., reports itself as well supplied at present.

The new address of *The Osteopathic Magazine* is 505 Child's Building, 400 South State Street, Chicago, Ill. It does not pay for anything.

Countess de Chilly-Munford writes:

A story returned from *Everywoman's World*, 253 Spadina Avenue, Toronto, Canada, with the envelope marked "Not found; defunct."

*True Confessions, Robbinsdale, Minn., returned a love story of first cousins because of the theme ditto a husband-too-old-for-his-wife yarn. But they have bought four others since I saw their name in *The Editor* last July. Its treatment is always uniformly prompt and courteous. It is a pleasure to deal with a man like Mr. Fawcett, the editor.

THE EDITOR

A Journal of Information for Literary Workers
A Weekly Service for Authors

VOL. 66 Book Hill, Highland Falls, N. Y. NO. 7

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The Dual Test—For You and For
The Editor Council—Is Offered by
The Short Course in Fiction Writing

“Can The Editor Council help me to write good, salable short stories?”

The Short Course in Fiction Writing of The Editor Council is designed to help you to obtain, quickly and at slight expense, the answer to this question.

The Short Course is a test course—for you and for the Council.

The Short Course requires from three months to one year to complete. This course uses part of the material of the major course, and the instruction and service given are of the same nature and quality. It is intended for authors who wish to determine whether or not they have any talent for fiction writing, or who wish to learn—actually learn—how to write fiction, or who wish to determine the advisability of enrolling for the major course. After finishing the short course, if the student-writer desires to enroll for the major course, the fee paid for the short course is applied in part payment for the major course.

The material supplied to the author taking the short Council course consists of nine Chapbooks, each a little volume on an important problem in the conceptive or the executive technique of writing, and four Assignments, each a definite, concrete stimulus to the conception and development of a short story, and complete directions for the construction of the story.

This material is the foundation of the Council instruction. The author, in response to each Assignment, with the help of his individual instructor-collaborator, outlines the basis for a story. The instructor shows him how to develop this, and the author makes a first draft of the story. The instructor criticizes this, and the author then puts his story into its final form. The instructor re-reads this, and gives the author suggestions for any further revision that is needed to perfect the story, and advice in regard to its sale. Thus from conception to perfected story the author has the advice and help of an individual instructor.

This is the most helpful, practical method of instruction ever devised.

The Editor Council,
Book Hill, Highland Falls, N. Y.

I desire to enroll for the Short Course of instruction in fiction writing of The Editor Council.

I am to receive nine Chapbooks and four Assignments, and am to have the services of an individual instructor-collaborator to help me to develop, construct, and write the four stories to be written with the Council's help, and to suggest to me whatever revision is necessary to make the best possible artistic and financial use of these stories.

If I wish to take the major course with the Council, the fee paid for the short course is to be applied in part payment.

I enclose \$25.00 in full payment for the short course with the Council, or

I enclose \$10.00, in part payment for the short course; I will send \$5.00 each month for the next four months.

THE LITERARY MARKET

There is a place somewhere for every good Manuscript.—THE EDITOR

In this department THE EDITOR publishes each week news of the literary market that interests and aids writers with manuscripts for sale. Whenever possible statements are taken exactly from letters received from the editors of the publications concerned.

The Lyric West, 590 Brett Street, Inglewood, Calif., announces that publication will be resumed October 1st, 1924, under the editorship of Roy Towner Thompson and Grace Atherton Dennen.

****LIBERTY** (Weekly; \$.05; \$2)
25 Park Place (after September 1st, 247 Park Avenue), New York, N. Y.

Short Stories: All kinds of short stories, preferably not more than 5,000 words each, are used.

Serial Stories: 30,000 to 40,000 words. Serials to be used in 5,000 word installments.

Verse: Short verse, and not much is needed.

Essays: By prominent writers only, on unusual subjects.

Feature Articles: Human interest articles, on business, drama, etc., of 1,000 to 2,000 words.

Photographs: Occasionally, of beautiful women.

Rate of Payment: Rates depend on story and author, but best rates are paid on acceptance.

Special Material Required: Short love stories.

Most Frequent Need: For the humorous touch.

There is less competition among writers in so far as good fiction is concerned.

Suggestions to New Contributors: Make it short. John N. Wheeler is editor.

Kendall Banning, editorial director and vice president of New Fiction Publishing Corporation, publishers of *Snappy Stories* and *Live Stories*, and editor of *Popular Radio*, has recently been made vice president and editorial director of the Leslie-Judge Company, publishers of *Judge* and *Film Fun*. Norman Anthony has been made editor of *Judge*, and George Mitchell remains as editor of *Film Fun*. *Snappy Stories*, *Live Stories*, *Popular Radio*, *Judge*, and *Film Fun* are all located at 627 West 43rd Street, New York, N. Y.

The Salesman's Journal, 117 West 61st Street, New York, N. Y., is the new name of the monthly formerly known as *Money-Making*.

***The Highway Magazine**, 209 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Ill., published monthly in the interest of good roads, Frank E. Kennedy, editor, writes; "The Highway Magazine has increased its size by four pages. This magazine is published in the interests of good roads, also irrigation and drainage. We are anxious to secure authorized interviews with highway engineers and contractors on phases of road construction or maintenance, which have proved economical, or have unique features which would be of interest to other road builders. If you feel you can work up something along this line, write us briefly just what you have in mind, and if the proposed article seems to suit our needs we will let you know immediately. We shall also be glad to consider ar-

CAN A LETTER
OF 2,500 WORDS
BE WORTH
\$100.00?

Many writers have said in substance: "The letters that THE EDITOR COUNCIL has written to help me develop my ideas and write my stories have been of great value." Occasionally an enthusiastic COUNCIL student has said that one letter of criticism was worth the price of the whole course. And hundreds of COUNCIL students who have been helped to revise stories that they later sold, have given the entire credit—which seldom was really deserved—to the COUNCIL. We have in mind now one letter, of which the author for whom it was written plainly says: "Your last letter was worth hundreds of dollars to me!"

It happens that this letter is a fairly good one. It probably will give most writers more practical knowledge of story-writing than could be drawn from a half dozen books on fiction technique. This letter will be sent to you, if you so request when forwarding your enrollment for the Major Course in Fiction Writing of THE EDITOR COUNCIL.

FORM FOR ENROLLMENT

The Editor Council,

Book Hill, Highland Falls N. Y.

I desire to enroll for the fiction writing course of The Editor Council. I am to receive 52 Assignments and the entire series of Chapbooks and Supplementary Material, and the help of an individual instructor in developing and writing and revising stories written in response to the Assignments. You agree to continue the work with me until I have sold at least \$100 worth of manuscripts after enrolling.

I enclose \$110 in full payment for the course and your tuition, or

I enclose \$20 as an initial payment, and agree to pay \$10 each month thereafter until I have paid \$120.00.

ticles of all kinds which deal with road construction and maintenance, with particular emphasis on new methods and economies effected in some branch of the work. At the present time we are paying from one-half of a cent to two cents a word for articles not exceeding 1,500 to 2,000 words, and one dollar each for photographs. Scenic photographs of improved and unimproved roads are also acceptable. We will also pay one dollar each for 'leads' to good stories that our correspondents can follow up. *Overseas Highway Magazine* is another one of our publications, which is not circulated in the United States, but in South and Central America, Africa, Asia, India, Australia, Philippines, and Hawaii. Material for this magazine should be written in very correct English, containing no slang or terms which are difficult to translate into foreign languages. Scenic, travel and historical material is of no value whatever, but actual semi-technical 'How' articles, such as how Brazil uses native materials in cutting down road-building costs, or about highway construction methods in Transvaal, etc., etc. For photographs which show transportation and road construction in the countries named we will pay one to three dollars each. The article should not be over 1,000 words in length, and our rate is one to two cents a word. We would advise writers who are familiar with overseas highway construction conditions, also irrigation and drainage, to get in touch with us and outline what they have before submitting material."

The Merry Magazine, Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E. C. 4, England, is a new monthly publication of the Amalgamated Press (Harmsworth Publications) under the nominal editorship of Leslie Henson, the revue star. It is in the market for humorous stories. These must be clean, but humor of a broad and popular type, humor of situation rather than humor of phrase. There is also a demand for jokes and humorous drawings, and for humorous stories of 2,000 to 3,000 words. Rates are probably fair, but the Amalgamated Press people usually want copyright outright, and authors should specify precisely what rights are offered.

McNally's Bulletin, 81 East 125th Street, New York, N. Y., William McNally, editor, writes: "We can use for publication one, two and three act plays, adapted chiefly for the use of amateurs. The plays must have novel and original plots, one stage setting preferred, time of presentation from one to two hours, cast of characters four or more. All submitted manuscripts will be given prompt attention. Comic plays, farces, etc., are passed on within three days. I pay from one cent to ten cents a word, upon acceptance."

Massey & Massey Company, 1214 Webster Avenue, Chicago, Ill., manufacturing chemists, O. A. Kline, secretary, writes: "We are in the market for short clever sayings to be used on advertising blotters. Our rate of payment for acceptable material that needs very little revision is about three cents a word, payable on acceptance. If material contains a good idea, but is unsuitably written, we pay \$1.50 for the idea and rewrite it. It would be well for interested

An editor says: "I have just learned where authors get those neatly printed, strong brown envelopes that are bobbing up more and more in my manuscript mail. If writers knew how satisfactory these printed envelopes of just the right size and weight are, The Editor would need a large factory to supply them."

The Editor has a special automatic press for printing the brown manuscript mailing envelopes that so many authors are using. And the envelopes themselves are made to our order, in large quantities, from a strong, tough, light paper. The glue is specially chosen, and the "cut" of the envelopes is designed to keep the edges of manuscripts from being pasted together by contact with the flaps.

The best thing about these special Kraft-paper envelopes is that their use is economical: though they adequately protect manuscripts, in fact, give more protection than ordinary bond or woven envelopes—they save postage. Five manuscripts were chosen at random from among several hundred. Had the authors used The Editor's kraftpaper manuscript envelopes their postage for mailing and return would have been 23 cents less for the five Mss., or an average of over 5 cents each.

Properly used, The Editor's manuscript mailing envelopes save their cost by lessening your postage expense.

The Editor supplies these envelopes in two sizes only, suitable for use in mailing manuscripts on 8 $\frac{1}{2}$ x 11 inch paper when folded twice, which is the usual, most convenient, most satisfactory way of folding a manuscript for mailing and presentation to editors.

The envelopes now cost less than they used to, so we are able to offer more of them for the old prices:

60 envelopes of each size, postpaid	\$2.50
120 envelopes of each size, postpaid	4.50
10 envelopes of each size, postpaid (unprinted)	.60

These prices include printing to your order, and delivery, except in the case of the ten lot order. Since we have a large stock of envelopes, and an automatic press for printing, we can make prompt delivery.

KRAFTPAPER ENVELOPE DEPARTMENT
THE EDITOR MAGAZINE
BOOK MILL, HIGHLAND FALLS, N. Y.

writers to request information as to our precise needs before submitting material."

Outdoor Recreation, 500 North Dearborn Street, Chicago, Ill., is the new name of the magazine formerly known as *Outers' Recreation*. Frank E. Brimmer, managing editor, writes: "We are very heavily overstocked with outdoor fiction at the present time, and we will not need anything of this sort for a year or two to come. We use very few serial stories, though if an author could show us something good along this line, it is not unlikely that the editorial department would be interested in it just now. To appeal to us a serial would have to be written especially from our particular angle, and be of unique interest to hunters, fishermen, or campers. We use very little verse, and we are always overstocked. Our main market is feature articles well illustrated with photographs. These must tell a unique story from the angle of the been-there hunter, fisherman or camper. We almost never buy a detached photograph. The rate of payment is one cent a word, and payment is made on publication. Our most frequent need is for hot from the griddle stories of fishing and hunting that are written from the standpoint of clean sportsmanship and a keen enjoyment of the outdoors rather than from the viewpoint of the game bag."

True Story Magazine, 1926 Broadway, New York, N. Y., which a few months ago announced that it had sufficient material for the "Laughs from Life" department, is again in the market for anecdotes and brief humorous stories, which supposedly should be true, for which it will pay two cents a word if the story is over 200 words. Briefer stories are preferred. At least \$2 will be paid for these stories no matter how brief. The "Stranger Than Fiction" department is in need of brief dramatic sketches from life which present a crisis, a sharply defined incident, or a passing of a danger-point in life. At least \$5 is paid for each available story, and two cents a word for stories of more than 250 words each. Sketches and anecdotes found unavaiable for either of these departments will not be returned.

Greetrite, Inc., publishers of Valentine, birthday, Christmas and everyday cards, have moved to 542 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y. N. Brewster Morse is editorial director.

Murray Publishers, Inc., 6152 South Wabash Avenue, Chicago, Ill., is the new name of the publisher of greeting cards and novelties, formerly known as *The American Engraving Company*.

The Antecedent of a Pronoun Should Preferably Be in the Nominative Case

A score, and more, of readers of *The Editor* have written to say that they do not believe it necessary, or even desirable, to abide by the old rule which says: "A pronoun must have an antecedent noun in the nominative case." The noun does not necessarily have to be antecedent, say many of these correspondents, and, add some others, it certainly need not be in the nominative case. Our answer is: "We write to be understood, not to abide by rules of grammar.

You may sometimes be understood if you have no antecedent for a pronoun, and you will often not be wholly misunderstood if the antecedent is not in the nominative case. But beware, or your writing may be as funny as that which concluded a nursing bottle advertisement: When the baby is done drinking, it should be unscrewed and laid in a cool place under a tap. If the baby does not thrive on fresh milk, it should be boiled."

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Ralph Parker Anderson writes:

B. R. Donaldson, of the editorial department of **The Dearborn Independent*, Dearborn, Mich., is winning a place for himself in the hearts of writers. In returning some of my manuscripts, he made constructive criticisms and added some words of praise that were as good as checks. In several instances, he has suggested other markets. I wish there were a B. R. Donaldson on the staff of every magazine in America. The *Dearborn Independent* paid me \$40, some months ago, for an article relating the life story of Gerald Beaumont, author.

Haldeman-Julius Company, Girard, Kansas, writes:

(Continued on Page VI.)



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The Lure of Historical Personages

BY MARIE HAY

In reply to The Editor's request I will try to give some account of how I have written my books.

My first book was a monograph on Diane de Poitiers. I wrote this when I was twenty, and I thank the God of the rash that no one found out the lack of knowledge which was mine then. I was too young to attempt to gauge the intricate personality of this extraordinary woman, too young to grasp the mentality of the Renaissance in France. But for this I apparently atoned by some quality of passionate enthusiasm for my subject, and the study had a marked success. I came to write it really, because, though reading Diane de Poitiers' name in many books, especially French books, I could find no continuous account of her life, and so, being in love with the very name of her, I went off to the British Museum and got out the ancient books and records of that period. Then, grown more eager still, I went to Paris and studied in the *Bibliothèque Nationale*; and thence to Normandy to see the castle of Anet, which was built for Diane de Poitiers by order of Henry II, most devoted of lovers, "*le seul monarque constant*," as he has been called. I wrote down, in a fever of enthusiasm, all I had gleaned, and gradually the idea of making these notes into an article for a newspaper came to me. I went for advice to Mr. Tom Bumpus, "bookseller and publisher," and that dear old friend of all book lovers said he wanted to publish it in book form. It came out beautifully illustrated, and suddenly I found people talking to me as if I were an author. It was then that I realized that the

endless scribblings I had smeared onto any little bit of paper I could lay hands on (and this from the age of seven or eight years) signified that I was to write—that nothing else meant anything to me.

Soon after this I was at Badminton, staying with my cousin, the Duke of Beaufort, and I was allowed to go into the dusty old Muniment-Room and to search through the bundles of yellowing papers kept there. I found the story of Lord Glamorgan, the father of the first Duke: a strangely moving story of love for the Stuarts, of sacrifice and of unrequited loyalty. Also the story of the making of the first steam engine, which was Glamorgan's life work, Glamorgan, who is known to the history of science as "Worcester," for he became Marquis of Worcester on the death of his father. I was young and inexperienced still, but I knew I had stumbled upon a great story, and I set myself to study in London and Oxford, where I found traces in the papers that concerned Glamorgan of the studies made years before by John Short-house, when he was writing that finest of all historical novels, "John Inglesant." After about a year's really hard work, I produced a little volume called "An Unrequited Loyalty, the Life of Edward Somerset, Earl of Glamorgan, Marquis of Worcester." I was attacked by the members of the White Rose League (those fantastic votaries of the Stuarts who, lured by the glamor of a lost cause, harbor a passionate devotion for the memory of Charles I), whose feelings I had outraged by my indictment of a monarch who had abandoned his faithful servant and friend,

Glamorgan. The strictures of these Stuart enthusiasts were widely published in the English press, and, for a time, I enjoyed a certain notoriety, if one can be said to enjoy notoriety.

Then I married the nephew of Field Marshal Hindenburg and left England for Stuttgart, where my husband had been appointed to the Prussian Legation. It was then that the quaint charm of the German Rococo fell upon me as I wandered about the beautiful Kingdom of Wurttemberg. Everywhere I was met by the memory of a woman: Wilhelmina von Gravenitz, the favorite of Eberhard Ludwig, Duke of Wurttemberg. For her, Ludwigsburg, that splendid eighteenth century palace, had been built; for her, too, the little pavillion La Favorite; for her the wonderful gardens had been planned. At every turn I heard of her, but when I asked to know more, everyone answered evasively. Even the old King of Wurttemberg, to whom at a Court dinner I ventured to put my indiscreet question, shook his head, saying: "She was very beautiful and very evil. Do not ask about her."

She haunted me, this strange woman of the eighteenth century, the more because, although her name was everywhere and her power must have been unsurpassed, I could find no portrait of her. So I went to the archives (the old King himself gave me permission) and there I found a mass of documents and the minutes of a long forgotten *cause celebre*, where often the prudish scribe had felt the German tongue to be too frank a medium, and had written the scurrilous details in exceedingly unscholarly Latin. I found horrible stories concerning the woman Duke Eberhard had loved so long—stories so wild that no calm, unprejudiced reader could credit them—and even I, full as I was of the fascination this woman had thrown over me from out the depths of the vanished years, even I hesitated to write this strange

history. But "the Gravenitz" had captured me, and I had to write the book, which appeared under the name of "A German Pompadour," and has been read all over England and America, and translated into German, French and Swedish. I am convinced that there is some spiritual union between the souls who have passed on and those instruments of expression called writers, that in some mysterious way the historical beings, whose histories we write, are, during the time we are occupied with them, in close touch with us. Whether it is some connection due to a previous existence of our own, or whether we are like spiritual eolian harps and the wandering spirits happen to pass our way and to move the strings of our souls, I do not know, but I do know that when we have to write in this way, it is from a distinct command, and that it seems to come not at all from our own will. Possibly it is an independent function of the unconscious, and, after all, what do we know of the power of the unconscious? I am sure that the conscious decision to write of this or of that being of the past is lacking, and it is always an inner prompting, as I have said, "a command."

This certainly applies to the next book I wrote: "The Winter Queen." Here the story of the "command" was very evident. I had been motoring with my husband through Bohemia, and I had absolutely no thought of seeking a subject for a historical novel. We arrived in Prague late at night and very tired, to find that there was some sort of agricultural congress going on, and that every hotel was full. Wearily, we went from hotel to hotel, and were met with the same discouraging answer: "There was no room." Finally I lost my temper (this aberration is sometimes useful!) and I told the sulky porter of the "Schwarzes Ross" that if he did not make some arrangement for us, I should report the matter to the Imperial Automobile Club in

Berlin, of which we were members. This acted like magic and we were told that we might occupy a room with three beds, but without a window. The consternation of my English maid when she heard that she would have to sleep in the same room with my husband and myself may be imagined. However we were all too tired to struggle further, and with a screen to shelter the maid's modest fears, we laid ourselves down to sleep. I have no recollection of any dream disturbing me, but I woke the next morning with a sentence ringing in my ears: "The Winter Queen—so sad a history—the Winter Queen." Who this denizen of the past was I hardly knew, but when I searched my memory I recalled the fact of a Stuart, the daughter of James the Fifth of Scotland and First of England, having been married to the Champion of Protestantism, the Palgrave at Heidelberg; and some faint recollection lingered in my mind that she had been mixed up with the history of Bohemia. More I did not know, and yet it was at Prague that the message came, bidding me to learn the life-history of this Winter Queen, Elisabeth Stuart. For two years I thought of no one else, I lived in the records of her life, I travelled to each place where she had lived, to Heidelberg, Amberg, Prague, Kustrin, to The Hague, to Combe Abbey. I wandered about the old part of London where she had lived. I studied every book, every document, all that had been written or gossiped about her. And all the while I seemed to be led to knowledge of her by an unseen guide. I could even read her cramped and capricious writing—and indeed Her dear Majesty of Bohemia was no careful scribe! But I read her letters with curious ease for all that, because I knew her—while I was writing of her I knew her better than I had ever known anyone. Her sorrows seemed to be my own, her thoughts rushed to guide my pen—my brain was only the servant who transmitted

the vision of her for others to see. I was not allowed to rest till the book was ended.

Then, after a year or so, a very different ruler came to me: Mas'aniello, the fisherman of Naples. Of him I knew nothing, when suddenly one day, while I was waiting for a train to take me back to Naples from a roadside station whence I had walked to see Paestum, I understood that I had to write his story. I had read his name in a few brief sentences in a local guide book—that was all, but I saw him: Christlike in his love for humanity, the leader, the hero, the victim of his people. Again my task of learning began, in searching through the chronicles of Naples, courtly chronicles written by priests for the most part; and in persuading the museum and archive authorities to show me the relics of that swift Neapolitan revolution of 1648 which, although so little written of, has played such a part in the minds of all those dreamers who imagine that the tortured world will capture happiness by revolution. All my dreams of Utopia were written into this book—my dreams of liberty and the sorry answer thereto, for "Mas'aniello" gives both the tragedies: that of the dreamers and that of the rulers. "And behold the tears of such as are oppressed and they had no comforter; and on the side of their oppressors there was power, but they had no comforter."

Then came the war and I went to Switzerland, where my husband was entrusted with the Prisoner Section of the German Legation. Thank God, his hands were clean of politics, and in the work which now came to him, he could serve suffering humanity—not only German humans, but all the prisoners of war of both sides. Here I learned to know the works of the Swiss classical writer, Gottfried Keller, and it was my task to write the first book which has appeared in English about him. I saw that I could not write the usual biography, for Keller was then so little known to the English reading public, that it

would have been of small interest to them. Therefore, I dared greatly and struck out a new line: I retold Meister Gottfried's stories, and gave an account of his doings, chronologically with his writings. I feared that the Swiss critics would tear me to bits, for Gottfried Keller is sacred to them, and rightly so; but these wide-minded reviewers understood what I had aimed at, and "The Story of a Swiss Poet" was received with warm appreciation all over Switzerland. Even the gravest and most severe professors of literature showed leniency—more, they wrote in high praise of the book.

And now I come to the question The Editor has asked me first in its letter: "How did I write 'The Evil Vineyard'?" (G. P. Putnam's Sons)? Well, I was at Locarno, resting after the time of hard work I had gone through for Gottfried Keller. One day I walked along the shore of the Lago Maggiore till I came to a grim keep, which stands silent and deserted there; I wandered round it, sought to gain admission, but the gates and doors were locked and though I called, no one answered me. I went back to my hotel and inquired, but, save that it was named "La Vignaccia," none seemed to know anything about the old place. For several days I prowled about this silent castle, and then one afternoon—such a golden day it was, and the lake was a magic mirror reflecting the snow-clad hills, while spring flowers grew along the banks and the setting sun touched all things to radiance—I fell in with some peasants and they told me that this "House of Iron" (as it is called in the countryside) is indeed a haunted place. "Ugh!" they said. "Signora mia, do not enter there, it is full of sorrowful spirits—it is La Vignaccia!" I returned to Locarno and ransacked the small Libreria, but I found only an inadequate guide book which told me little enough. Then another day luck favored me, and I discovered a dry archaeological treatise,

which at least gave me the details of how the place had been a training house for young Condottieri, and that it was the most perfectly preserved specimen of a seventeenth century stronghold. After this I managed to find an old peasant who had the keys of the castle, which he had kept for years for the owner, a wine merchant of Lugano, who prizes the "Vignaccia" only for the sake of the excellent vines which have grown there for centuries. "If the vineyard yields such good fruit, why is it called the 'Evil Vineyard'?" I asked. "Ah! there is the mystery—no one knows; it is only an ancient name. But no one can live in the house!" the old fellow said. I questioned him closely and at last he owned that someone had tried to live there a few years before, but that they had left suddenly—"after a terrible tragedy," he said. I was allowed now to go into the grim, old house and I found it in clean-swept perfection of order—bare and silent behind the heavy bars that go criss-cross over every window. Hence its local name: "La Casa di Ferro." As I wandered about an eerie feeling crept over me, a sensation of being watched, followed. I was alone and yet not alone; there was a strange presence near me; yes, haunting me. We disregard too easily the power the atmosphere of places has upon our mentalities, we forget that many of us are ruled by the thoughts of those who have lived in a house, and have left, as it were, a lingering echo of all they have dreamed and done. This may not take the form of a visible apparition—it is often only a subtle influence—as if there remained a spiritual infection, for good or evil, in the houses where men and women have lived and suffered. Thus, as I loitered about the deserted rooms of the Casa di Ferro, gradually the story of "The Evil Vineyard" took shape in my mind. The actors in this uncanny story sprang up alive and complete, as if they had been waiting for me. Again I was compelled to write,

though this time the dramatis personae were merely the children of my brain and not historical fantoms.

One can never be sure what the inner command will be, or to which period of history one may suddenly be drawn. During the last few years ancient Egypt has claimed me, and this before Lord Carnarvon's discovery

of Pharaoh Tutankhamen's tomb. This book, which tells the story of Pharaoh Amenhotep IV ("Akhnaton" as he became by his change of faith), will appear this autumn or early winter I hope. It is the life of the first Pacifist, one of the most sorrowful stories in the great picture-gallery of tragedy, which men call history.

"A Man in the Zoo"

BY DAVID GARNETT

The genesis of my story "A Man in the Zoo" (Alfred A. Knopf, Inc.) followed this conversation with a friend:

"The only thing one has to do," said this friend of mine, "to be a great success is to make one's face known to the public." I denied it hotly, and cast about for a case in which a man might be well known and find life no easier. Murderers? No; of course murderers always make their fortunes writing for the Sunday papers. At last I cried: "I don't believe you would find life much simpler, Geoffrey, if you had been exhibited for six months in the Zoo. You'll admit everyone would know you by sight."

Geoffrey is a partner in a firm of wholesale timber merchants. Though he tried to brave it out, I could see that I had shaken his belief in publicity at any price. On that germ of an idea I superimposed the love story of two proud people, illustrating the persecution mania which often accompanies an un-

happy love affair. Having got so far, I drew up the synopsis of my story, and waited for an opportunity to write it—which came with my summer holiday.

I have an abnormally large dose of the critical faculty which is necessary for a writer, but I am somewhat deficient in an even more necessary quality—imagination. It is natural, therefore, that the ideas for both my books should have sprung out of idle conversation. My beginning as a writer was when I realized that romanticized autobiography was the undoing of most young writers. I saw that the most important thing is for the author to keep himself out of his book. He should choose his subject as if he were a painter in oils.

So far I am only at the very beginning. It will be a long time before I learn enough to use a large canvas, but I am sure my method is all right, even if the fruits are so far rather small and wizened.

A Southern Mountaineer Yarn

BY H. M. SUTHERLAND

I am glad to give a few of the facts regarding the building of my story, "The Taste of the Thumper" (in the Saturday Evening Post of July 5th last).

For three years I have been trying to break into the magazines with short stories, with in-

different success, and during most of this time I was employed with New York newspapers—the old Evening Globe and later The Times. Because of injuries received in the late war—gassed in France—my health broke last year while employed on The Times

and I was forced to come to the Southern mountains.

It was while here at Clintwood in the foothills of the Cumberland mountains that I got the initial idea for "The Taste of the Thumper." A certain old hillman apparently had developed a wonderful taste for mountain moonshine such as I later incorporated in the yarn, and could tell the age of liquor by the taste. Later I heard of and had a deputy sheriff describe, the "thumper still," an innovation in the Cumberlands. Having watched the court procedure in liquor cases, I then built my yarn about these facts, first assuring myself that I was covered on all legal points by talking to a barrister relative to "admitted evidence," etc.

I have known hillmen of the Cumberlands many years, having been born and raised in this vicinity, and I pictured them as I have always seen them, big-hearted, lovable characters. I believe that I had less difficulty in

writing this story than any other I have ever done, perhaps because the characters and their manner of thinking and acting are very familiar to me. The greatest trouble I encountered was the final twist, or trick, whereby the old hillman exonerated his friend by changing the labels on the glasses containing the evidence. An old bottle with the label half washed away in the rain gave me this idea.

My first published story appeared in *Adventure* about three years ago, soon after I completed my college courses, and since then I have been writing steadily, although it appeared to be rather discouraging. I managed in the following years to place a few yarns with *Novelets* and *Action Stories*, one with *Short Stories*, and two or three with *Wide World*, and I shall continue writing for somehow, I seem unable to stop, no matter with what success my offerings are received.

"Said By—Written By"

Opinions and Quotations from Old and New Books and Periodicals

Better Words to Use

BY RICHARD SURREY

(Continued from last issue.)

This effect of getting "moments" rather than pictures on paper is Mr. de la Mare's achievement. I quote a few favorite passages:

. . . she eyed us slowly, with less even than a smile in her eyes, facing my candles softly, as if she had come out of a dream.

. . . she gave me a look—all our long, slow evening firelit talks together seemed to be swimming in its smile, and withdrew.

. . . he raised himself in his chair, his spectacles still fixed on me; as if some foul insect had erected its blunt head at him.

. . . my glance fell on my Paris frock, left in a shimmering slovenly ring on the floor.

. . . the public house with the solitary thinking man I had seen, pot in hand, staring into the sawdust.

. . . how silent stood the little room, with

just the click of the cards, the simmering of the kettle on the hob, and Mrs. Bowater's occasional gruff "Four to pay."

I could spend hours—and indeed have done so—analyzing these sentences, trying to put my finger on the source of their potency. But I must leave them for each reader to mull over at his leisure, merely pausing to point out that there is scarcely an unusual word in any one of them. And yet mark the effect of the "key" word in each case—*softly*, *swimming*, *erected*, *slovenly*, *thinking*, *stood*.

In themselves these words are no "better" than you and I would use; but go back over the phrases and see how these simple words, by their exactly right and exquisite place-

ment, transform cold type into pulsing reality. See how the word "stood," used as it is in the last example, actually makes the room stand still. See how the word "thinking" adds lifelikeness to the solitary drinker.

The ambitious student of words will probably find plenty to study in what has already been instanced, but I cannot leave this subject without mentioning a young American poet whose free verse is full of the most curious experiments with language: I mean E. E. Cummings.

I should like to tell you a great deal about the work of this young man. Writers of advertising copy ought to be tremendously interested in any experiments that are being conducted with words as a means of expression, however odd and unruly they may seem at first glance. For the present, however, I shall content myself with jotting down a few phrases:

. . . condemnatory fingers thinned of pity.
 . . . a rain frailly raging.
 . . . whose courseless waters are a gloat of silver; o'er whose night three willows wail.
 . . . when the world is puddle-wonderful.

. . . the trees stand. The trees suddenly wait
 against the moon's face.
 . . . a watersmooth silver stallion.
 . . . the serious steep darkness.
 . . . there is a sole moon in the blue night.

I have deliberately selected lines that are wholly intelligible, so that you will not immediately be driven away from this remarkable poet, whose tortuous phrases and weird images occasionally make it difficult, if not impossible, to grasp his meaning. It is hard for me, for instance, to catch the exact significance of such phrases as the following:

afterward I'll
 climb
 by tall careful muscles
 into nervous and accurate silence

Yet, nevertheless, one feels that he is trying to say something in a new way, and although the application of methods similar to his may be miles removed from advertising, his use of words is well worth studying.

Better words can be found by the thousand in any good dictionary; but the better use of words can only be learned from the methods of men and women of genius.—Printers' Ink Monthly.

The Methods of Harold Bell Wright

BY BERNICE COSULICH

Harold Bell Wright cannot think through the keys of a typewriter. He likes the feel of a pencil between his fingers, it gets him closer to what he writes, makes it more a part of himself. Those 42 steel keys on a machine with their incessant click destroy, for him, thought pictures. In fact, he would write with his fingers if he could, so as to be even closer.

When I asked him to explain just how he writes his books, he showed me his manuscript for "The Mine With the Iron Door." All the other manuscripts for his books are in the possession of his publishers, but this one he still has. Not only that, but the copies of all

the notes, etc., that make up his process of constructing a book.

There are other things in that tiny room that make it at once a safe and a crystal. It is the former because it guards the notes and ideas for 12 or 13 more books, like cocoons wrapped, momentarily asleep, in their tar smelling covers, but which give promise of turning to the pupa or chrysalis stage and then into winged creatures. It is a crystal because through it one may see the future, the years marked with milestones shaped like books bearing the same titles that are on the paper folders.

Now about the construction of his books.

Mr. Wright builds with the same fundamental, underlying principles as a carpenter uses in house building. He determines what purpose his book shall have, what force it shall expound, and makes that his allegory, his thesis. That done, he finds from his acquaintance with thousands of human beings those persons who are products of that force and with those selected and the plot idea developed he starts at work making the blue print of his book.

As he showed me in the bound outline of "The Mine With the Iron Door," he keeps his central theme ever before him, written in red ink upon the pages' corners. His cast, in this skeleton booklet, each has a page, the character being easily seen from the adjectives and descriptive adverbs listed. The outline contains the list of incidents that worked out the plot, and other necessary material, such as the list of plants and flowers in the Canada del Oro, lists of animals, ranges of mountains, etc.

Mr. Wright's method of selecting words to stand for his characters and using them throughout his book is another example of his painstaking care. He feels that when one sees a painting one does not think of the individual daubs of paint nor of how often a given color is used, except as it impresses one as a whole. Nor does one note the special words used to make one love the heroine or hate the villain, for we see pictures as units and we read character by sentences and impressions, not words.

But he knows that unless an artist or a writer uses the utmost care in the selection of paints or words he will not create that effect which makes his pictures sell for several thousand dollars each or makes publishers sure of a book going into the millions. So he has the character thought out, then sets about finding the words that will convey his impressions to the reader. He does not confine

himself to words describing mere physical attributes, but those denoting personality.

His development of the story from the point where he has general theme, characters and vocabulary is most interesting. In the study is a table of medium size, this having a stationary arrangement which can best be likened to the triple mirrors on a dressing table, and arranged at about the same angles. Instead of mirror and wood these leaves are of heavy pasteboard and have five parallel rows of upright tabs running about the whole. In these tabs were thrust groups of sheets of white paper, the outermost one bearing the idea of some incident. For the novel under construction these incidents number twenty. Below each of these was a larger sheet of paper on which was massed what was contained on the many smaller pieces.

Mr. Wright develops his plot by incidents, such as "girl meets man on Pullman," "scene in station," "hotel lobby," etc. Each of these incidents serves the purpose of carrying on the story, introducing characters and preparing the reader for coming events. As the work moves on and he finds that by a subtle suggestion in an incident at the front of the book he can strengthen a character when it enters, he writes what he would like to say on a small piece of paper and sticks it behind the main incident under which it will be used.

After this process is completed, and mind you not a constructive line has been written, nor a bit of description inserted, he begins to work out each incident or scene. Taking, say, the Pullman scene, he arrays all the little white sheets with their notations before him. Shall he have the girl establish herself in the book by telling where she came from, and where she is going, in a conversation with a fellow passenger as the opening of the incident? Or shall he open with a general "establishing" paragraph or two to prepare the reader, or plunge immediately into the plot? By shuffling the little notations he

finally gets them into the order in which the scene will be written, and then he notes upon the larger sheets of paper the bare skeleton of the incident. Then he takes up another incident and another, each following the same process. All of these completed, he picks out the one with which to open his book and the one to close it and arrays the large group-incident sheets in the chapter form of the book.

It is time to put flesh upon the bare bones of this book. So far no embellishments have been added to any part of the plot. Now he develops atmosphere for his characters. "What kind of a day will best bring out the

feeling of this particular part?" is but one of the many queries put before he creates by this ingenious method the background for characters. Perhaps he will note, and from now on notations are upon the large group-incident sheets, that it should be a moonlight night, or early morning after a rain, or a sand-storm coming up. Working out this, of course, develops the description, and with all these contributing features, including costumes and description of surroundings, decided upon, the author has everything done—except writing the book.

And as he avers, writing the book is the simplest part.—Arizona Daily Star.

A Few Don'ts

BY WILLIAM J. LOCKE

1. Don't begin to write a story until you are quite satisfied that you have a story to tell.

2. Draw your characters from *types* and not from individuals.

3. If it strikes you that "So-and-So" would make a wonderful character for a story, put the temptation from you like poison.

4. Observe places carefully, and describe them from memory. Don't describe a place while you are in it. In the latter case you get the photographic accuracy of the journalist; in the former the spiritual truth of the artist's impression.

5. If you find you can dash off 1,000 words an hour, pray for loss of that dreadful

facility. Every sentence should be a gem of phrasing. You can't cut gems as you shell peas. It takes time.

6. Don't write a scene unless you can shut your eyes and *see* the characters moving about in their surroundings.

7. Don't write what you don't believe. Insincerity is the unforgiveable sin.

8. Beware of "*slices of life*." As a general rule they are nothing but crude gobbets. It is infinitely easier to write tragedy (of a sort) than comedy.

9. No one can write creative stuff for more than four hours a day.

Cultivate Truth of Vision

BY JOHN GALSWORTHY

The best advice I can give to the young writer bent on success is "not to be bent." When he has achieved success it will be quite enough for him (or her) to be thinking about it. If he thinks about it before he's got

it, he will never get it—at least not the sort that's worth having.

So much for what to avoid. For cultivation, I recommend: Truth of vision, and brevity of phrase.

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THE EDITOR, *Book Hill, Highland Falls, N. Y.*

THE EXPERIENCE EXCHANGE

(Continued from Page III.)

"We have about 125 books on hand in manuscript form, and are not accepting any new material during 1924."

The Motion-Picture News, in announcing that it has acquired control of The People's Home Journal, mentions (in the News) that it will "make the Journal a potent force within the American home for the cause of the motion picture." So, presumably, it might be interested in articles that will further those ends.

The American Magazine, under Merle Crowell's editorial control, is maintaining its standards, and Mr. Crowell is continuing "Sid's" policy of writing personal, helpful letters in returning manuscripts.

Norman B. Meyer, managing director of Getting On, 605 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, uses manuscripts promoting thrift from an unobtrusive, interesting angle. And, believe me, a manuscript has to be good to suit Mr. Meyer. He pays from one cent to two cents a word. He's a prince of editors—prompt, helpful, thoughtful. I would almost be willing to write Getting On articles for nothing, just for the sake of receiving his fine letters.

One of the finest editors it has been my pleasure to know is George P. Edwards, of Coast Banker, 576 Sacramento Street, San Francisco. I think that Mr. Edwards never uses a rejection slip. If he has to return a manuscript, he does so with a helpful criticism. The criticism may consist of only a few lines, but it's packed with meaning. He pays promptly on publication, and boosts his authors through special circulars and in other ways.

In a dozen years, George Edwards has built up Coast Banker from nothing to a handsome publication selling at a dollar a copy—and worth it. He has a remarkable personality, and you will enjoy contact with that personality, even though it is en-

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tirely by letter or through his magazine. He is a rare combination of editor, writer, poet and philosopher. He has taught me so many things that it would require a book to relate them. A decade as editor of a financial journal has not dulled his love of beauty, his interest in everything, or his sense of humor.

Coast Banker is perhaps the most progressive banking magazine. It welcomes feature articles that may interest bankers from any angle, and is not in the least afraid of breaking away from conventional financial articles. It also uses news, and often has openings for correspondents.

M. C. M. writes:

If my experience in marketing is of any value to others, I shall be glad to have them know that:

Business Woman, New York, returned a story to me unread, with the notation that they would resume business in the fall.

Young Women's Journal, Salt Lake, returned two short stories with the notation that they were found interesting and that they had the merit of brevity, but they were overstocked.

Triple-X, Robbinsdale, Minn., considered a western romance, then returned it with the notation that they required punch—asking that I send in anything I thought they'd like.

Magnificat, Manchester, N. H., sent a check for \$6 for a short story, asking that nothing further be sent it until fall.

North Shore Breeze, Manchester, Mass., returned a short story, asking that contributions be held until fall.

Kindergarten Primary, Manistee, Mich., accepted a child's story, offering a three years' subscription in payment.

Frank D. Genest writes:

I see where the boys and girls along the Rialto are once more out with their little hammers raised aloft against my old playmate, J. C. Henneberger, of the Rural Publishing Co., Chicago. It's a cold summer month indeed that somebody doesn't take a swing at "Henny," as he is affectionately known to the more prominent Chicago head waiters.

In The Editor of June 14th, Comrade Wright, who appears to have been associated with Mr. Henneberger for a brief period, trots out several juicy grievances against the Rural Publishing Company and its jovial skipper. In this connection, let me advance into the bright glare of publicity to remark that circumstantial evidence to the contrary, the aforementioned Henneberger is one of the lads in every sense of the phrase, and if he is at present tossing about in a choppy sea, my improperly functioning heart goes out to him. One thing is certain—if he manages to reach port safely, Comrade Wright will be the first one to get his pound of flesh, concerning which he howls so lustily.

It gives me much pleasure, not unmingled with emo-

MONEY SAVING SUBSCRIPTION OFFERS

Your own subscription for The Editor Weekly will be credited in advance for one year, if you will obtain subscriptions from two friends, *not now subscribers for The Editor*, for one year each. If you desire, you may pay \$3.34 for your own subscription, and arrange with two friends to pay \$3.33 each for theirs. The three yearly subscriptions and \$10.00 must be sent together, direct to THE EDITOR, Book Hill, Highland Falls, N. Y.

OR—

Your own subscription for The Editor Weekly for one year, and yearly subscriptions for four friends, *not now subscribers for The Editor*, will cost \$15.00. If you desire you may pay \$3 for your own subscription, and arrange with four friends to pay \$3 each for theirs. The five yearly subscriptions and \$15 must be sent together, direct to THE EDITOR, Book Hill, Highland Falls, N. Y.

OR—

Twelve yearly subscriptions, on the same terms, i. e., at least eleven must be for folk who are not now subscribers for The Editor, will be given for \$30.00. You may pay \$2.50 for your subscription for one year, and arrange with eleven friends to pay \$2.50 each. The twelve subscriptions and \$30 must be sent together direct to

THE EDITOR, Book Hill, Highland Falls, N. Y.

OR—

A fully paid enrollment for the Major Course in Fiction Writing of The Editor Council will be given, without cost, to the writer who obtains 50 yearly subscriptions for The Editor at \$5 each. This is equivalent to an allowance of \$2.20 for each subscription. At least 40 of the subscriptions must be for readers who are not now subscribers.

OR—

For a yearly subscription, sent to us by a subscriber for a friend whose name is not now on The Editor subscription list, The Editor will give 50 of each size of Printed Manuscript Mailing Envelopes. The order must come from a reader now a subscriber for The Editor, with \$5, and must be for a reader who is not now a subscriber.

THE EDITOR MAGAZINE

A Weekly Service for Authors

BOOK HILL, HIGHLAND FALLS, N. Y.

tion, to announce to the palpitating audience that J. C. Henneberger is four square and as generous as they make 'em in his size. When he is in possession of a copious supply of government parchment, he comes across and comes across heavy. If he hasn't got the stuff, what would you? as they are wont to remark in Upper Manchuria.

Back in the days when Jonah was paying room rent to the whale, I sold one of my first short stories to "Henny," receiving 150 robust smackers for it. Later, I went to Chicago and became connected with the Rural Publishing Company in an editorial capacity. During this time I was treated in a manner that would have made the Prince of Wales gnash his teeth. Then, hard sledding was experienced and I reluctantly returned to Montreal, my native heath, where I spend the major portion of my time directing tourists to the depots of the Quebec Liquor Commission.

In conclusion, I might say that if the howls of the jackals become too ferocious in the vicinity of 808 North Clark Street, Chicago, all J. C. Henneberger has to do is to hop a train Montreal-bound—for the Canadian metropolis knows only *au revoir*.

M. L. writes:

Certainly thanks are due "Bill Rendered" for the items of market news he shares with us. He is a regular golden rule man. I am surely getting my full money's worth out of *The Editor*. The carefully investigated news is invaluable. I have derived much benefit and am getting a real working knowledge of writing from reading it.

Just now I am at my wits' end to know what to do next in the matter of a short story Ms. sent exactly three months ago to Telling Tales, 80 East 11th Street, New York, N. Y. I began to wonder, after it had (presumably) had it five or six weeks, if it had safely reached the magazine and sent the most courteous inquiry I could manage with a stamped, addressed envelope for reply. When this was ignored I inquired again, almost abjectly—for one hates to be importunate. When this second one was unanswered I started a tracer and that has had ample time to bring results—but hasn't. If it is going to buy I don't want to antagonize it. If it is not, am I unreasonable in wishing it would manifest it in the usual way? Three months!!!

A story has been with *Photoplay six weeks, and an inquiry remains unanswered.

There is such a feeling of bafflement and utter impotence when editors will not answer. It can't be so much trouble when the envelope is addressed and stamped for them. We can't write the note for them too, can we? Is there no courtesy due us?

By the way, I have asked three of the most flourishing newsstands about *Weird Tales* as a seller. They all say it goes like hot cakes. A "wow of a seller," one calls it. Yet authors are not paid. How come?

E. M. B. writes:

The experience of E. B. P. tallies perfectly with my own in dealing with Dreyfuss Art Co. It has kept me going for one full year with flattery, but not a line have I sold them. Who has?

I am indebted to *The Editor* for many little checks which enable me to carry on this interesting game of writing.

George Murray Gilbert writes:

I know it pleases *The Editor* to know when one of "The Family" sells, so I'm glad to tell you that I've just received a check for \$120 from Triple-X Magazine, for my script, "Jeremy Goes Away Back" (this title may be changed), a racing story of eight thousand words.

G. L. writes:

Doughty-Davidson Publishers, Inc., makers of greeting cards, have moved from 461 Eighth Avenue, New York, N. Y., to 225 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

A Little Service that The Editor renders Authors—begun because nobody else cared to trouble to render it—is to furnish, at close to cost, printed or unprinted manuscript mailing envelopes. These envelopes of light, tough kraftpaper save their cost in postage. Have them printed, if your address is not soon to change, and no valuable manuscript will be lost.

The envelopes are furnished in editor-going and home-coming sizes, to fit manuscripts on 8½ by 11 inch paper folded twice. This is the preferable, usual way. 60 of each size, printed with your name and address, cost \$2.50 postpaid. 120 of each size, printed, cost \$4.50 postpaid.

Manuscript paper, printed to order, 8½ by 11 inches, finest linen, costs \$3.60 for 250 sheets, postpaid; \$4.75 for 500 sheets; \$7.50 for 1,000 sheets; \$12.75 for 2,000 sheets.

For \$6.50 you may have, delivery postpaid, 60 of each size of the manuscript mailing envelopes, and 500 sheets of printed manuscript paper. With *The Editor* one year—\$10.00.

The Editor for one year and 60 of each size of mailing envelopes, printed to your order, both for \$6.00.

THE EDITOR MAGAZINE
Book Hill, Highland Falls, N. Y.

The Author's Weekly

Fifteen Cents a Copy

August 23rd, 1924

THE EDITOR

A Journal of Information for Literary Workers
A Weekly Service for Authors

VOL. 66

Book Hill, Highland Falls, N. Y.

NO. 8

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Weekly

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Magda Leigh, Associate Editor
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The Short Course in Fiction Writing of The Editor Council is designed to help you to obtain, quickly and at slight expense, the answer to this question.

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The Short Course requires from three months to one year to complete. This course uses part of the material of the major course, and the instruction and service given are of the same nature and quality. It is intended for authors who wish to determine whether or not they have any talent for fiction writing, or who wish to learn—actually learn—how to write fiction, or who wish to determine the advisability of enrolling for the major course. After finishing the short course, if the student-writer desires to enroll for the major course, the fee paid for the short course is applied in part payment for the major course.

The material supplied to the author taking the short Council course consists of nine Chapbooks, each a little volume on an important problem in the conceptive or the executive technique of writing, and four Assignments, each a definite, concrete stimulus to the conception and development of a short story, and complete directions for the construction of the story.

This material is the foundation of the Council instruction. The author, in response to each Assignment, with the help of his individual instructor-collaborator, outlines the basis for a story. The instructor shows him how to develop this, and the author makes a first draft of the story. The instructor criticizes this, and the author then puts his story into its final form. The instructor re-reads this, and gives the author suggestions for any further revision that is needed to perfect the story, and advice in regard to its sale. Thus from conception to perfected story the author has the advice and help of an individual instructor.

This is the most helpful, practical method of instruction ever devised.

The Editor Council,
Book Hill, Highland Falls, N. Y.

I desire to enroll for the Short Course of instruction in fiction writing of The Editor Council.

I am to receive nine Chapbooks and four Assignments, and am to have the services of an individual instructor-collaborator to help me to develop, construct, and write the four stories to be written with the Council's help, and to suggest to me whatever revision is necessary to make the best possible artistic and financial use of these stories.

If I wish to take the major course with the Council, the fee paid for the short course is to be applied in part payment.

I enclose \$25.00 in full payment for the short course with the Council, or

I enclose \$10.00, in part payment for the short course; I will send \$5.00 each month for the next four months.

THE LITERARY MARKET

There is a place somewhere for every good Manuscript.—THE EDITOR

In this department THE EDITOR publishes each week news of the literary market that interests and aids writers with manuscripts for sale. Whenever possible statements are taken exactly from letters received from the editors of the publications concerned.

*PEOPLE'S HOME JOURNAL

80 Lafayette Street, New York, N. Y.

(Monthly; \$.15; \$1.25)

Short Stories: 5,000 words in length.

Serial Stories: 15,000 to 60,000 words.

Verse: Short poems; no poem longer than four verses is used.

Feature Articles: Personality, human interest, and heart throb articles are used. The length limit is 3,000 words. Illustrations are desired.

Special Material Required Is: Short stories, 5,000 words, of love, mystery, and adventure.

The Most Frequent Need is for 5,000 word stories and novelettes.

Rates: The rates vary; payment is made on acceptance.

The editor is William A. Johnson; managing editor, Kenneth W. Payne; fiction editor, Mary B. Charlton; and service editor, Katherine Clayberger.

(Note: The controlling interest of People's Home Journal has recently been bought by William A. Johnson, of Motion Picture News, 729 Seventh Avenue, New York, N. Y.)

*Forbes, 299 Broadway, New York, N. Y., for its department "A Little Laugh Now and Then," particularly desires short anecdotes with a real business flavor. If the story pertains either to some business man or business concern nationally known all the better. Good jokes on local business men, trades people, etc., are invited. If possible, real names should be used. Above everything else, stories must be brief and to the point—and stories of less than 150 words are preferred. Five dollars is paid for the best funny story used in each bi-weekly issue of Forbes, and \$1.00 each for other accepted stories."

The Boston Line of Greeting Cards, 178 Congress Street, Boston, Mass., sends the following suggestions to verse writers: "It is well to bear in mind in submitting verses and sentiments for The Boston Line of Greeting Cards that this is strictly a high-grade dignified steel engraved and die stamped line and that these cards are bought by people of mature years and of education and refinement. On account of the line not being cheap, juvenile subjects are not appropriate, such as Santa Claus, Christmas stocking and Children; the same applies to jokes. The best verses are epigrammatic. Cards such as we manufacture are ordered by individuals, for example, in lots of a hundred of one particular design. Therefore, the sentiment must be one that would be appropriate to any one of these hundred persons. It must not have I or we in it, because it restricts the sale of the card. The sentiment should be such that an individual or a married couple could use it for plate printing at the bottom of the sentiment, whether their plate reads

CAN A LETTER
OF 2,500 WORDS
BE WORTH

\$100.00?

Many writers have said in substance: "*The letters that THE EDITOR COUNCIL has written to help me develop my ideas and write my stories have been of great value.*" Occasionally an enthusiastic COUNCIL student has said that one letter of criticism was worth the price of the whole course. And hundreds of COUNCIL students who have been helped to revise stories that they later sold, have given the entire credit—which seldom was really deserved—to the COUNCIL. We have in mind now one letter, of which the author for whom it was written plainly says: "*Your last letter was worth hundreds of dollars to me!*"

It happens that this letter is a fairly good one. It probably will give most writers more practical knowledge of story-writing than could be drawn from a half dozen books on fiction technique. This letter will be sent to you, if you so request when forwarding your enrollment for the Major Course in Fiction Writing of THE EDITOR COUNCIL.

FORM FOR ENROLLMENT

The Editor Council,

Book Hill, Highland Falls N. Y.

I desire to enroll for the fiction writing course of The Editor Council. I am to receive 52 Assignments and the entire series of Chapbooks and Supplementary Material, and the help of an individual instructor in developing and writing and revising stories written in response to the Assignments. You agree to continue the work with me until I have sold at least \$100 worth of manuscripts after enrolling.

I enclose \$110 in full payment for the course and your tuition, or

I enclose \$20 as an initial payment, and agree to pay \$10 each month thereafter until I have paid \$120.00.

Mr., Miss, Mrs., or Mr. and Mrs. If this sentiment is sent to a hundred persons, probably twenty of them go to relations, thirty of them to intimate friends or families, and fifty of them to acquaintances. There should be no reference to nor suggestion of pain, sorrow, death, sickness, misfortune, or condolence. In other words, the sentiment should be written just as the writer would wish it himself to send to a hundred different people, what you would actually use, and not what you think somebody else ought to use. It is also well to remember that the sentiment must not be just a statement of fact or preachment; it must convey actual greetings or best wishes and good cheer. The best sentiments are four lines of verses, sometimes six lines, and not over eight lines, or a short piece of prose is equally good. Sentiments may be submitted to this company any time and should be addressed to the editor. All sentiments approved are paid for when accepted at 25 cents a line. Sentiments not accepted are returned. This concern does not promise to publish the writer's name with the sentiment nor to send copies of the sentiment to the writer when published. The Boston Line consists entirely of Christmas cards and booklets with a few New Year, Easter and birthday numbers. The line is carried by all high-grade stationery and art stores. The Boston Line also buys designs and sketches from artists, suitable for steel engraved and steel die stamped cards. For these it pays from \$2.50 up, the average being \$5 each for sketches."

***The American Boy*, 550 Lafayette Boulevard, Detroit, Mich., Walter P. McGuire, managing editor, writes: "A writer in a recent number of *The Editor* gives some helpful information and suggestions to writers for so-called 'juveniles.' But in quoting another writer he gives information on two points that won't help anybody, because it isn't true. He says: 'The American Boy will not permit girls even to be mentioned' in its stories. He says also that description and character delineation are not desired in *The American Boy* stories. Both statements are erroneous—positively. All who have read *The American Boy* in recent years know that, from abundant evidence; but it may be of value to authors who haven't, to know the facts."

Hyman-McGee Company, 158 West Washington Street, Chicago, Ill., is the new name of the general book publishing firm formerly known as the Covici-McGee Company.

Lumber News of Eastern Canada, Montreal, P. Q., Canada, is a new periodical, published in both French and English, established by *The Dominion Business Publications, Ltd.* The same concern will also shortly begin the publication of a new financial paper to be known as *The Dominion's Business*.

The Saskatchewan Farmer, Regina, Saskatchewan, Canada, is now controlled by *The Leader Publishing Company*, of the same place, which publishes *The Regina Leader and Post*.

Screenland and *Real Life Stories* are now owned by a new syndicate, headed by J. Thomas Wood, to be known as *Magazine Builders, Inc.* Mr. Wood was

An editor says: "I have just learned where authors get those neatly printed, strong brown envelopes that are bobbing up more and more in my manuscript mail. If writers knew how satisfactory these printed envelopes of just the right size and weight are, *The Editor* would need a large factory to supply them."

The Editor has a special automatic press for printing the brown manuscript mailing envelopes that so many authors are using. And the envelopes themselves are made to our order, in large quantities, from a strong, tough, light paper. The glue is specially chosen, and the "cut" of the envelopes is designed to keep the edges of manuscripts from being pasted together by contact with the flaps.

The best thing about these special Kraft-paper envelopes is that their use is economical: though they adequately protect manuscripts, in fact, give more protection than ordinary bond or woven envelopes—they save postage. Five manuscripts were chosen at random from among several hundred. Had the authors used *The Editor's* kraftpaper manuscript envelopes their postage for mailing and return would have been 28 cents less for the five Mss., or an average of over 5 cents each.

Properly used, *The Editor's* manuscript mailing envelopes save their cost by lessening your postage expense.

The Editor supplies these envelopes in two sizes only, suitable for use in mailing manuscripts on 8½ x 11 inch paper when folded twice, which is the usual, most convenient, most satisfactory way of folding a manuscript for mailing and presentation to editors.

The envelopes now cost less than they used to, so we are able to offer more of them for the old prices:

50 envelopes of each size, postpaid	\$2.50
120 envelopes of each size, postpaid	4.50
10 envelopes of each size, postpaid (unprinted)	.60

These prices include printing to your order, and delivery, except in the case of the ten lot order. Since we have a large stock of envelopes, and an automatic press for printing, we can make prompt delivery.

KRAFTPAPER ENVELOPE DEPARTMENT
THE EDITOR MAGAZINE
BOOK HILL, HIGHLAND FALLS, N. Y.

formerly of *Forest & Stream* and *Popular Finance*. No change of policy of either magazine has been announced. The magazines are still located at 145 West 57th Street, New York, N. Y. Eliot Keen will edit the two magazines.

Popular Finance, 15 Moore Street, New York, N. Y., is now edited by Carleton Howard.

The Campbell Art Company, Elizabeth, N. J., is now owned by *The Rust Craft Publishers, Inc.*, 1,000 Washington Street, Boston, Mass. The business of *The Campbell Art Company* will be conducted as usual from the plant in Elizabeth, N. J., and the business of *The Rust Craft Publishers, Inc.*, will also be conducted separately. The affiliation represents merely an expansion of activities of the Rust Craft.

Gifts and Greeting Cards, a monthly magazine, has been taken over by *The Gift and Art Shop*, 175 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y., one of the Geyer Publications. The Gift and Art Shop will absorb *Gifts and Greeting Cards*, which will no longer appear separately.

**The Saturday Review of Literature*, 236 East 39th Street, New York, N. Y., edited by Henry Seidel Canby, has appeared for the first time. See *The Editor* for May 31st, 1924, and preceding issues, for the editor's statement of his policy and requirements.

Music, the new monthly edited by James Taylor, published by *The Music Illustrated Review Corporation* (to answer an inquirer), is located at 527 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Lares and Penates, 765 Oakwood Boulevard, Chicago, Ill., is the name of the new official magazine of *The National Furniture Warehousemen's Association*. The editor says: "We can use light verse, and short features, similar to the material used on the 'Short Turns and Encores' page of *The Saturday Evening Post*. We can use true stories of moving, shipping and storing of household goods that have human interest appeal."

Los Angeles Saturday Night has been merged with *The San Francisco Argonaut*, under the name of *The Argonaut*, by Samuel Travers Oliver, the new owner. An attempt will be made to make *The Argonaut* a weekly for the entire state of California.

**Young's Magazine*, 709 Sixth Avenue, New York, N. Y., writes: "We are at all times in the market for short stories, varying in length between 3,000 and 6,000 words each. We are usually fairly well supplied with novelettes, but at present writing we sadly need material of that sort suitable for **Droll Stories*. For **Breezy Stories* we need fiction with a strong sex interest. In *Young's Magazine*, too, we use the sex story, but more conservatively told and with more of an eye to excellence in technique. In *Droll Stories*, too, we use the sex story, but for that periodical it must have a droll, whimsical, or humorous tinge. That humor may lie in the plot or situation, in the climax, or in the manner of telling; but it must have some one of these characteristics—pre-

ferably all of them. We want verse of 24 lines and shorter, frivolous and unconventional, for *Breezy Stories* and *Droll Stories*. For what we can use we pay 25 cents a line."

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(Continued on Page VI.)

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A Writer's Salesmanship

BY DOROTHY E. GALLAWAY

J. R. Sprague, author of some fiction and of numerous semi-fiction business articles, the latter of which appear quite regularly in the *Saturday Evening Post*, was a successful jeweler in San Antonio, Texas, before the demands of authorship grew too heavy to be combined with the jewelry business. His view of his profession is, in consequence, a most business-like one.

Mr. Sprague has been a contributor to the *Post* for years and is now in London, it is understood, studying business conditions there for the *Post*. Shortly before he left San Antonio he gave an address to the local Salesmanship Club on "A Writer's Salesmanship" which contained enough of value to be passed on to other writers.

He endeavored to show the members of the club, some of whom write for trade journals, that the writer is just as much a salesman as the wholesale crockery or soap representative, the automobile or real estate agent. He pointed out that the writer must "sell" his editor and reader by the same methods of "good approach" and good "sales argument," and that he must "close the deal" even if it is not necessary that he "get the name on the dotted line." And he must do all of this without the aid of a personal interview and the psychological effect of the "good appearance" and pleasing personality which help the ordinary salesman put over a deal.

"An author must sell his story or article as the newspaper reporter endeavors to do, with the very first word, or at any rate with the opening sentence. I try to make my first few words attract the reader's eye so that he will pause before turning the page to see what some other fellow has written on the next page or to look at the attractive advertise-

ments, which also enter into the competition with material published in magazines.

Then, when you have caught the attention with the first few words, it is equally important that the next few will continue to hold the interest of the reader so that he feels that he must go on a little farther to see what you have to say next. And this business of enticing the reader on from word to word must continue to the very end of your article or story if it is a success," he said.

He explained, also, that it is equally important to "say something" while you are about it, for both editors and readers alike greatly dislike to be led on and on in the hope that the author is getting at something worth while, only to be disappointed in the end. He reminded them that they themselves are quite disgusted if they pick up a magazine and are attracted by the style and subject matter of a story sufficiently to stay with it to the end, only to find that the story is inane and disappointing. When such is the case, the writer has not "closed the deal," he said.

Mr. Sprague believes in writing about the average man, not the unusual. He said that many people asked him, when he was planning a motor tour to the north and east, if he intended to go up through the Tennessee mountains to "write up the mountaineers" and his reply was "No. I'm going right up through the Middle West and I'm going to stop in the little towns more than the big ones." He explained that the Middle West small-town man or woman accurately represents the average American and that the life and thoughts of such a man or woman are more interesting, therefore more salable, to the majority of people than that of a Tennessee mountaineer.

Mr. Sprague's methods of work are especially interesting, for he writes very slowly and studiously, 'surrounded by dictionaries, books of synonyms and antonyms, and encyclopedias. He chooses each word with the utmost care, being very sure that it is *that*

word and no other that he wants. He writes about 300 words an hour and writes every day, religiously. In advising young writers he always emphasizes the daily writing habit, whether the inspiration be a daily affair or not.

French Forms as an Aid to the Selling Power of Verse

BY DAN C. ANDERSON

The writer of short, light verse faces so much competition nowadays that he must welcome any means to make his copy more original, more polished, or more attractive. A good idea may be rendered more appealing if it be cast in some clever form, just as a fine setting enhances the beauty of a stone. The fixed schemes of rhyme and refrain known as French forms, and of them notably the rondeau, the rondeau, and the triolet, lend themselves well to the expression of ideas, too light for the sonnet, which yet may profit by being put in some form less loose than plain *abab* quatrains.

French forms may at first seem cramped and difficult, but after a little practice they come more naturally, and if some care be taken that the terminal sounds of the lines are chosen from those rich in rhymes (as *ay, oo, eer, ire*, and many others) the rondeau, rondel, or triolet will seem surprisingly easy. The thing to watch most closely is the refrain. It should be a carefully chosen phrase whose repetition will not seem forced, but natural; one which will, in the words of an anonymous author, "recur without the tedium of importunity, and return with the certainty of welcome."

The triolet is perhaps the most artificial of these three forms, but a well-turned triolet is admirably suited to carry a dainty thought with much grace. It is a verse of eight lines, rhyming *abaaabab*, and having its first line repeated as fourth and seventh, and the sec-

ond repeated as the eighth. A small variation in the wording of the repeated lines is allowable, although it violates strict technicality. Here is an example:

*The triolet,
It seems but slight.
Mayhap, and yet
The triolet
With grace can set
Off ideas light—
The triolet
That seems but slight!*

The rondeau is longer, less arduous, and suited to the expression of more serious sentiments. It has thirteen lines, built on two rhymes in the order *aabba aab aabba*, and the first four syllables of the first line are repeated as an unrhymed refrain at the end of the eighth line and at the end of the poem. Ada Louise Martin's rondeau, "Sleep," shows to what heights one can rise despite the rigid requirements of the form:

O happy Sleep! that bear'st upon thy breast
The blood-red poppy of enchanting rest,
Draw near me through the stillness of this place
And let thy low breath move across my face,
As faint winds move above a poplar's crest.

The broad seas darken slowly in the west;
The wheeling sea-birds call from nest to nest;
Draw near and touch me, leaning out of space,
O happy Sleep!

There is no sorrow hidden or confess'd,
There is no passion uttered or suppress'd,
Thou can'st not for a little while efface;
Enfold me in thy mystical embrace,
Thou sovereign gift of God, most sweet, most blest,
O happy Sleep!

The rondel, as its name would indicate, re-

sembles the rondeau. However, it uses the repetition of full lines for refrain, as does the triolet. The rondel is usually of fourteen lines, on two rhymes, whose recurrence is not so rigidly prescribed as the scheme of the rondeau, *abab baab ababab* being a standard form, variations of which are permitted. The first and second lines are to be repeated as seventh and eighth, and as thirteenth and fourteenth. The final repetition of the second line as fourteenth may be omitted, however, making a poem of thirteen lines. In this style, Austin Dobson, master of French forms, has written his beautiful verse, "The Wanderer."

Love comes back to his vacant dwelling—
The old, old Love that we knew of yore!
We see him stand by the open door,

With his great eyes sad, and his bosom swelling.

He makes as though in our arms repelling
He fain would lie, as he lay before;
Love comes back to his vacant dwelling—
The old, old Love that we knew of yore!

Ah, who shall help us from overspelling
That sweet forgotten, forbidden lore!
E'en as we doubt, in our hearts once more,
With a rush of tears to our eyelids welling,
Love comes back to his vacant dwelling!

Other French forms, the ballade, the pantoum, the chant royal, and the villanelle, are rather too long or too intricate for common use, but study and practice of the rondeau, rondel and triolet will pay the writer of verse well. No writing can be too polished, and it will increase the salability of an idea if it be set in a form which in itself is beautiful.

Contemporary Writers and Their Work

A Series of Autobiographical Letters on the Genesis, Conception, Development, and Writing of Fiction, Poems, and Articles Published in Current Periodicals

A Literary Vignette

BY OSCAR J. FRIEND

It really is little short of presumptuous for a writer of my years and literary experience to offer opinions, criticisms, and what-nots for others who are sprouting "pen" feathers. In complying with The Editor's request and attempting to set down a few succinct notations regarding my recent book-length, "The Round-up" (A. C. McClurg & Co.), I feel astonishingly like the fourth hand on the cover of that clever little volume, "Webster's Bridge."

Let me then be brief.

In the first place, I do not believe in sheer genius—that is, consistent genius where one sits down and allows pure literature to flow from him in a bounteous and endless stream. In order to retain my fond belief in my fair-mindedness I will grant there to be occasional illuminations which radiate from the soul—a

sort of geyser from the Pierian spring. But, personally, my novels—to be as simple as they are—come from the hardest work I have ever known.

Irvin S. Cobb frankly states that he sweats his stories off laboriously at the rate of one or two thousand words a day. Stanley Olmstead goes further and says that he distills his words drop by drop. You who write know this to be so if they say so. You who do not write—take my word for it. As for me, I fear I must go these two worthy craftsmen one better. I give birth to my literary efforts in the most excruciating agony of mental obstetrics. And frequently the brain child, upon the most superficial examination, proves naught but a monstrosity. Mrs. Friend can testify as to this on both counts.

In this little article I shall try to avoid any

plays to the gallery, and strings and phalanxes of beautiful, flowery—and empty phrases. I have but little worth-while advice to offer; I shall try to make that little terse and pithy.

I have been writing since the first of 1920; the first month of January, 1925, marks the fifth anniversary of my literary atrocities. Possessed of a good position in a pharmacy, I was able to write for more than a year without attempting to sell anything. Then, I sold the first story I had ever written. "After Five Thousand Years" appeared in The Chicago Ledger in October, 1921. Financially, the story was not a vast success. Two dollars and fifty cents a thousand words! Fortunately there were more words than years.

Since then I have been selling various stories and receiving back for my morgue an infinitely greater number. It has been only the past year that I have been able to cut loose and go free-lancing on my own. No one can possibly be interested in my personal affairs beyond this. There is little I can offer about any one particular story.

"The Round-up" is my first published book. It happens to be a western story because my publisher thinks I am a find as a western writer. He proceeded to tie me up for three western novels before he would agree to bring out any of my mystery-detective stories. And I think I write better mystery yarns. There's perversity for you. Seriously, however, I am fortunate in that I can do both types of stories, and I am thankful.

Regarding the genesis of "The Round-up" in particular, there is not much to offer. It is written about this section of the country in which I am now and have been living for twenty-odd years. I just happened to be on the ground, a sort of more luck than sense affair, you know.

Naturally, I have read many books on how to write. I have learned that most editors have different ideas on what they want and

what the public wants and why that particular thing is wanted. I have noticed that most editors are as fallible as the rest of us—they change their own minds from day to day. They are not to be criticised for this—we all do that. It's human nature. There is great truth in the proverb that only a fool does not change his mind. The best, and most human, book on writing that I have read is—to me—"Fundamentals of Fiction Writing," by Arthur Sullivan Hoffman. It's straight from the shoulder and thoroughly enjoyable. There are other good works, without doubt.

In fact, there are so many paths, so many guides, so many do's, so many don'ts, that the embryonic writer is bewildered and confused. One has to stumble along, more or less in the dark, gradually seeking a way from the labyrinths into the sunlight of clearness and coherence.

A very brief discourse on my particular method of work is easier to give than to do the work itself.

I first hunt the plot germ—the main idea of the story. In a manner of speaking, it does come out of the air. I pick it up out of a newspaper, a neighbor's gossip, an incident which befalls myself. This part is easy. But from this moment on I believe I sweat blood developing the story. I build the story by constant thought and by writing a synopsis of the main chapters on individual sheets. These I change as the story grows in my mind. It helps me to talk the plot over with an intelligent listener. Often, by the telling, I think of what I need without the bored person saying a word. Occasionally, my listener will make a remark which gives me or leads me to what I want.

At the end of this period of mulling over the matter, I place my chaptered outline before me and start to write the story in detail, tearing up the synopsis as I go along, never stopping to correct my phrasing or spelling. When this is done I place this untidy but

lengthy copy in my Lineatime machine—and proceed to write the entire story over, exercising all pains and care. At my hand is a New International Dictionary and a copy of Roget's Thesaurus. If there is any particular information needed for a particular piece of work, I have one or more volumes on my desk for reference. However, the two above mentioned books are permanent fixtures by my typewriter.

By doing my work this way I work out the plot with mathematical precision, I polish the chapters and phrases, I add, subtract, revise, catch errors. As it takes time to write ninety thousand words twice, I am able to think about the plot and the incidents for weeks and weeks, even after I have committed myself by putting it down unsatisfactorily. Some writers re-write more than I do, some less. Allowing for the pages and occasional chapters I have to change for the third time, and including the outlined skeleton with which I begin, I suppose I can safely say that I write my stuff three times. This estimate does not take into consideration the work which is returned to me for revision—that comes extra. I suffer the same ingratitude that attacks other writers. Frequently my characters outgrow me—not always to the best advantage. And never has a finished story closely resembled the skeleton parent which gave it its being. In short, I have found that no writer is capable of thinking out a novel—or even a novelette—down to the small details without putting pen to paper or hand to typewriter. The thing's too vast.

On my desk are three mottoes—and only three—to which I try to adhere. Reading from left to right they are:

“TO WRITE—WRITE”

“MAKE 'EM LAUGH, MAKE 'EM
CRY, MAKE 'EM WAIT”

“BOOK REVIEWERS DO NOT BUY
BOOKS”

I do not remember who coined the first. I think Wilkie Collins is responsible for the second. My publisher, Mr. Joseph E. Bray, is the author of the third. The two first are self-interpretative. The third is in no way a slur upon critics; it merely means that books are written for the general public. It is a matter of business with a publisher. If your book sells, don't worry about the critics.

As far as peace of mind is concerned—I do not have it. I am stewing around in a fretful fever while I am at work on a novel until it is off to the publishers. And then I'm stewing around in the same fever until a new work is started. While writing is a wonderful profession, a clean game with the finest class of men and women, a big paying proposition, it is the hardest work I have ever done in my life.

The sum and substance of my advice is this:

If there is anything else in the world you like to do rather than write—do it. If you simply cannot resist the temptation to scribble—go ahead and waste paper. You'll be in a mighty fine profession, and you'll meet the best of good fellows, among writers and editors both, who'll lend helping hands—but, God help you, for it is a rough and rugged road.

Novel Writing Experiences

BY “HERBERT TREMAINE”

I have been fortunate (except in a financial sense) and have found acceptance easy and English and American reviewers very kind. “Bricks and Mortals” (T. Fisher Unwin,

Ltd.) was the only one of my books hard to place. (Perhaps this should not be printed; but it is true.)

In 1921 I published "The Tribal God" (Constable and Co.). In 1920 I won the second prize in The Strand short story competition. My story, "The Flower-show at Kwaliz," was placed first in the competition by Sir Arthur Conan Doyle and Mr. H. G. Wells. This is interesting only because I have attempted very few short stories.

My other books are: "The Feet of the Young Men" (1918; C. W. Daniel), "Two Months" (1919; Daniel), "The Handmaidens of Death," a short play, and "The Wide Garden," poetry, both published by Mr. Daniel, and "Two Who Declined" (John Murray, 1919).

"Two Who Declined" is really, in point of time, the first of these, as another publisher brought it out two years before it was taken up by Mr. Murray. It was rather highly praised, especially by Mr. Gerald Gould in The New Statesman. But I think that my real beginning was with "The Feet of the Young Men," in which I tried to show the domestic side of the tragedy of the Great War. Strangely, I thought that I had invented the title and was much surprised when I found that Mr. Kipling had, long ago, given the same heading to a poem.

About "Bricks and Mortals." It is not easy to say how the idea of a book comes into one's head. It is not very long since I became the joint owner of a house—for the first time—and became interested in architecture, gardening and furnishing. This may have made me begin to think of the psychology of houses. My two main ideas in the book are the psychology of houses and the tragedy of homelessness. I think the latter must be suggested to a great many people in this post-war period when ex-service men have no

homes. But I did not want to insist on the peculiar wretchedness of *their* position; because it seems to me that all homeless people are piteous.

I represented my young architect as the builder of a garden village because—in England at least—so many modern architects are employed as builders of garden villages. I certainly did not mean the place for Letchworth Garden City, in which place I have lived for six years. Letchworth seems to me a typical pleasant English provincial town. It certainly does not seem new to me, whatever it may seem to those old residents who can recall its beginning more than twenty years ago. The garden village in "Bricks and Mortals" is a post-war product and attracts types of post-war people. It is also a tiny place, near London—in Surrey, I think. The Goodchilds, for example, are not the sort of people that one could meet at Letchworth—though a Hampstead lady has written to me praising their truthfulness to a certain Golders Green type. I do not know if this is true. I meant them to be expressive of the dreariness of materialism.

There is only one thing in the book which is "a fact"—something which has been recorded without passing through my imagination. That is the incident of Bella's visit to Rose and the words that Bella uses. The story was told to me by an old woman who acted as Rose did. She (the old woman) was, I am convinced, telling me the truth; and she was quite unconscious of having behaved finely. As she is dead (and in any case was not a reader of novels) there seemed to me no treachery in giving her story undisguised.

I forgot to say anything of the supernatural element. Up-to-date it has not been referred to by any reviewer; so that I flatter myself that I have succeeded in leaving the tramp's status doubtful.

"Said By—Written By"

Opinions and Quotations from Old and New Books and Periodicals

Westward Ho! for the New Literature

BY CLEMENCE DANE

Still the world is wondrous large—seven seas from
marge to marge,

And it holds a vast of various kinds of man.

And the wildest dreams of Kew are the facts of
Khalmandhu,

And the crimes of Clapham chaste in Martaban.

—*Rudyard Kipling.*

Someone has said somewhere that, altho literature is real life seen with the eyes of imagination, the poets haven't after all so much to be proud of; since imagination is no more than racial memory. It is an interesting theory, because, of course, it would explain not only the occasional genius, but the efflorescence of mediocre tale-tellers as well. It is certainly true that the supreme genius generally reaches his high-water mark in the handling of a folk-tale—Goethe's "Faust," Marlowe's "Faust," Shakespeare's "Lear," "Hamlet" and "Macbeth"; Ibsen's "Peer Gynt," Dante's "Divine Comedy"—all these have their roots in legends of the people.

Take, for example, the story of "King Arthur and the Round Table." A couple of thousand years ago, I suppose, some petty chief must have lived in his fortified farmhouse in barbarian Brittany, with his family, his servants, and his friends gathered round him in the old tribal fashion. One of his servants was his wife's lover: his nephew and heir betrayed them: there was a fight, the last fight in a life of fighting, in which the men were wiped out, leaving the women of a neighborhood family to take the dead leader's body by boat to the ancestral burying-ground. It would be a type of happening so common that, as the story flew over the country, the

gossips as they told it would add almost unconsciously new touches, new details, out of their own experience. It would reach Cornwall and there be linked up with the local story of a kinglet, his servant and his faithless wife. It would cross to Brittany and be linked with a faithful wife this time, and faithless husband. On it would go to Germany, to Italy, to the North, repeatedly meeting a similar legend into which it would merge under the typical names of Arthur and Mark, Iseult and Guinevere, Tristan and Lancelot.

By the end of a thousand years all the professional story-tellers will have used it, remodeling it each to his own liking, until the long-dead farmer has been transformed into a mighty king surrounded by the chivalry of Christendom, served by the magic forces of nature and linked up even with the sacred passion of Christ. At this stage comes along a great artist, is caught by some fragmentary episode in the tale, inquires, collects, collates, boils up the whole mixture in the caldron of his own imagination (which, you remember, is partly his racial memory of the typical deed itself), and produces as a result the "Morte d'Arthur": and incidentally fosters English literature.

But the real fathers were those actors and rememberers and inventors who told the tale and retold it from the day it happened till the time of Malory himself. These men are what one may call the primitives of literature—men of the people, who told stories for fun or to earn a crust and please those who liked to listen to romance. For that was what they gave the listeners—romance—the eternal

story of themselves when they lived at the foot of the rainbow only a field away.

These story-tellers, in a word, were gathering together the material out of which the poets were one day to create great literature; and it is safe, I think, to say that once a nation's poets have exhausted that material the nation will cease to produce supreme creative artists, until such time as some so-called calamity returns it to the dust of its own beginnings, sets it to recreate itself and incidentally regathers the materials of literature once more. The war might have done it for us in England if we had been beaten, beaten down to the very grounds of national life. But we won. We may continue to produce the literature of civilization; but a Shakespeare? a Chaucer? Sometimes one grayly feels that we are too old, too successful, too sophisticated—too, in a word, civilized—ever to produce them again.

Why worry, after all? Every nation has its golden age, and ours was golden indeed. We can almost afford to put aside envy and watch with intense interest and a certain awe the phenomenon of our own past that is still present tense half a world away.

Look at America!

It seems to me that the process that I have just been describing, the evolution of a national grubbing ground for the poets of the future to dig in, is going on in America at this moment, and in precisely the fashion in which it has gone on in every great empire since the world began.

To judge by the impassioned correspondences one occasionally sees in the papers, Americans constantly have it flung at them that they have no literature. They resent it—who wouldn't?—and quote in refutation their famous writers—Emerson, Longfellow, Lowell, Holmes, Poe, Mark Twain, and so on: and—the moderns! They especially insist that we should find their modern output equal to ours, if only we would bother to read

it. Such discussions (and I quote from one I heard only lately) seem to me entirely beside the point. For us to decry American literature is to decry ourselves; for the point that Englishman and American both overlook in their quarrels is that their literature and ours is really one literature.

Take at random four such entirely different modern writers as Henry James, Edith Wharton, Theodore Dreiser, and Sinclair Lewis. They may write of America, but their methods are English. Their pictures of an alien life are no more remote from our intelligence, our habits of literature, than a Conrad portrait of the South Seas, than a Kipling novel of India. America has not yet, with the exception of Walt Whitman, produced a supreme genius who, in method as well as material, brings to the world a view of life and an expression of life that it never possessed before; and, so long as the rulers of American literature remain in close touch with English literature, I don't believe they ever will. But that from America will come a new and a national literature as great as any of those of Europe, a literature with its own round-table of writers that shall match our Elizabethan round-table of genius, a literature that may in the latter end influence and recreate in turn our tired one, that I do believe possible and probable.

I'll tell you why. Have you noticed the difference between English and American "trash" in the last few years?

You know too well what our English light reading is like. Our modern equivalent for "the wisest aunt telling the saddest tale" deals us out either sentimental love twaddle or rather unpleasant sex stories, until, in sheer self-defense, we turn to detective and adventure stories for our train-journey and garden-chair reading. Now, have you noticed that the best, though not necessarily the best-written stories generally come from the States?

Twice a month, by favor of a sympathetic Anglo-American who has, if not a fellow-feeling, at any rate a twinkle of amusement for my philistine tastes, I receive and devour a fat magazine with a red sun on the cover and a cowboy crouching behind a boulder or gazing through blue slits of eyes at the horizon, or mastering—pinto, is it, or cayuse? whose distended nostrils match in color the—bloody orb which hangs, somewhere between the letter-press and the list of authors, flooding the desert with day! There!! It is printed on poor paper and illustrated by not unpleasing conventionalized wood-cuts that act as scare-lines. If a telephone is the thrill of the paragraph, a neat instrument sits in the text; if pigtailed or poker or the Rockies—a Chinaman, a mountain peak or splay of court cards appears instead. There are no interleaved advertisements in this magazine of mine, by which you will perceive that its editor has something heroic about him, something in keeping with the material his authors provide and his readers devour.

It is easy to sneer at these Wild West writers, but I am not sure that their stuff isn't in some sort literature already. They have, at any rate, some of the qualities that belong to the best literature. To begin with, they are amazingly direct. They take up their pen and tell the story just as it flashed fresh-minted from their imagination. It doesn't occur to them that—

There are nine-and-sixty ways of relating tribal lays,
And that every single one of them is right!

They begin at the beginning, go on till they get to the end, and then they stop. Their language is distinctly unusual: they, so to speak, "slang along" in the first words that come handy: they are not writing, they are telling a story, a story of Homeric "he-men" who ride, shoot, wrestle, and die in every conceivable fashion against a background of rustlers, cattle-kings, Canadian trappers, far-

mers, gamblers, bootleggers (prohibition has introduced an amazing new element into the welter), Mexicans, Indians, or Eskimos.

These Wild West, earth-to-earth tales are quite obviously based in intention on real happenings of today, yesterday, and the day before, retold at second or third hand and beglamored by the sort of primitive romance that appeals to the average man. The hero wins out because he is strong and good. The villain loses because he is strong and bad. The women are shadows, rewards of valor, no more, and are generally drawn with conventional tip-toe attempts at "refined" writing.

The plots are often excellent, racy, romantic, sentimental, conventional, robustious and melodramatic, but always full of action; the language is a toothsome amalgam of jargon and journalese. Regarded as literature, it is as negligible and awe-inspiring as a new-born child. It is not literature, but it is the seed of a literature to be.

And the writers and readers already possess the secret of all primitives: they have learned how to eliminate the middleman—in this case the professional critic. The critic does not waste much time on narratives of the wild and woolly West. He dismisses such books as light illiterature and the authors as mere amusement-mongers who will get no help from him. If the public wants that sort of thing, let it go to the book-stalls and pick whatever jacket it may fancy! And so, authors and public, those much-chaperoned lovers, are for once left alone with each other.

Says the writer to the reader (with a cock of his eye at the critic deep in the latest work on psychoanalysis): "Are you grammatical? No more am I! Come, come, here's sympathy! You don't care tuppence about style? No more do I! Here's more sympathy! But you know what you like? So do I! Could you desire better sympathy?"

(To be continued)

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THE EDITOR, *Book Hill, Highland Falls, N. Y.*

THE LITERARY MARKET

(Continued from Page III.)

*Young People's Weekly, Elgin, Ill., is "now in great need of manuscripts. This is in addition to regular needs for stories, serials, science and invention material, information items, feature articles on popular subjects, and sports and athletics: *Incidents and Anecdotes* (from 200 to 500 words). These may tell of: 1. Some unusual happening. 2. A strange or dangerous adventure. 3. An act of heroism. 4. A humorous experience. As a rule, the main characters should be young people of from twenty to twenty-five years of age. The material should be thrilling, humorous, or curious. Where possible, it should have some teaching point, but not of a goody-goody nature. We can use a great number of such items if they are well told. *Brave Deeds* (from 200 to 500 words). Heroic deeds performed by young men or young women from eighteen to twenty-five years of age. Where possible, the write-up should be accompanied by a photograph of the hero or heroine. Facts must be authentic in every particular. *Successful Young People* (from 200 to 800 words). Write-ups of young men or young women from eighteen to twenty-five years of age who have made a big success in such fields as business, engineering, construction work, invention, some profession, exploration or discovery, or who have taken positions of great responsibility or leadership. Where possible, explain how success was won. *Success Features* (similar to the above, only longer). In some cases, it may be possible to prepare a feature article about some young man or woman who has achieved real greatness. This may be in the nature of an interview in which the individual tells how certain principles or qualities of character helped to lay the foundation for and build up his or her success. Short incidents should be given to illustrate. Then the individual may give the reader some advice for acquiring and practicing the same principles of success. But remember, we do

not wish platitudes and conventionally pious advice of the 'be-good-and-you'll-be-happy' or 'nothing succeeds-like-success' variety. We can use articles similar in purpose to those used in the American Magazine, only shorter (never over 1,200 to 1,500 words) and about young people rather than older adults. *Short Stories* (from 1,000 to 1,800 words in length). These are similar in general style and purpose to our longer feature stories, only that we do not insist upon the same amount of plot complication. Still, there should be a thrilling situation, suspense, and quick action. Something important must happen. The purpose should be to entertain, thrill, and grip the reader, not to preach a sermon to him. Do not 'have an ulterior motive.' Stories with young men, young women, or both sexes are available."

How to Write Stories for Young People

BY DAVID C. COOK, JR.,

Managing Editor of The Young People's Weekly

The Young People's Weekly is a story paper for Sunday school members over seventeen years of age. Its purpose is to publish the highest type of stories which will hold the interest of modern young men and young women, and make a heart appeal. It seeks to avoid anything which savors of cheap melodrama but to provide that which encourages higher and nobler standards of Christian living.

The aim of this article is not to instruct the writer in the art of story writing, but to make clear certain points of policy which seem important at this time. If we appear rather vigorous in our criticism of the old-fashioned Sunday school narrative, it is because we believe that there is something infinitely better and more helpful, and not because we wish to disparage the good that has been done and may still be done by this type of story. As a matter of fact, all the best Sunday school papers today are demanding the virile

story of plot and action with a message rather than a tacked-on moral for their readers.

Length.

In each number of the Young People's Weekly we use stories of the following length:

1. Short story for the first page from 2,500 to 3,000 words.
2. Short story for some inside page, from 2,000 to 2,500 words.
3. Serial story of from two to eight chapters, each chapter from 2,000 to 3,000 words.

Short Story Form.

We do not care for the mere incident, narrative, or character study which is so often submitted to us. The narrative or character study is like a photograph of life, good in itself but not possessing the vitality, heart appeal, message, or real art of the short story. The latter like the painting of an artist, aims to do something more than give an isolated picture of life. The painting is higher art than the photograph because it correlates and rearranges the different parts to form a plot and carry a message which is truer to nature than a mere isolated view of nature ever could be. The same principle may be applied to the story.

It is assumed that the writer is familiar with the short story form which involves a plot complication, suspense, quick action, climax and denouement; which takes place in a short space of time and creates a unified impression. In the short story the plot is the main thing. Description, character study, atmosphere, and explanation take subordinate parts; only enough of each being included to lead up to the complication, to bring about the climax, to create suspense, and to present the final denouement. Quick action is necessary, but not at the expense of reality. In order that the reader may put himself in the place of the hero, a certain amount of characterization is required. We need to know how the hero felt and reasoned. Then in the tense situation, some atmosphere and local color are necessary if the reader is to feel all of the thrill that there is in it for him.

For younger boys and girls of Boys' World and Girls' Companion age, the action must move very rapidly indeed; while for Young People's Weekly readers, slightly more attention will be given to characterization, motivation, atmosphere, and description. Our readers here are more mature in their outlook on life; but even so they prefer stories of action and accomplishment with a quickly moving plot to character studies or still life pictures.

The Theme.

Start out with the determination to build your story around a worth-while theme. If you wish, you may find in the home, church, or community opportunities for real plot, stirring complications, and good action. But if you choose this course, you must carefully avoid the hackneyed and the commonplace. If you feel impelled to retell for the thousandth time one of the three or four old standbys, you had much better look for an entirely different setting.

Home life is by no means the only place to look

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Your own subscription for The Editor Weekly for one year, and yearly subscriptions for four friends, *not now subscribers for The Editor*, will cost \$15.00. If you desire you may pay \$3 for your own subscription, and arrange with four friends to pay \$3 each for theirs. The five yearly subscriptions and \$15 must be sent together, direct to THE EDITOR, Book Hill, Highland Falls, N. Y.

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Twelve yearly subscriptions, on the same terms, i. e., at least eleven must be for folk who are not now subscribers for The Editor, will be given for \$30.00. You may pay \$2.50 for your subscription for one year, and arrange with eleven friends to pay \$2.50 each. The twelve subscriptions and \$30 must be sent together direct to

THE EDITOR, Book Hill, Highland Falls, N. Y.

OR—

A fully paid enrollment for the Major Course in Fiction Writing of The Editor Council will be given, without cost, to the writer who obtains 50 yearly subscriptions for The Editor at \$5 each. This is equivalent to an allowance of \$2.20 for each subscription. At least 40 of the subscriptions must be for readers who are not now subscribers.

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THE EDITOR MAGAZINE
A Weekly Service for Authors
BOOK HILL, HIGHLAND FALLS, N. Y.

for a good theme. There is modern industry, business, great construction work, research, exploration, and the marvels of science and invention. You can lay the scene in rugged parts, or in strange places, such as the far north, the Andes Mountains, an unexplored island, the ruins of a forgotten people, or a part of old China, just so long as your main characters are young people of the United States or Canada.

The following are short synopses of narratives of the typical "wishy-washy" type which are often submitted to us:

A young woman gives up a good position for one bringing her in much less money so that she will have more time for the Christian Endeavor Society, Ladies' Aid, and choir.

A quiet young woman dreads the coming of a cousin to her home because she is afraid the cousin will be noisy and won't like some things she does. The visitor, however, in her first words dispels all these fears neatly, and within half an hour is spreading sunshine all over the place by nursing a sick woman whom she has never seen before.

A poor boy has no suit for graduation. One of his classmates asks him what he is going to do about it and he replies, "The Lord will provide." A professor overhears him and admiring his trusting nature, supplies the clothes.

A beautiful young violinist discovers a genius in the person of a little Hungarian street girl. She educates her, and the child becomes famous immediately.

Grandma Bascom sits on the front porch, rocking away and telling a group of breathless children what good neighbors she had and how they helped her out when the auction sale of her things was going on. "I guess the way to have good neighbors is to be one yourself," she admits in closing.

Little Eva is forced by circumstances to stay in the tiny mountain village which she has never been out of in her life, although she has been offered a good job in a town twice the size. As long as mother and the two invalid sisters must have the mountain air, she resigns herself cheerfully and goes about being of help everywhere.

There is going to be a party, but, alas, how can Sara Lee go, when she has nothing to wear except the simple little dress she received six years ago? Poor, tired, patient mother is consulted though, and we are soon given a picture of Sara Lee, bright hair blowing about, color coming and going on her sweet, wholesome face. "What has she on!" we cry in astonishment. "Why, the good old dress, sure enough"—only you'd never in the world recognize it unless you were in on the secret, for with a tuck here and a brand-new ribbon there, and a bunch of fresh flowers caught in at the waist, it is a dream of a dress. Sara Lee's sweet, winsome smile helps out a lot, too, and reports are that she simply carries off the evening.

The "Wide-Awake Girls" are to be entertained at a picnic by the "Straight Ahead" boys. It is almost time for them to arrive when the boys discover that all the utensils have been dropped in the

lake. What to do—that is the question. Earl has never been as popular in the class as some, but when it is discovered that he can make knives and forks and spoons and plates and frying-pans and coffee pots out of birch bark and tomato cans, everything is different for Earl.

Characters.

Your chief characters should be young men and young women from twenty to twenty-five years of age. We can use stories of young men, or those of young women; but, as a rule, we prefer those which bring in both sexes. In the latter case, your principal character may be of either sex.

The question naturally arises, "just how mature shall we make the characters?" In answering this question, we cannot be guided in any sense by the old type of story, for its characters are in many ways decidedly childlike, unsophisticated and helpless. In other ways, they act and talk like old men and women of a bygone age. Then they are often surrounded by parents, or grandparents, who take the leading part in giving helpful advice regarding the commonplaces of life.

We must wake up to the fact that young men and women of Young People's Weekly age are everywhere filling important positions and doing a big work in the world. It is they who are pioneers in great invention, industry, construction work, and social reform. They may not always act as leaders or executives, but they are doing that which will in a few short years put them in the front rank of world progress. To limit their sphere to the hearthside, is to give an entirely wrong impression.

Our readers are interested in big things that count, and they want to read about other young men and women who are vitally concerned with the same things.

Your characters should be sturdy, virile young people whom the average normal reader will admire. In the old time story the characters are mere lifeless dummies, who by action and word carry out and express a sermon, while the writer pulls the strings. They are automatons, not human beings. They are represented as being supremely good because they are so constituted that they cannot be anything else. They are born good, and no one would for a moment suspect them of departing from the straight and narrow path, or of being even tempted to do so. In fact, they are so good that we can hardly give them any great credit for their virtue. In other words, they are so essentially wishy-washy, so devoid of ambition and desire for real achievement, that they are controlled by no great motives of any sort. They are incapable of either good or evil in a big sense. They are non-moral, because they never have experienced and never can experience a real moral struggle. Not all weak-minded people become degenerates; some of them become religious, and that is their saving. But is that to be the type of Christian young manhood and young womanhood which we are to hold up as models for our readers?

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THE EDITOR

A Journal of Information for Literary Workers

A Weekly Service for Authors

VOL. 66

Book Hill, Highland Falls, N. Y.

NO. 9

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The material supplied to the author taking the short Council course consists of nine Chapbooks, each a little volume on an important problem in the conceptive or the executive technique of writing, and four Assignments, each a definite, concrete stimulus to the conception and development of a short story, and complete directions for the construction of the story.

This material is the foundation of the Council instruction. The author, in response to each Assignment, with the help of his individual instructor-collaborator, outlines the basis for a story. The instructor shows him how to develop this, and the author makes a first draft of the story. The instructor criticizes this, and the author then puts his story into its final form. The instructor re-reads this, and gives the author suggestions for any further revision that is needed to perfect the story, and advice in regard to its sale. Thus from conception to perfected story the author has the advice and help of an individual instructor.

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I desire to enroll for the Short Course of instruction in fiction writing of The Editor Council.

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If I wish to take the major course with the Council, the fee paid for the short course is to be applied in part payment.

I enclose \$25.00 in full payment for the short course with the Council, or

I enclose \$10.00, in part payment for the short course; I will send \$5.00 each month for the next four months.

THE LITERARY MARKET

There is a place somewhere for every
good Manuscript.—THE EDITOR

In this department THE EDITOR publishes each week news of the literary market that interests and aids writers with manuscripts for sale. Whenever possible statements are taken exactly from letters received from the editors of the publications concerned.

ARTICLES

BOOKS & AUTHORS (Monthly; \$1)

318 West 39th Street, New York, N. Y.

Articles: "We want material that is general from contributors—articles on tendencies in fiction, material that is in the nature of short editorials on subjects akin to literature, but not necessarily literary."

Suggestions to Contributors: "It is hard to define just what we will take, but it may be summed up in the phrase 'what we would agree with, or feel worth while as an idea that brings out the values of book-reading, and the use of books as tools for the average person.' We do not want boosts of local authors, as we get all we want of that for nothing—and use little of it. We do want reviews, or articles about foreign authors. Most manuscripts that come our way seem to be written as unconscious publicity material for authors in far distant lands, done by Americans. We are interested in foreign writers, but we are more interested in American literary tendencies, and the American writer."

Rates: "We pay on acceptance, minimum of two cents a word."

Special Needs: "We don't want matter hashed out merely because the writer lives in a town where an author lives. Most contributors write for us in a 'scholarly' style, seeking to review books long ago reviewed. If some of the smart young newspaper women who waste their postage sending us material about local celebrities, would interview the librarian and the book dealer, and send us a snappy account of what books are read most, and sell best, and some reasons why, and how adequate or inadequate the book-stores are, and what the literary club is discussing, we'd like it—even if the material was done in a humorous vein, but not in a fun-making style. In other words, we should like to give other cities and towns an idea of how an interest in books might be built up in the community where book-reading is at a low ebb. The problems of librarians, their attitudes on the public, what they do to stimulate interest, etc. We have no particular need, except that what we use must be carefully written, and have some snap and go—and interest people not only in idea, but in treatment."

Frederick Moore is editor.

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FORM FOR ENROLLMENT

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Book Hill, Highland Falls N. Y.

I desire to enroll for the fiction writing course of The Editor Council. I am to receive 52 Assignments and the entire series of Chap-books and Supplementary Material, and the help of an individual instructor in developing and writing and revising stories written in response to the Assignments. You agree to continue the work with me until I have sold at least \$100 worth of manuscripts after enrolling.

I enclose \$110 in full payment for the course and your tuition, or

I enclose \$20 as an initial payment, and agree to pay \$10 each month thereafter until I have paid \$120.00.

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Suggestions to Contributors: "We are at present in need of no material."

Rates: "Payment is made on publication at one and one-half cents a word."

Co-Ed Campus Comedy, 110 West Chicago Avenue, Chicago, Ill., is a new publication of the Collegiate World Publishing Company, the first issue of which is dated September, 1924. H. N. Swanson, editor, writes: "We intend to feature college stories, epigrams, verses, and illustrated humorous material. Our greatest need is for stories ranging between 2,000 and 3,000 words long—stories with collegiate background or stories dealing with collegiate characters in any kind of setting. At the present time we are buying stories around 3,500 words for *College Humor*; those for *Co-Ed* should have more 'speed and spice.' Payment is based on the worth of the story. In all cases stories are paid for upon acceptance, and decisions given within a week's time. While we are especially anxious to cultivate new writers, we also want to pay liberally for the work of established writers."

The Pacific Rural Press, 525 Market Street, San Francisco, Calif., has purchased *The San Francisco Farmer*, of Los Angeles, and will absorb it.

Lumber, 910 South Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Ill., which has been published weekly, will hereafter be published fortnightly.

Ohio Valley Home Furnishers' Digest, Cincinnati, Ohio, which is published by the Fathauer-Feuss Company, is the new name of the periodical formerly known as *The Home Furnishers' Digest*. The *Ohio Valley Home Furnishers Digest* is the official publication of *The Ohio Valley Retail Furniture Association*.

Lower Rio Grande Valley Magazine, Lock Box 321, Mission, Texas, is a new monthly publication, to start in November. Robert A. Jeffreys is editor. This magazine is to be, for the Rio Grande Valley, what *Sunset* is to the Pacific Coast. There is but small call for outside contributions, the special demand being for good Mexican border stories. Only small rates will be paid, and the editor prefers that prospective contributors first communicate with him, before submitting material.

Journal of American Insurance, Chicago, Ill., is a new monthly, to be published by the American Mutual Alliance. Harold P. Janisch is editor.

The Country Club Magazine, Los Angeles, Calif., and *Pacific Golf & Motor*, San Francisco, Calif., have been merged as one monthly periodical, under the name of the former.

The Southern Printer, New Orleans, La., is a new monthly. D. A. Gallagher is editor.

Facts and Figures, formerly published in Jacksonville, Fla., now has its headquarters in Washington, D. C. R. H. Rowe is editor.

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THE EDITOR, Highland Falls, N. Y.

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Mabel Lockman writes:

I appreciate The Editor more with each issue. I am convinced that if I did my part, to wit, worked more diligently and revised more carefully, there would be more sales. I recommend The Editor to all aspiring writers. It saves me much time and an agent's ten per cent. (though agents are a good thing, too) and I owe more than one sale to my weekly perusal of its pages.

Now a word about editors: First, I want to say a good word for Mr. Fulton Oursler of Macfadden Publications, 1926 Broadway, New York, N. Y. He must have a whale of a job and be overworked "somep'm fierce." But his unfailing courtesy, his promptness and efficiency in repairing whatever editorial delinquencies and delays are reported to him, are worthy of commendation. If he gives as much time, extends as much courtesy and expends as much effort on other writers as he has on me he deserves whatever is an editor's idea of heaven. Mine would be a retreat "far from the madding throng"—of manuscripts.

The editor of Telling Tales, 80 East 111th Street, New York, N. Y., must have had a taste of such a heaven; for a story of mine was with that magazine exactly three months waiting her return from a vacation, so a vague, unsigned general sort of letter from The Climax Publishing Co. informed me after my third letter of inquiry, which is the only one they acknowledge having received, although all three were addressed exactly the same, and bore my address on upper, left hand corner of the envelope. They received the story, too, addressed the same way, though they gave me an awful siege of wonder, worry and waiting. Too bad they missed the two letters that intervened between Ms. and last letter. For those two letters were courteous in the extreme. The last one wasn't. An afternoon was spent getting the scrambled Ms. together. The pages were badly mixed and some needed recopying.

I recall a story submitted once to *People's Home Journal, 80 Lafayette Street, New York, N. Y. Due to some overwork, the story was kept nearly six weeks. When four had passed I wrote an inquiry. Mrs. Charlton returned my stamped, addressed envelope, as she enclosed her answer with the returned Ms. There was also a well bred apology for delay—and an explanation.

Still another sort of editor: Here's to him. Because of an act of Congress I can't put the right fervor into the toast. Captain Roscoe Fawcett, *True Confessions and *Triple-X, Robbinsdale, Minnesota. He recently kept a story of mine overlong—I thought. But I knew I was sure of square dealing, even when I inquired. But two Mss. sent since that one had come back. So I had to ask, as it might have been mislaid. When they returned it my heart sank for a minute. But it came home for revision with a lengthy editorial letter saying they would have done the rewrite there, only my style is somewhat original

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and it was wiser for me to tone it down, etc. I wonder that other publications do not use a file card. Surely the slight expense would be offset by the immunity from letters of inquiry. And it's a nice bit of consideration which makes authors love them.

More power to The Editor and the editors. And more patience to the pencil pushers and type ticklers. Amen.

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(Continued on Page V)

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Letter Dodging

By JAMES LUTHER PHILLIPS

In the past two or three years I have received so many practical suggestions and have been helped so much by reading the smaller articles in this magazine that I am tempted to send in this hint. In every issue I read one or two little ideas that are great producers when worked up. I am in hopes that some one will discover another means whereby he can reach the goal by trying "letter dodging."

Recently I paid a visit to my dentist, during which he told me that I would do well to have a large number of my teeth extracted and later replaced by the well known "store teeth." Being a meek and timid soul I took his advice and proceeded to have the work done. At one sitting (as he is pleased to call it) I had all the teeth between the two eye teeth pulled out.

As the gas that I had taken began to wear away and consciousness returned my dentist stood back and surveyed me with a broad grin spread over his countenance. Perhaps he knew, and I am inclined to think he did know, the terrible thing that had happened to me. It did not dawn on me at once but by the time I had reached home I knew.

A great many who read this will realize immediately the predicament in which I was placed. Without those teeth I could not pronounce properly any word beginning with or containing the sixth letter in our alphabet. I could do it by going through certain contortions that were embarrassing to me and amusing to others. As you know, the letter indicated is pronounced by slightly drawing in the lower lip and placing it against the teeth under the upper lip. Expel the breath sharply and the sound is completed. As an example answer this question: "On what date does Christmas Day come?"

My problem was to remedy the condition.

It became necessary to speak slower and with much more care. I had to choose my words and should they contain the prohibited letter immediately discard them and pick others. This I had to do while talking and it was such good training and such good practice that I am passing the experience along. I enlarged my vocabulary somewhat and increased the synonyms I carry in my memory. My enunciation is clearer, I do not have to repeat as much because I am more readily understood. It has taught me to use more care in my speech in every way.

Try the thing some time. I do not mean to have your good teeth pulled out, but to try dodging this particular letter. In conversation you will, no doubt, commit numerous grammatical errors. This is caused principally by stopping short, then continuing a sentence with a new word. The tendency here is to switch over to another means by which you can express your thought and the sentence becomes distorted. This is corrected by diligent practice, and those to whom you speak do not notice the "dodged" letter's absence.

Take an item in your newspaper, read it, and see how many times you come across the dangerous letter. Then read it again, changing the language so that you do not use any letter containing the tabooed letter. It will be necessary at times to change the sentence structure, but by no means change the sense. It does not take long to become accustomed to this dodging game. That is the light in which I came to regard the whole thing. And it was a sport that made the time between the extracting and the day I got my plate seem very short. Since I began with this one I have taken other letters and studiously avoided them a whole day at a time.

In the beginning I thought I was attempt-

ing the impossible but as the days passed it became a habit, and now there are times when I am about to use the letter and I hesitate long enough to make sure that I can pronounce it without scaring my audience.

There is a great similarity in the letter V and the one I have mentioned, but V is much harder to "dodge." Also, there were two certain prepositions, much used, that were particularly hard to get around.

Perhaps you have noticed that this article is a little jerky and disconnected, but I beg your indulgence. I have used the whole thing to illustrate my point. While the same sound must be made in pronouncing the words "alphabet" and "enough," there is not a word anywhere in the composition using the letter I am dodging.

Trade Journal News Markets

BY HAROLD J. ASHE

Though practically all market statements concerning various trade journals go into detail concerning article requirements, few of them so much as mention whether or not news items about the trade for which they are published are used. It is futile for the news correspondent to send his news stories about haphazardly to any and all journals within the field covered, as some of them use no news whatever, and others only use briefed down items, which to the writer would hardly cover his postage.

For this reason this compilation of news markets has been made. Payment for trade news is invariably on publication or the tenth of the month following. All of the data contained herein, with one or two exceptions, is based upon the author's own business with these magazines.

American Funeral Director, 139 Ottawa Avenue, Grand Rapids, Mich. (monthly), published by the Periodical Publishing Co., H. E. Daniel, editor. This is one of the oldest and most reliable of the journals devoted to the interests of the funeral director. The magazine consists very largely of straight news matter of interest and pertaining to the profession. A typical issue contains news stories on "Drivers' Strike Holds Up Funerals"; "Funeral Director Forced to Cancel

Funeral"; also a column, "Recent Deaths in the Profession." Photos are particularly acceptable, especially those of new and unusual funeral homes. Rate of payment is from one-third cent a word up.

American Paint & Oil Dealer, 411 North Tenth Street, St. Louis, Mo. (monthly), uses news of the retail paint trade.

The American Printer, 243 West 39th Street, New York, N. Y. (twice a month), uses news items about the printing trades. It pays about two-fifths cent a word.

Barrel and Box, 537 South Dearborn Street, Chicago, Ill. (every other Tuesday), is published in the interests of manufacturers of brick and clay products. It uses news stories on new brick and clay plants, as well as news covering the expansion of established plants. It gives very courteous treatment and pays half a cent a word.

Building Supply News, 407 South Dearborn Street, Chicago, Ill. (every other week), particularly wants brief notices of changes and additions to retail building supply firms, and also names of new firms, together with the amount of capital invested. They also use short items covering the changes in retail building prices as compared with previous months or years. It pays approximately one cent a word.

Bus Transportation, Tenth Avenue and Thirty-sixth Street, New York, N. Y. (monthly), McGraw-Hill Co., publishers, is devoted to the interests of the independent operators of bus lines, as well as electric traction companies that have added bus lines as auxiliary service to street-cars. It uses some news matter. It pays at the rate of one-half cent a word, but does not return unavailable news so return postage should not be sent.

Confectionery Merchandising, 2058 North Western Avenue, Chicago, Ill., uses news items that are of interest to the retail confectioner.

Dress Essentials, 1170 Broadway, New York, N. Y., uses news covering the lace, embroidery, dressmaking, neckwear, and allied trades.

Dress Trade Weekly, 3 Park Place, New York, N. Y., pays one-half cent a word for news of important happenings in the drug trade.

Electrical World, Tenth Avenue and 36th Street, New York, N. Y. (weekly), is another McGraw-Hill publication. This weekly confines itself almost exclusively to matters that are of interest to the electrical power company executive. News stories, to be acceptable for this magazine, must pertain to big power projects—dams, power generating plants, and other big building operations involving large sums of money. News covering changes in ownership of large service companies is also desired. The rate of payment is one cent a word. Unavailable material is destroyed.

Engineering Contracting, 9 South Clinton Street, Chicago, Ill., uses news items of interest to those engaged in road and street building, excavating, and hydraulics.

Fairchild Publications, 8 East 13th Street, New York, N. Y., publish two daily trade papers, *Daily News Record* and *Women's Wear*. They use news regarding men's and

women's apparel stores, dry goods, general merchandise and department stores, textile and garment manufacturers, etc. Payment is made at the rate of 25 cents an inch for mailed news.

Furniture Index, Jamestown, N. Y., uses news covering furniture manufacturers east of the Mississippi.

Furniture Manufacturer & Artisan, Grand Rapids, Mich., Periodical Publishing Co., W. V. Morrow, editor, uses news accounts of new furniture factories. Payment is at the rate of one-third cent up.

Furniture World, 15 West 58th Street, New York, N. Y. (weekly), uses news items of happenings in the furniture trade.

Grand Rapids Furniture Record, Grand Rapids, Mich., Periodical Publishing Co., uses market news of interest to the furniture trade. It pays one-third cent a word.

Ice & Refrigeration, 5707 West Lake Street, Chicago, Ill., J. F. Nicherson, editor, states that "We are subscribers to several newspaper clipping services and the items you sent had been covered. We are always in the market for news matter but if we are to accept any such, the news must be received prior to our receipt of it from the news clipping service." News of new ice plants, etc., comes within this paper's scope.

Jewelers' Circular, 11 John Street, New York, N. Y., uses news items covering the retail trade—changes in ownership, new stores, etc. It pays about one-half cent a word.

Musical Advance, 149 West 2nd Street, New York, N. Y., uses news of musical events in all parts of the country.

Musical America, 501 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y., uses news of all kinds covering events in the musical activities in various cities and towns. The larger cities are covered by regular correspondents. Its rate is \$4 a column.

Musical Courier, 437 Fifth Avenue, New

York, N. Y., uses news similar to that of Musical America and Musical Advance.

Music Trades, 501 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y. (Saturday), is published in the interests of manufacturers of and dealers in pianos, player pianos, talking machines, phonographs, records, music rolls, musical merchandise, brass, string, wood, wind, and percussion instruments, sheet music, and supplies entering into the manufacture of these articles, including steel, iron, copper, felt, paper, ivory, wood, etc. News covering all of the above is welcome. Besides this, they use short personal items of vacations, business trips, minor appointments, increases in capitalization, etc. They particularly seek suitable material for their musical merchandise department, and also their radio department. It is advisable to write to the editor for an appointment as local correspondent. It pays \$3 a column.

National Retail Clothier, Chicago, Ill. (semi-monthly), is the official organ of the National Retail Clothiers. It uses some news pertaining to new buildings projected for the trade, changes in ownership, etc., and pays one-half cent a word.

Oil, Paint and Drug Reporter, 100 William Street, New York, N. Y., uses news of new drug, oil, and paint factories, including capital invested, officers, etc. It pays one-half cent a word.

The Phonograph and Talking Machine Weekly, 146 Water Street, New York, N. Y., uses news of both the retail and manufacturing phonograph business.

Playthings, 381 Fourth Avenue, New York, N. Y. (monthly), published by McCready Publishing Co., is devoted to the interests of the toy and novelty trade. Much of their news is furnished by press clipping bureaus.

Presto, 407 South Dearborn Street, Chicago, Ill., uses much the same kind of news that *Music Trades* does.

The Talking Machine World, 373 Fourth Avenue, New York, N. Y. (monthly), uses news of the phonograph trade.

Textile World, 334 Fourth Avenue, New York, N. Y. (weekly), uses news concerning new textile factories of all kinds, changes in ownership, additions to plants, etc. It pays one-half cent a word and up.

Contemporary Writers and Their Work

A Series of Autobiographical Letters on the Genesis, Conception, Development, and Writing of Fiction, Poems, and Articles Published in Current Periodicals

On Doing What One Wants To Do

By DARRAGH ALDRICH

My story, "Buddy Finds a Demonstrator," in the June American had its genesis in fact, probably—although, like most writers, I am not often aware of just the moment in which a story begins. My "pet philanthropy"—which takes up my little leisure—has for many years been the beautiful work of the Maternity Hospital of Minneapolis—my home town. Adoption is therefore a very

present interest with me always. Undoubtedly the adoption of a beautiful little boy of an adorable disposition and rare intelligence who had been with us rather over the usual time on account of a crippled hand, suggested the definite point of departure of the plot—together with the instance of an older child in another home—an Orphans' home which I was visiting—eagerly "demonstrating" the

younger ones when there seemed a possibility of adoption. These two instances, far apart in time, occurred to me when I decided one day to write a story of adoption—a human drama which I had so often watched with absorbing interest. As to the growth of the story—I don't know. My tales are exactly like *Topsy*; I have no idea how they move except that usually they go straight along and each character comes on the scene, generally fitted with a suitable name, when needed.

My training in newspaper work taught me that "keeping on" from start to finish is the only way to achieve a story, and consequently I have always gazed with considerable awe upon authors whose temperament demanded periods of leisure between the start and the finish of a short story to "gather up their nerves." My only "problem to work out" is how to secure enough time free from interruption to keep right on with the work from the first period of its conception. I'm mighty likely to lose the "key"—and complete the story in quite another—if any leisure intervenes. And I find in my study of the short stories of others, that this is often the case. Don't you find it true?

I fear that my "experiences as a writer" are of little worth, for I am a living example of the writer who has failed to take advantage of remarkable opportunities. But since The Editor asks it, I shall be glad to give what I consider should be an awful warning to young writers not to stop writing for an instant. Editors are the nicest people in the world. Just remember that; I have found them so. They are more disappointed when a story of mine does not suit them than I am—a lot more disappointed. I began, as I said, in newspaper work and achieved the American Press Humorists Association as a "Colyumist" before the days when "Colyums" became merely syndicate stuff scrambled off in an idle moment. I did humorous stuff for various publications—and then married. Of course,

one can't write humor as a bride. It's too serious a business; so my first stop came there. Editors were sorry—sorrer than I was—about it, but finally they gave up asking me for humor. Then I did short stories until I worked up quite a market. On the full tide of this, I suddenly decided to stop short stories and write a book. So when I was asked for short stories I was "busy on a novel."

Usually people have hard times with novels, I am told. I expected to. I didn't. Doubleday Page, quite the nicest publishing company anybody could ever have dealings with, took my book upon the strength—or weakness—of the first few chapters. It was called "Enchanted Hearts," and was published in 1918. It was a good pot-boiler but I took the pot off the fire when the book was taken over within a few months for dramatization under the name of "A Prince There Was." George Cohan, quite the pleasantest person in the world with whom to have dramatic (and by the way, financial) dealings, was not only the producer, but also appeared—for the first time in eight years on the stage—in the title role. Naturally that meant a lot in the way of royalties. Especially as it was sold for moving pictures and Thomas Meighan, who is always popular, appeared in the title role of the film version.

Now of course any well informed person—one who has taken applied psychology at least—knows that the way to success was open at all of these points: novelist—playwright—co-author with the famous Cohan—all the rest of it. Just here is the shock. Let everybody take warning by my horrible example and never do likewise: I have gone right straight back to articles and short stories because I love to do 'em! Also I love the editors who have had such patience with a person who has absolutely no system of writing and who does exactly what she wants to do at the time she wants to do it. Nobody is more exasperating than such a writer. I

know it. When you write, editors make a market for you—publishers make a market for you—producers make a market for you—at considerable expense to themselves. If

you then fail them, you are horrid. You are ungrateful. Don't do it! Have I helped any? I'm wistful about hoping so.

A Note on the Travel Novel

BY DOROTHY MILLS

There is little to tell regarding the development of "The Arms of the Sun" (Duckworth & Co.). It went quicker and easier than any other of my books, and was written in three weeks. The conception of the monkey men was one that had long lain in my head, and was worked out after the preliminary idea of the white girl discovered unconscious queen of a savage tribe occurred to me. The local color of the flight north was in part supplied by my travels in West Central Africa last year.

I'm afraid my literary history is simple and not very interesting. My first novel, "Card Houses," and first literary endeavor (published in 1917) I wrote as a young girl

during an idle winter just for amusement, with no idea of publication, and it was accepted by return by the first publisher, Eveleigh Nash, to whom, on the advice of my husband, it was offered; since then I have written four novels at irregular intervals, inspired mainly by countries and types I have travelled among, mostly in Africa. Travel stuff is what interests me most, and my only travel book, "The Road to Timbuktu," published here last March, and which has been taken in the United States by Messrs. Small, Maynard and Co., of Boston, represents more enthusiasm and effort than anything else I have written.

"Said By—Written By"

Opinions and Quotations from Old and New Books and Periodicals

Westward Ho! for the New Literature

BY CLEMENCE DANE

(Continued from last issue)

And with that, off they go, arm in arm, the author pouring out the most marvelous and improbable story of a marvelous and improbable life of action and excitement, and strong men and lovely women somewhere in the world, while the public hangs on his every word.

They can afford to do without the critics, these tellers of tales, for they are engaged in the game that Shakespeare engaged in, that Boccaccio and Chaucer engaged in, that Ho-

mer himself engaged in—the good old game of giving the public, not the intellectual but the ordinary every-day public, what it wants, what it always has wanted and always will want, the transitive, not the intransitive, verb of life—action, excitement, blood, a little love, a pepper of passion, all placed, not as your realist insists on placing them, in the drab street we live in, but just far enough away for distance to lend enchantment, at the foot of the rainbow, in fact!

Of all the stories that have trickled

through to Europe (there must be quantities that never reach us), Clarence Mulford's seem to me the best. He follows the Homeric formula: his Ithaca is the Bar-20 Ranch; Hopalong Cassidy is his Odysseus, and the Western States of America the lands of his Odyssey. The neighboring chiefs are Buck Peters, Frenchy Macallister, Tex Ewalt, and so on. These heroes battle interminably with rustlers and crooks: their own "gun-play" sufficiently supplies the miraculous element, and the laughter-makers are the bartenders, the hobos and the Chinese cooks. Lord knows how much of the stuff is true to life, but at least it is "tough but interesting," as Huck Finn would say. I still think the best of the series is "The Man from Bar-20," possibly because there is no woman in the tale. The tale is a man-hunt, pure and simple. The hero pursues a gang of desperadoes and, with some help from an elderly scout, succeeds in shooting down every last man before he returns to his ranch. It may be a bloodthirsty story, but it's wildly exciting. And, once again I emphasize it, its characters live. Mr. Mulford's latest volume, "The Rustler," with its improbable plot and irritating femininity, does not stand comparison with it for a moment; but "Johnny Nelson" is almost as good, and the long list on the title-page is worth exploring.

W. C. Tuttle, J. B. Hendryx, G. W. Ogden and B. M. Bower are among other writ-

ers of this school; and though you may sometimes be amused from another angle than that intended, still I repeat my belief that they deserve attention and respect, for they are like gardeners in winter, preparing the ground for a new crop of literature.

Their stories will die; but the legend of their stories will survive until some youngster arises, bred on Bret Harte and Mark Twain, knowing his Whitman as we know our Chaucer, who will seize on the typical figures of a Hopalong Cassidy or a Johnny Nelson, on the fragments of their stories that have filtered down to him, and weave them into such a Saga as the world has never dreamed. It will be an epic in which the words Texas, Mexico, Arizona and California will thrill as do Garde Joyeuse, Camelot, Shalott and Broceliande today. Johnny Nelson will reemerge, a new Parsifal; and the Maries and Hatties and Sallies will replace the faint and shadowy damsels of Malory's day.

Yes, there's a great time coming for some unborn genius of 3000 A. D. And by that time, who knows? Britain may be a barbarian isle once more, and our descendants a primitive people, engaged in the eternal task of recreating, as the wild places of America are doing today, the material for a literature—a literature which, like the Arthurian cycle, will combine the soul of romance with the substance of life itself.—The International Book Review.

Barry Pain on Authorship

By W. P.

Some months ago I had a talk with Mr. Barry Pain on the subject of story writing. I made a note of what he said directly afterwards. He was not speaking for publication, but I have his permission to publish the following:

"I consider," he said, "that a young and unknown man who is trying to make a living

today by story writing is considerably handicapped if he has artistic feeling and conscience. I don't know why it is, but the editors of popular magazines, almost without exception, undervalue their public. No doubt there are more unintelligent people in the world than intelligent, and the magazines cater, for commercial reasons, for the great-

est possible number. But I can't believe that the average reader is quite as silly as the editor thinks. The editor always has a clear idea of what his public wants—so clear that it is a wonder he doesn't write all his stories himself. If you can invent the recipe, you should be able to make the pudding.

"The story must have a distinct plot with plenty of incident in it, and should preferably close with a snap. The ending must, of course, be happy, and the story must contain nothing which would be unsuitable reading for a school-girl. There must be plenty of dialogue in order that the page shall not look too heavy. As long as these desirable qualities are obtained, style does not matter at all, and grammar doesn't matter much more. Characterization goes for nothing. The characters may say what they would not say and may do what they would never dream of doing; that does not matter in the least. The consequence is that most of the stories in the popular magazines are of exactly the same type, alike even in their inartistic blunders, and it might be expected that the unintelligent public, so dear to the heart of the editor, would by this time be sick to death of them.

"Katherine Mansfield was an artist if ever there was one. She wrote beautifully, and her observation was fine, but she far more often wrote a story with an idea than a story with a plot. If she were alive today, and none of her work had been published, and she sent her stories to the editors of some dozen popular magazines that I could name, I am pretty confident that they would be refused. Yet those stories that don't conform to the editorial prescription often attain, when they are published in volume form, to a popularity which, taking the difference in price into consideration, is comparable to the popularity of the monthly bundle of rubbish which refuses them.

"What the dickens, then, is the young au-

thor to do? Well, if you put it like that I can only suggest a reasonable amount of compromise. It is no good to keep on making bull's-eyes on the target at which you are not aiming. It is no good to try and impose upon the editor your own idea of what a short story should be, and if, from the limitations which he imposes, you can't send him a story of the best kind, you can at any rate send him stories of the kind he demands which you have written in the best way of which you are capable.

"For instance, he wants plot. Give him plot. He can have it. Don't make the blunder which the hack fiction writers make of having a misfit between the plot and characters. Lead on to plot if the characters will move in that direction, but don't make them do and say things which you know perfectly well they would not do or say. I have no particular prejudice in favor of an unhappy ending. There are plenty of stories which for artistic reasons should end happily. Let the editor have these when they occur to you. And be patient under editorial correction. I wrote a story in which a very bad man indeed said, 'Well, I'm damned.' When it appeared in the magazine, the editor had altered that wicked phrase to 'Goodness me.' On such occasions a philosophic sense of humor is a great help.

"But if you have got any gift at all, don't give it up altogether. If for four hours in a day you work to please the editors, spend another two in working to please yourself. After all, originality and real merit do generally find some acknowledgment in the end.

"And when your meritorious work really does receive acknowledgment, your further trials begin. The editors and publishers will want another exactly like the last. They will try to force you into a groove; they will not believe that because you have invented well once you can invent well again in a different subject."—The Writer, London.

Keeping At It !

BY FANNIE HURST

No special act of fate befriended me in my persistent struggle to win success as a writer of short stories. Success just didn't happen to me. I made up my mind early to write. I was only eight. Nothing much else interested me, and I was determined that nothing short of death would stop me in what my family termed "sheer madness."

I wrote through my childhood schooldays and through high school and college. I thought my stories were interesting, but the editors seemed to hold a different opinion, and I received no help from them even with helpful criticism, for my literary efforts were returned by them without personal letter or comment; they were merely always accompanied by the regulation printed form of refusal.

For years I vainly endeavored to penetrate the editorial mind. I bombarded practically every magazine of importance and scores of newspapers with my literary product. I am well acquainted with the outer offices of countless magazines and newspapers.

My family considered me hopeless; said the world was full of writers; that I was wasting my time, and urged me to forego my idea of ever making a success of it.

But I was tortured continually by the thought of writing something the public might like to read, and I couldn't interest myself in anything else, at least not for any length of time.

Many aspirants for literary success appear to hold the desire for success, but very little else.

I receive scores of letters from them. Won't I please read their manuscripts? they ask. The idea seems to exist with many of these young people who would write that if only they had a pull they could reach some degree of success.

I think my own experience shows them how wrong they are in this respect. But doubtless most of these people are more easily discouraged than I was. I sent thirty-six stories to the *Saturday Evening Post* before they accepted my first one.

This, I presume, most people would think requires more courage and time than they would care to expend in such a venture into the land of uncertainty. But it is difficult to understand, judging from my own experience, how one can succeed without being willing to stand by such facts.—The New York Sun.

THE EXPERIENCE EXCHANGE

(Continued from Page III)

material of positive value on writing and marketing experiences. We receive many letters of complaint, many of which repeat facts to which sufficient publicity has already been given. We ask authors to remember that when a publisher withholds checks because he is finding it difficult to finance his business, there is nothing to be gained by "pounding" or hounding him. Patience, at such times, is the watchword. The Editor would much rather publish news of sales and pleasant experiences, than unfavorable criticism. We want to publish the latter only when it will serve some useful purpose. Will each reader of The Editor try to send for The Experience Exchange an account of his sales and successes? We'll welcome them.

How to Write Stories for Young People

BY DAVID C. COOK, JR.,

*Managing Editor of The Young People's Weekly**(Continued from last issue)*

We have little patience with "religious professionalism" as a form or manner to be displayed before the public. Recently, a story submitted to the *Weekly* began with a conversation between mother and daughter during which the daughter spoke approvingly of a certain young man of her acquaintance. "Why, Mother," she said, "I could tell that he was a Christian just by the way he walked, when I first passed him on the street."

Have we then reached the point where our characters must have a certain kind of walk, or step, which will set them apart from others as Christians?

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THE EDITOR, Book Hill, Highland Falls, N. Y.

Jesus did not teach a weak doctrine or code of ethics. In his dealings with others he won the respect even of his enemies. And remember, he did have enemies, though our goody-goody story heroes seldom do. Nowhere in the New Testament narrative was Jesus called soft or weak by friends or enemies, and he was living in an age when life was built along rugged lines.

Your aim, as a writer, should be to reinterpret Christianity to the reader in terms of modern life, but in the true spirit of the Master. This is the very antithesis of depicting weakness in any form.

Then there is another side to the problem. Your characters are intended to perform the function of actual human beings, and not of abstract virtues walking along on two legs. You are not dramatizing a sermon. If your purpose is to preach, the readers will take much more kindly to a skilful presentation of your theme in article form.

A short story is supposed to give a true picture of life, to entertain, to create a heart throb. To be taken kindly by its readers, the characters must be drawn from life. They must have reality and vitality. The propaganda story which distorts characters and makes them a mere means to an end is not only poor art, but it is a piece of hypocritical imposition upon the reader, who is justly disgusted with it.

Make your heroes and heroines normal, everyday young men and young women who are very much alive and up-to-date. They should have their faults and their weaknesses, but in the last analysis they should be controlled by the highest ideals of Christianity and Americanism. Do not favor the old-fashioned young woman who charms because of her quaint, sweet manners, or the young man who is so unsophisticated and trusting that he allows everyone to impose upon him—who says, "If I love everybody, everybody will love me." Your characters must be pretty well acquainted with the world they live in, the world which God made and put them in. They must try for big things, fight great fights, and

conquer worth-while battles. At the same time, they must mix with companions of their own age and become one of the group, not set apart from it. They must have motives and emotions and experiences common to the rest. But in the end they must be controlled by their better selves in meeting a crisis.

You should know young people of today in their home, school, business, and social life in order to depict your characters. You should get in touch with the new spirit and understand the customs, the standards, the common law of the modern group. You should even pay attention to such small matters as dress, mannerisms, and fads. It will not do to rely upon your memory of the way young people dressed, acted, and talked when you were young. Your technique must be up-to-date or your reader will consider you an old fogey and your characters tiresome.

We do not mean that you are expected to thrust your characters into the midst of the social whirl of the younger set. There is a side of life represented by the dance, card playing, and the theater which we will ignore, but without doing violence to the best in the modern life of young men and women. In fact, the so-called "society story" will not be missed in the Weekly.

So far, we have only mentioned the young people characters. They are to be your heroes and heroines. In addition to them, there will be parents, teachers, employers, and other adults, for the sake of plot construction, who will remain somewhat in the background. But even these persons should be modern. In many cases, one of the parents, especially the mother, is made the central figure. She is present from the beginning to direct and advise every act of her loving son or daughter. Even at this age, he or she is incapable of coming to any independent conclusion, or to act on his own initiative. Needless to say, this is entirely out of line with the modern spirit. Wise parents who wish to hold the love and respect of their children, and who care anything about

the welfare of their offspring, encourage them to decide many things for themselves long before they reach maturity.

Often the mother is represented as an old-fashioned, simple-minded lady, and the father as a good natured old-timer. It simply isn't true to life. Modern parents are as up to date and full of pep as their children. Parents do not grow old as fast as their parents did. Instead of being put on the shelf, they take their part in the good times, recreations, and affairs of the day. Quite often their children have a hard time to keep up with them. The world is moving too fast to develop fogies either young or old. As a people, we are essentially vital and progressive—and as a whole, we are right minded.

Conversation.

In the true short story fast movement is essential. Only enough conversation is introduced to acquaint the reader with the personalities of the different characters and to make the situation clear. Every sentence spoken has a real purpose necessary to the plot and sense of reality. Every tendency to wander or expand is checked, and long phrases are condensed to produce more telling effect in shorter space. In carrying the action, the narrative rather than the dialogue is used.

All authorities on short story writing agree on the above requirements.* If short stories for adults must condense conversation in order to speed the action, how much more essential is it for stories for young people to eliminate needless talk. Yet many manuscripts submitted to us are three-fourths talk and one-fourth action and description. These are of three distinct types.

First, there is the story which has a really good theme but not one requiring much space to present. But the writer has expanded it to over twice its legitimate length by conversation which lends nothing to character delineation or preparation for the action to come. The characters simply talk on and on, perhaps as they would have done in real life; but the reader is not interested in living the whole episode through with them to the extent of the last word spoken.

Second, there is the story in which most of the action is related by one character to another. This is poor technique, as the reader gains a much more vivid impression of the action when the narrator relates it to him than when he overhears a series of explanations by the characters.

Third, there is the narrative in which the characters act as mouthpieces to express beautiful thoughts to the reader. They talk about loyalty to the home, the joys of service and sacrifice, or whatever else the writer has in mind, upon the slightest provocation or upon no provocation at all. It amounts to this, that we have the words of a hero or heroine, without the appropriate situation to justify them. The effect, to say the least, is illogical.

There is distinctly a place for a message to be conveyed by the words of your hero or heroine, that

*Editor's Note: "Agree?" If so, for this type of story only!

is if you will build that place into the plot of the story itself. But to have your characters express deep sentiments in their everyday conversation, to make protestations uncalled for under the circumstances, is to ridicule high ideals rather than to ennoble them in the eyes of the reader. The conversation of the normal young person, even of the best Christian type, is not one long message. To represent it as such, is to make it appear grotesque, to change words that might under right provocation and stress seem beautiful and forceful, into mere cant and platitude. The young person is not given to wearing his heart on his sleeve, and it is only in some crisis that he will express his deepest and noblest thoughts.

The diction of your characters should be that of the present day, rugged and forceful. To make it so, there is no necessity for the use of profanity or vulgarity. Even the modern secular magazines of the best sort request their writers to leave out that which is objectionable. Reality can be suggested, they point out, without offending the reader.

The use of dialect is coming to be a thing of the past. The farmer no longer talks like a "hayseed." Hold a conversation with one and you will see that this is true. Even the Irish policeman talks English today instead of speaking with a brogue. Dialect may be necessary in some rare cases, but use only enough to suggest your character.

Mystery.

The better magazines are waking up to the fact that readers of all ages love a mystery with suspense and final explanation. They have discovered that it is possible to secure this without introducing the cheap detective. There is no reason why we should not combine the mystery element with a worth-while motive and message in many of our stories, and we trust that our writers will pay particular attention to this type.

Care should be taken not to introduce lurid or un-plausible situations.

Humor.

The element of humor is seldom found in the Sunday school story. In every breath they draw and word they speak, the characters take themselves and others so seriously that a smile seems a sacrilege and a real, honest to goodness laugh nothing short of a crime. Surely religion is not incompatible with humor of the best sort. We are told that tears lie very close to a smile. And you will find that you can often depict the deeper emotions much more effectively against a background of delicate humor.

Humor is one of the God-given traits. It teaches us to see the other fellow's point of view, to overlook slights, to play the game square, and to treat others as we would have them treat us. Only the selfish and self-centered person lacks a sense of humor.

Give your characters this saving grace. Even in times of great stress let them see the funny side of the situation. When the suspense is the greatest, introduce a diversion to relieve the mind of tension for a moment so that it may return again to the subject with greater appreciation of its emotional appeal, because of the contrast.

As a rule, we do not care for the story which simply seeks to be funny, although there are cases where the joke turned on the "villain" in an artistic way constitutes a splendid message. Never make fun of sacred themes or motives or make your heroes or heroines appear ridiculous in the eyes of the reader. Laugh with your leading characters rather than at them.

Optimism.

In a sense, many of the stories received are over-optimistic, in that the characters are absurdly cheerful under all circumstances. They continually play the "glad game" until the reader would gleefully do them physical injury if he could reach them. This is not exactly the type of optimism which we have in mind.

Your characters should become involved in situations that try the soul. Upon proper provocation they should show a healthy temper. They should become blue as normal human beings do, but, because of their innate courage and faith in the good, they should always win. Even in trying times, they should occasionally buck up and smile. In other words they should be natural.

The general impression created should be optimistic rather than depressing. Present worth-while situations, but avoid themes which are sordid and hackneyed. The poor widow woman who lives with her boy in the slums, the drunken father, and the death-bed repentance are hackneyed and in poor taste. Choose normal characters instead of those who are old fashioned, uneducated, crippled, blind, weak-minded or poverty-stricken.

Democracy.

Where it is necessary to introduce characters who are comparatively well off along with those who are relatively poor, do not seek to create a sentiment against the former. It seems to be the fashion to represent the wealthy as always overbearing, unjust, undemocratic, cowardly, lazy and inefficient; to picture their success as a result of mere luck or unfair dealing. The poor character, on the other hand, is represented as generous, just, democratic, courageous, and efficient. In the story he always shows the rich person for what he is.

The effect upon the reader is to create a harmful prejudice and enmity toward those having more of the world's goods than themselves, to create a caste distinction instead of a spirit of democracy, and to teach a wrong idea of success. Let the movies have the field for this cheap type of melodrama which makes its appeal to the lower type of Americanism. In choosing your hero do not favor either the rich or the poor. There are strong and weak in both classes. Be fair and democratic in your point of view.

Restrictions.

While writers are encouraged to give a normal picture of events and problems in the life of young men and young women, there are certain restrictions or limitations to be observed.

1. We cannot use love stories in the usual sense of the term. It is allowable, however, occasionally to make use of the love appeal. We cannot rule this

out entirely without creating unnatural situations. But suggest romance rather than portray violent love scenes.

2. Seldom should reference be made to amusements or habits not in favor with the church, such as dancing, card playing, theater going, smoking, drinking, or swearing. The main characters should not be depicted as doing any of these things. An exception may be made in the case of an attempt to stop bootlegging or something of the same nature.

3. The problem met by your hero should not be that of foregoing some amusement disapproved of by the church. This problem is more effectively handled by other means than the story.

Serial Stories.

As a rule, serials should have young people characters of both sexes. Although either the young man or the young woman may take the leading role, one of the opposite sex should, if possible, come a close second.

We can use serial stories from two to eight chapters, each chapter two thousand to three thousand words in length. In a general way the serial should follow suggestions given for other stories. It should have plot complication, quick action, and suspense. It should lead from one episode to another until one final complication and climax is reached. Then should come the denouement. It differs from the short story form in that each chapter contains a stirring situation which is broken off at the end to be continued in the next chapter. But these episodes all lead up to and prepare for the final climax and explanation.

We do not care for the expanded, padded, or rambling serial. Something worth while must happen in each chapter. Sufficient suspense must be created at the end to make the reader anxious to receive the next. The weekly interruptions give the serial a special problem in holding the interest; and unless it is handled as suggested above, it will not be read. Even after a real effort is made to do this, it is often found advisable to condense the first two chapters into one.

Submitting Manuscript.

All manuscript received by the Young People's Weekly before the twenty-fifth of the month will be reported on or before the tenth of the month following, available manuscript being paid for and unavailable material being returned. Manuscript received after the twenty-fifth will be held over to be read the following month. This method is pursued in order to give fair and careful reading to all manuscript received.

Kindly address all manuscripts suitable to this publication to the Young People's Weekly, Editorial Department, David C. Cook Publishing Co., Elgin, Illinois. Do not include items intended for different publications in one envelope, or expect us to determine for which paper or magazine an item is suitable. A study of the needs of our different publications is the first prerequisite to submitting available material. We are always willing to send sample copy and explain the requirements of each publication.

The Author's Weekly

Fifteen Cents a Copy

September 6th, 1924

THE EDITOR

A Journal of Information for Literary Workers

A Weekly Service for Authors

VOL. 66

Book Hill, Highland Falls, N. Y.

NO. 10

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R. S. M., E. H., Ralph Parker Anderson, Delphia Phillips, C. S. McC., and I. R. H. Write Short Letters of Interest to Other Authors.

Weekly

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The material supplied to the author taking the short Council course consists of nine Chapbooks, each a little volume on an important problem in the conceptive or the executive technique of writing, and four Assignments, each a definite, concrete stimulus to the conception and development of a short story, and complete directions for the construction of the story.

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If I wish to take the major course with the Council, the fee paid for the short course is to be applied in part payment.

I enclose \$25.00 in full payment for the short course with the Council, or

I enclose \$10.00, in part payment for the short course; I will send \$5.00 each month for the next four months.

THE LITERARY MARKET

There is a place somewhere for every good Manuscript.—THE EDITOR

In this department THE EDITOR publishes each week news of the literary market that interests and aids writers with manuscripts for sale. Whenever possible statements are taken exactly from letters received from the editors of the publications concerned.

**The Property Owner's Magazine*, 215 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Ill., Frank E. Kennedy, editor, writes: "We are interested in all articles pertaining to property, both industrial and home. The editor prefers to have contributors write in proposing articles on certain subjects pertaining to protection of property, architecture, landscape design, industrial plant layout, beautifying property, playgrounds, municipal parks, etc. If the subjects are acceptable, the authors will be commissioned to proceed and the length of the articles will be decided. We seldom use material over 1,000 words, and the text should be accompanied by three or four photographs suitable for reproduction. Our rate of payment is from one to two cents a word, and payment is made upon acceptance of the manuscript." Some of the purposes of *The Property Owner's Magazine* are to print "discussions of little-known phases of property ownership; vital points in property management; unique methods of property protection and improvement, as well as many descriptions of property of historical and commercial interest. It also seeks to help those who are anxious to improve the looks of their garden; utilize a factory yard; protect the public from the dangers presented by any industry; make a school or park or public playground better serve its purpose; or who wish to be informed on legal aspects of property ownership. As world population has increased and civilization has advanced, the problems of property ownership have become more complex. Today, the man who gets the most out of his property does not trespass on the rights of his neighbors, and understands something of the legal and moral aspects and obligations of ownership he must of necessity assume. In this magazine the editors will attempt to review and discuss some of the more important phases of the subject and will present illustrated articles by leading authorities."

Real Life Stories, The Magazine Builders, Inc., 145 West 57th Street, New York, N. Y., "would appreciate an announcement in *The Editor* to the effect that this magazine has resumed and will appear on the stands monthly henceforth as an all fiction paper." Eliot Keen, editor, writes: "Real Life will use short stories of all lengths. No serials. As *Real Life Stories* is a general all fiction magazine, we are not limiting ourselves to any special type of story, but are interested in the clean, strong and interesting type, provided it is handled with sincerity and understanding and has touches of real sentiment. As we have not bought far ahead, we are very much in the market at present. We give quick readings and pay promptly. Most of the material used by Screenland is furnished by staff writers. Outside contributions

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Many writers have said in substance: "*The letters that THE EDITOR COUNCIL has written to help me develop my ideas and write my stories have been of great value.*" Occasionally an enthusiastic COUNCIL student has said that one letter of criticism was worth the price of the whole course. And hundreds of COUNCIL students who have been helped to revise stories that they later sold, have given the entire credit—which seldom was really deserved—to the COUNCIL. We have in mind now one letter, of which the author for whom it was written plainly says: "*Your last letter was worth hundreds of dollars to me!*"

It happens that this letter is a fairly good one. It probably will give most writers more practical knowledge of story-writing than could be drawn from a half dozen books on fiction technique. This letter will be sent to you, if you so request when forwarding your enrollment for the Major Course in Fiction Writing of THE EDITOR COUNCIL.

FORM FOR ENROLLMENT

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I desire to enroll for the fiction writing course of The Editor Council. I am to receive 52 Assignments and the entire series of Chapbooks and Supplementary Material, and the help of an individual instructor in developing and writing and revising stories written in response to the Assignments. You agree to continue the work with me until I have sold at least \$100 worth of manuscripts after enrolling.

I enclose \$110 in full payment for the course and your tuition, or

I enclose \$20 as an initial payment, and agree to pay \$10 each month thereafter until I have paid \$120.00.

on the motion pictures are given consideration, but it is always best to query us first."

The Smart Set, 119 West 40th Street, New York, N. Y., will not suspend publication. F. O. Tremaine, editor, writes: "The Smart Set will not be discontinued with the September issue. The policy of Smart Set is being changed. Beginning with the October issue, we will publish first person stories with illustrations. This does not mean that we are going to be a 'confessional' magazine. We are not looking for confessions, but are looking for first person stories with a realistic note. We will pay a flat rate of three cents a word for all material found acceptable. Stories may tell of love, adventure, success, or a combination of the three."

**The Pure Iron Era*, 215 Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Ill., a magazine devoted to industrial conservation and development through the use of ferrous metals of special analysis, Frank E. Kennedy, managing editor, writes: "The editors of Pure Iron Era desire to get in touch with a technical writer in each of the following cities: New York, N. Y.; Detroit, Mich.; Pittsburgh, Pa.; St. Louis, Mo.; Cincinnati, Ohio; Philadelphia, Pa.; Houston, Texas; San Francisco, Calif. These men will work on assignment only and should be able to write technical and semi-technical material about certain industries in their territory. The articles will be in the shape of definite assignments wherein we will acquaint the writer with the name of the manufacturer, the type of story required, the number of photographs, the length of the article, other features, etc., etc. The articles will generally run from 1,500 to 2,000 words; the rate of payment, 1 1/2 to 2 cents a word."

****The American Magazine*, 381 Fourth Avenue, New York, N. Y., offers a first prize of \$20, a second of \$10, and a third of \$5 for the best letters of not over 400 words each on "The Most Resourceful Boy I Ever Knew." The editors say: "Probably boys of your acquaintance have displayed remarkable courage and cleverness in the face of trying situations. Think over the list of youngsters who have done things you like to tell about, select the most resourceful one of the lot, and write us about him. Set forth definitely what he did and how he did it. Possibly he found some extraordinary way of earning money, or of gaining an education under great difficulties. Perhaps he rescued someone from peril, or used his head to good effect in time of sickness. But in whatever way he distinguished himself tell about it in your letter. The competition closes September 20th. Address Contest Editor, The American Magazine, 381 Fourth Avenue, New York, N. Y. Contributions to this contest and any enclosure cannot be returned, so you must make a copy of your contest letter and of any enclosures if you want to preserve them. Manuscripts and inquiries not connected with the contest must be sent under separate cover to the editor of The American Magazine."

**The Henderson Lithographing Co.*, Norwood, Cincinnati, Ohio, Minto L. Henderson, Jr., editor, writes: "We wish to take this opportunity to thank

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THE EDITOR, Highland Falls, N. Y.

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HIGHLAND FALLS, N. Y.

you for inserting our notice in The Editor, and to tell you that we have had many replies to it, some of which proved to be very good 'finds' for us. If you will be so kind as to run another notice stating that we need 'Christmas and New Year material,' we shall be very much indebted to you. The last notice we ran was in regard to 'Mother Day' verse and we have almost gotten all we need through The Editor. We are advertising in other trade papers to the authors, but the results have been nowhere near yours."

****Triple-X, Robbinsdale, Minn.,** "illustrated monthly magazine of adventure, western romance and detective stories, is featuring stories of men that have had unusually adventurous experiences, in a department entitled 'Speaking of Men.' They deal biographically with the careers of adventurers, frontiersmen, explorers, soldiers of fortune and others who have had exceptionally romantic lives. Among the biographies already accepted are those of Capt. Guy Molony, chief of New Orleans police, called 'the one man army'; Jay Bruce, California's champion lion killer; 'Lucky Charley Anderson,' Klondike plunger, who lost the Midas touch; Captain Cochrane, of the Arctic ship 'Bear'; Hugh Thomason, a fighter under six flags; Lieutenants Lowell Smith and Eric Nelson, of America's world tour fliers; Sig Haugdahl, automobile racer, and others. These sketches are illustrated with unconventional photographs and are limited to 1,500 words in length. For them Triple-X pays a minimum of two cents a word immediately on acceptance. The publishers also announce that at present they are especially in need of action stories of less than 10,000 words, for which they will pay a minimum of one and one-half cents a word, immediately on acceptance."

***Our Dumb Animals, Back Bay Station, Boston, Mass.,** writes: "Through the generosity of Mr. George Foster Howell, well-known humanitarian of Brooklyn, N. Y., two cash prizes, one of \$30, and one of \$20, will be awarded to the writers of the two best essays on 'The Humane Treatment of the Horse,' submitted to Contest Editor, Our Dumb Animals, 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston, Mass., not later than December 31st, 1924. The object in giving these prizes is to create a stronger sentiment in favor of protecting the horse from cruelty. Mr. Howell writes: 'Scarcely a day passes that I am not an unwilling witness of the abuse of horses in the lower part of New York City, down in the side streets especially.' Contestants must write on one side of the paper only (typewriting preferred), sign full name and address at the upper left corner of the first sheet of manuscript (not on a separate sheet), and limit the article to 600 words. No manuscripts will be returned, so contestants are urged to retain copies of their offerings. At the donor's request, the merits of the manuscripts will be judged by the editors of Our Dumb Animals. Announcement of the prize-winning essays, and publication of the one winning first prize, will be made in the February, 1925, issue of Our Dumb Animals."

(Continued on Page V.)

THE NEW STORY WORLD

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Contributing to Story World each month are men and women whose names are known wherever short stories are read and photo-plays are shown. In addition to the regular departments conducted by Frederick Palmer, H. H. Van Loan and others, there appear in the columns of Story World articles of interest to writers by Frederick Jackson, Frances Harmer, Jim Tully, Sheldon Krag Johnson, Carl Clausen, Gerald Breckenridge, H. Bedford-Jones, Bryan Irvine, Winifred Kimball, Ethel Styles Middleton, Frederic Taber Cooper, Tamer Lane, Louis Weadock, Zane Grey, Upton Sinclair, Eugene Manlove Rhodes, Stewart Edward White, Harry Leon Wilson, Booth Tarkington, and the famous writers for screen and printed page.

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Contemporary Writers and Their Work

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How I Came to Write "The Two Coyotes"

BY DAVID GREW

I am sure that all writers find that the plan they make for a novel often goes through so many changes, that by the time the novel is completed it is very different from what it was to be according to the original plan. I know that that was the case with nearly all the novels I have written, except "The Two Coyotes."

Several years ago, I became interested in the life of the Eskimo, up in the Arctic regions, and laid out the plans for the plot of an Eskimo story. I planned to go North that summer to get "local color." But as plans often fall through, or slip a few notches, I was unable to get away from New York until November. I went, despite the fact that it was very late in the season for such a trip, hoping that I might come upon some belated expedition leaving Athabasca Landing on dog sleds. When I reached the Dakotas, my first stop, I was welcomed by a severe blizzard and from that time on until I reached the Landing, it was one blizzard after another. At the Landing, I found a deserted village. The gold rushing days were over for Athabasca Landing. Two dinky railroad lines now led in two different directions from Edmonton. There were no dog sleds off for the North. A few other discouragements and I abandoned my attempt to visit the Eskimos.

I returned to Edmonton, where I stayed until early in the spring; then I went out to the pioneering country that lies south of the Saskatchewan River in Alberta, where the log cabins and the poplar woods fringe the great Alberta prairies. There I remained for

a long time teaching school and writing. I found that the only way a man doing my work could get close to the natives of a country was to teach their little schools. As a writer one is apt to appear to the simple natives as a man of mystery; but as their teacher, one becomes at once a member of the community.

During my stay on the prairies (having been brought up on the prairies of North Dakota, the open plains were home to me) there were two beings that made the deepest impression upon me. One was the coyote that I met so often when I went out riding, and the other was the inevitable bachelor that one finds almost as often in every section of the prairies, living alone in his little sod hut. Wherever I went, on any sort of trip, involving ten miles or more, I was sure to pass at least one or two of these bachelor huts; and something about them stirred me to the depths. I felt that if ever life to me should prove to be a disappointment, I would escape the pain of it by going to the prairies and finding some secluded hollow or shallow hill top, where I might build my sod hut and forget the distractions of civilized life. There was something so picturesque, something so peaceful, something so ineffably tragic in the remoteness, the desolation of some of these dilapidated little huts, that I could not keep their images out of my mind. I visited farmers with big houses, proud of their "mansions," who took me from room to room to impress me with the grandeur of their homes; but all the while in my mind I saw the black,

coyote-den-like sod huts, the wind whistling dismally around them, individual grass blades sticking out here and there from the earthen walls, nodding sadly in the breeze.

If I saw one of these bachelors come out of his hut, it struck with the same ineffable emotion that I experienced when I happened to see an individual coyote come out of his den and sit down on his haunches—a tiny speck of life on a plain so vast that it made me think of a baby left alone on the dead fields of the moon.

So there came to me one day a flash of inspiration. It came in the form of a title: "The Two Coyotes." Never before have I thought of a novel in just that succinct, unmovable way; and I had to fight to keep to it. When my story was written, publishers almost without exception wanted it changed. Without exception they all liked the real coyote part of it. Some wanted the man, the bachelor, changed, his character made more pleasing to those who look upon manhood as most perfectly typified by the latest collar advertisements in the subway, so that his romance might end to the strains of Mendelssohn's wedding march. One was afraid of this and the other was afraid of that. I have been moved by publishers in other things. I am not unmovable; but I never left a conference with a publisher on this story, but I would say to myself: "No! If I change this story, I will ruin it. Better never to have it in print!"

I want to say that this was true only of the American publishers to whom I went. My English publishers, T. Fisher Unwin, Ltd., of London, accepted the book within a few days after they had received it; and when I wrote and told them of my difficulties with American publishers, they replied that they were concerned with nothing but getting the finished manuscript.

I hope the readers of The Editor Magazine will pardon my air of triumph; but I

cannot refrain from telling them that if they could see the reviews of this book that have appeared in the English press (especially) and also in the American papers, they would feel with me that I really did triumph. I say this because I did fight a desperately hard battle, and I did win out. I think that those of us who are trying to produce the best books of which we are individually capable are forced to fight a desperate battle. Publishers, after all, are not creators of literature. They are governed perhaps to a greater degree than they themselves realize by what appears to them as the "saleability" of a book; and I am sure that they will admit that they very often make mistakes even in judging from that point of view.

Publisher after publisher asked me to separate the "two coyotes" in the story. They felt that they could appeal to the two different individual classes of readers, those who are interested in animals, and those who are not, better if I did make two stories of my material. But, of course, to me personally that would have been destructive. It would have seemed like tearing the canvas of a picture in two, in order to satisfy the two different beneficiaries of a legacy.

Although "The Two Coyotes" came first in my mind, "Beyond Ropes and Fence" appeared first. It was while I was working on the plan for "The Two Coyotes" that the farmer with whom I lived asked me one Saturday morning whether I would accompany him to a ranch sixteen miles away, where he wanted to buy a broncho. I remember how I debated with myself that morning as to whether I should or should not take off the time from my work to go to the ranch. I remember how a little voice within me accused me of being lazy and not sufficiently devoted to my work to throw up an opportunity for pleasure; nevertheless the little voice, a good little voice I suppose, was soon suppressed. I went with him and I have often tried to

fathom the extent of my loss if I had not gone; for the story that came to me at that ranch, out of a clear sky, gave me a start in my career that I had been unable to get before that in many years of hard labor.

While I waited at the ranch, for the farmer and the rancher who had gone off to round up the wild bronchos on the range, I sat down on the tongue of a wagon and surveyed the barnyard life. Quite suddenly, a buckskin pony came lazily sauntering out of the huge barn and at sight of me pricked her ears and looked me over. She decided apparently that, though out of place, I was quite harmless, and went her way.

She was a beautiful thing. I got up and started after her, calling to her as I went. She stopped and waited for me and I patted her for the longest time, becoming so attached to her that I decided to buy her. When the rancher came back, I told him that I wanted to buy her.

"You want to buy old Dora!" he said with a smile, taking a well bent tin pail, turning it over and sitting down upon it. "That mare is all of twenty years old."

Of course no farmer would think of buying a horse that was twenty years old. When he buys a horse he wants one that will give him as many years of service as possible. But Dora did not look old to me, and besides I was not going to stay in the country more than a few months; and so I insisted that I wanted to buy her.

"Well, sir," he said finally, as if he had done some thinking while he had been looking at me, "that mare's got a history!"

And a wonderful history it was! A history that has given me material for two books, one of which, "Beyond Rope and Fence," has already spread Dora's name through half the world, and the other story is now being written. "Beyond Rope and Fence" gave me a start in my career that I needed. The story was published in New York and very shortly afterwards in London and The Hague, and it is soon to appear in other languages. Some ten different editions of it have already been published; and this fall there is to appear a new and illustrated edition for the public schools.

A Sound Novel Technique

BY H. C. M. HARDINGE

The first idea that came to me for my novel "Whirlwind" (G. P. Putnam's Sons) was that of the central figure, Jessica.

I must confess to having taken the character and chief incidents of her career from real life. "Jessica" is a real person whose name is world-famous as a great beauty and a great courtesan. As the lady is still living, I cannot very well mention her name, but it is as well known in America as in Europe. She was a clergyman's daughter and poor, and married a man who was also poor.

The latter scenes in "Whirlwind" which one (and only one) American paper considers

melodramatic and impossible (it was a lady who wrote the review), are founded on fact, only I have made Jessica the mother of a son and her prototype was the mother of a girl.

It struck me there was enormous drama in a woman who was at once the World's Worst Wife and yet the World's Best Mother.

Jessica in "Whirlwind" keeps her boy apart from everything immoral and so did the original of the character, who kept her daughter innocent and gave her the best of educations and—as I have said—proved herself a perfect mother. Starting with that for a basis, and remembering how tragic the re-

vealing of the truth proved in real life, I kept in mind that the climax of the book must be the ruin of Jessica's happiness.

It occurred to me there would be cynicism in letting her win all the world could give, and yet lose the one thing she valued—her boy's respect.

One problem I had to face was how to bring the revelation about and I saw drama again in bringing the father, son and mother together and in making it absolutely obligatory for the father to tell the son the truth.

I saw the father must be absolutely right in doing a brutal action. I saw that there must be no other course open to him but in common honesty and decency he must be forced to tell the truth.

But how to bring that about? Also how to unite the various characters at that time, when the trend of their careers had so greatly divided them?

Contrast is the law of Nature—or say one of the laws. Everywhere one sees contrast; therefore Jessica and her husband must develop in wholly different ways and the son (brought up so admirably) must seek his mate in a girl of his own kind, a contrast to everything his mother must have been at the same age.

Given that, one gets one's clash of wills,

the irony, and a perfectly feasible situation. The rest was easy—once I thought of the boy being in love with the right sort of girl, I saw the way to the solution of all the problems.

But I think characters always go somewhat their own way. A writer should never force their action, indeed he should not force their creation. He should let them come of their own volition—and dwell with him, and talk to him, and become so close to him that he can see their every motion, even the clothes they have on to the smallest detail. In fact, they should be as visible spiritually to his soul as the members of his household to his material sense. Indeed, more so, for they will come and talk and explain themselves and never deceive, but be more real souls than those always with him, who must always keep some hidden little something secret to themselves from all the world.

I say again this cannot be forced. Let a writer who has found a character that interests him—be it one of a dramatic nature or placid and removed from any storm and stress of life—let that man go away to the sea, or the mountains or woods—wherever he will, so he is alone and undisturbed, and—yes—let him woo that character, which will most certainly reveal itself, and gladly so, for it seeks manifestation—and the rest will follow.

The News Story in Fiction

BY FITZHUGH GREEN

My recent book "ZR Wins" (D. Appleton & Company) is a perfect example of the way a news story can be utilized as a fiction lead. Not only is there the splendid timeliness of the news itself, but there is usually a good deal of free publicity to be gained.

When the news broke last fall that the United States Government planned to use its new dirigible for a polar trip, feature writers immediately made a note on their calendars

for Arctic and aeronautic spreads and stories due in the late spring. It was readily seen that even if the proposed expedition did not materialize there would be a great deal of speculative talk on the subject.

In addition, there was an inviting feature of the whole theme stowed away in the fact that the American expedition as well as that of the Norwegian, Amundsen, would penetrate the unknown area of the Polar Sea.

This was the real opening for the fiction writer.

Having before me then the news story and the undeniable opening for a good imaginative yarn, I set about securing plausibility matter for the foundation of a short story or book. I realized that the usual scientific stuff wouldn't go, because it wouldn't be strong enough to be in keeping with the setting. Also, there had to be some human interest action in the plot that would set it apart from the ordinary run of such tales.

On the second day of my search I hit on the historical fact that the early Norwegian colonies had been far more prosperous than was generally realized and that their ten thousand or so inhabitants had, in effect, actually disappeared during that period of the sixteenth century when they were cut off from their mother country.

At once I saw the immense possibilities of my cue. The new expeditions were going into an enormous unknown area of the globe—1,000,000 square miles in fact—that had never been trod by the foot of man. In it might lie new land. That land might have been discovered by the original Norsemen. Their descendants might be found there to-day.

Here I encountered the bad lead of misfortune: it would be disagreeable for a reader to think of a large body of human beings living under polar conditions for a long period of time. How then should I make the thought of their isolation a pleasant one?

Here again a news story came to my aid. The Japanese earthquake had broken loose but a few weeks before. Examination of the map showed that the festoons of volcanoes along the Asiatic coast lead directly on up into Alaska and, if theoretically continued, bisect the unknown area of the Polar Sea which was to be explored. It did not take very many substantial scientific facts to make plausible the existence of a volcanic land therein;

and since Iceland has only this year taken active steps to utilize her volcanic heat for the warmth and industrial welfare of her colonists a "steam-heated polar paradise" was easily portrayed with proper verisimilitude.

When it came to the actual writing of the book, several new problems presented themselves. How much actual science would be required for critical readers? What effect on foreign markets would certain international aspects of the yarn arouse? Suppose the proposed expeditions failed to go, or were in many respects changed from the original plans?

Solution of these questions was secured in a neat and profitable way. Through Popular Science, Scientific American, The Outlook, and The Naval Institute, the story in its fact guise was put forth in a variety of forms. As editors are nearly always glad to report on the response from their readers upon a special article, it was easy to secure valuable hints in regard to the difficulties that would be entailed by putting the material in fiction form.

For instance, it was discovered that there would be a reaction to the possibility of prehistoric monsters being found alive in the new land if it were discovered. Conan Doyle had used this feature in his "The Lost World" some years before; but as his scenes were laid in South America there was no possibility of infringing on that book. Another interesting phase of the first public reception of the story was that it appeared to arouse more interest in foreign countries than it did in the United States. I found that this was probably due to the bearing of the story's theory on the future of international trade.

There were many other points of equal interest but space forbids their recital here. It is the obvious lesson of the experience that stands out as a monument to *seizing an opportunity*.

In other words there is much more these days to writing of any sort than simply the

mechanics of composition. The writer who is alive to possibilities follows the daily papers like a sleuth. A chance for free publicity on a piece of fiction or a feature article is money in the bank for him. Incidentally, nothing pleases an editor more than having a writer point out the timeliness of a live theme far enough in the future to be well played up in the editorial columns of a periodical.

And, finally, it is worth while recording that the average reader is pretty well inoculated with the trend of the day's news. Anything that can bear vigorously upon that news and, at the same time, conform to the conventional requirements of love interest, action, and plot is bound to leave its author's hands with a pretty healthy chance of seeing the light of day.

"Said By—Written By"

Opinions and Quotations from Old and New Books and Periodicals

Why Women Write the Best American Novels

BY MARGUERITE MOOERS MARSHALL

"Four women," said William Allen White, recently, "are writing the best fiction in America. No four men in the United States can write up to the level of Willa Cather, Edna Ferber, Zona Gale, and Dorothy Canfield." One may not have the courage of Mr. White's positiveness about the potential literary achievement of American men, and yet agree with him on the point of their actual performance. American women *are* writing our best fiction; one is convinced of it, especially after an extensive and intensive course of reading that has been done both for pleasure and for purposes of criticism. The obvious question remains—"Why?"

Is not the first point to be made in favor of the women writer her superior honesty about life?

There are at least four favorite points around which the illusions of today's novelists cluster: (1) women; (2) maternity; (3) the absorbing interest of any physical sex-relationship; (4) the importance of adolescence. In these matters the American woman writer seems less inclined to cheat herself. Being a woman, she can do an "inside job" of feminine psychology, and she can create heroines without falling in love with them

and therefore trying to foist upon the reader an idealized conception. In that notably fine first novel, "Weeds," Edith Summers Kelly sees her Judith steadily and sees her whole. The uncontrolled passion of the Kentucky farmer's wife, her cruelty, her slatternliness, are set down as uncompromisingly as her beauty, her joy in life, her honesty, her instinctive rebellion against injustice. In "Birth," the revealing light of Zona Gale's satire-touched sympathy falls as strongly on Marcia as on Main Street: one perceives just how sterile and ineffectual a charming, cultured, devoted woman may be.

Another illusion, by which our feminine writers are refreshingly unaffected, is belief in the "new" girl. They do not find that wearing short skirts and smoking cigarettes have given her a different heart and soul. Consequently, a woman reader has no difficulty in recognizing the humanity of Edna Ferber's flapper, Charlie, in "The Girls"; or of Dorothy Speare's prom girl, Joyce, in "Dancers in the Dark" and "The Gay Year"; whereas the heroine of Floyd Dell's "Janet March" remains the stiffest of jointed dolls.

Perhaps there is some good-Freudian reason why men seldom write of motherhood in

terms of simplicity and realism, and it has been left the woman novelist to show the mother functioning normally: to show the pain, drudgery, irritation, that are apparently inescapable working conditions of the job. Kathleen Norris erred on the side of sentimentality in her early work, but in "Certain People of Importance" and in her new collection of short stories, "The Callahans and the Murphys," she sets down every agony, every temper, every tiresome chore of motherhood. Dorothy Canfield, in her spring novel, "The Home-Makers," is equally uncompromising. Margaret Deland, in "The Eliots' Katy," one of the "New Tales from Old Chester," published this spring, weaves the prose and the poetry of motherhood in an inextricable mesh.

The best of our American women novelists likewise have outgrown the convention that the most significant thing in life is what the divorce courts call "relations" between a man and a woman. It is not squeamishness or prudery which makes Ethel M. Kelly, in her most recent and most remarkable novel, "Heart's Blood," briefly indicate a situation which the author of "Cytherea"—or of the *Decameron*—would have heavily underscored. Miss Kelly knows the terror and irony of that moment in the life of her heroine, but she knows that it is *one* moment, one and only one factor in the long-drawn-out drama of a breaking heart. Nor does Dorothy Canfield's Marise, in "The Brimming Cup," turn away from the lover—when he offers her a passionate relationship—because she doesn't understand how much passion may mean, but because she understands how *little* it means, in comparison with the rest of life—what a drop it is in the brimming cup. Finally, there is Lizzie Hazeldean, heroine of Edith Wharton's story, "New Year's Day," to whom passion was but a stick to beat off the wolf that howled about the door of love; as she wearily informs her paramour,

when he wants to "make an honest woman of her!"

Without minimizing one's delight in Mr. Tarkington's adolescents, and one's interest in those of Mr. Fitzgerald, is it not possible to feel that the younger generation is getting rather more than its due share of space in our novels? Is not a part of one's satisfaction in the work of American women writers due to their clear conviction that fruit is better ripe than green?

Consider Miss Ferber's splendid full-length Selina, in "So Big"; the two women of mother-wit and mother-wisdom, Isobel McLaughlin and Barbara McNair, in Margaret Wilson's "The Able McLaughlins"; Zona Gale's "Miss Lulu Bett," and that other searching study of the psychology of meekness and timidity, Margaret Prescott Montague's Julie in "Deep Channel"; Hanneh Breineh, in Anzia Yezierska's "The Fat of the Land"; old Mrs. Wallenstein, in Fannie Hurst's "Lummox." Such carefully drawn adult characters prove their authors' emancipation from the sterile service of first youth. They prove also, if we needed the proof, that mature individuals, the more or less finished products of life, outweigh in interest its unworked material—in books or out.

While the American woman novelist of distinction does not look at her world through rose-tinted glasses, she rarely fails to see—and to make us see—its beauty. Take three recent novels: Miss Cather's "A Lost Lady," Miss Kelley's "Heart's Blood" and Sophie Kerr's "One Thing Is Certain." There is horror almost to the point of repulsion in the stark outline of each of these three plots. But the garment of Beauty has been draped over that outline, with singing phrases, with a feeling for atmospheric charm, with a compassionate tenderness. Sophie Kerr's novel, particularly, as well as its predecessor, "Painted Meadows," shows life on the Eastern Shore of Maryland like a great, glowing,

freshly painted canvas. Writing such as this means not only the esthetic instinct; it means hard, careful work, a deliberate effort to avoid the dull and the slap-dash.

Perhaps the better women novelists can afford to spend time on their style and their background because there are several things which they are not trying to do. They do not, apparently, seek to uplift anybody. Neither is their mission in life to haunt, to startle and waylay—in two words, to shock.

To be sure, if you analyze their plots, you will find incidents as regrettable as life itself: unmarried mothers in Miss Ferber's "The Girls" and Mrs. Wharton's "The Old Maid"; a particularly villainous seduction in "The Able McLaughlins"; a Baccaccian bedroom in "Heart's Blood"; married women who "forget their vows" in "One Thing Is Certain," "Weeds," "A Lost Lady," "Birth"—ah, well, why continue the list of iniquities! Yet they wear their rue with a difference, these women novelists; they are the recording angels of sin, rather than its press agents or its judges. They are more interested in adorning the tale than in pointing a moral.

If they have a mission, it is one hardly remote from any of us. Theirs is a deep, passionate, thoughtful interest in the American scene, past as well as present. The old New York of Mrs. Wharton glows no more vividly from the pages of "The Age of Innocence" and of "False Dawn" than does the new New York from Anzia Yezierska's "Hungry Hearts" and "Children of Loneliness." In "Hillsboro People" and "Rough Hewn" Dorothy Canfield loves Vermont as loyally as Sophie Kerr treasures the "Painted Meadows" of her Maryland. Her absorbed concentration on its terrain and its people gives wheat-growing Nebraska a proud right to claim Willa Cather as "One of Ours." And Zona Gale in "Birth" manages to feel a sympathetic interest even in the dead level of

small-town American life—and so to make us feel it.

Yet again, their sense of values holds true. They never get drunk on detail. Background is not allowed to swamp plot and character; a collection of data on interior decorating in mean houses, to usurp the place of a collection of souls. Perhaps one of the best descriptions ever written of the suppression and drudgery back of our homes is that picture, in the first chapter or two of Dorothy Canfield's new novel, "The Home-Maker," of the business of running a small house and a small family. One sees that horrible spot where Henry always slops the gravy on the floor; one feels the clammy touch of the scrubbing cloth. Yet the vital thing about these chapters is Dorothy's presentation of the fretted spirit of a woman; just as the vital thing in Anzia Yezierska's latest book, "Children of Loneliness," is not East Side squalor, but the prisoned soul of Rachel, caught between the Old World and the New; the valiant struggle of Sophie to give the best that is in her to "the America that is to be."

It is because our women novelists are not content with surface-photography that their books are so close-knit in texture. Consider the brevity of some of the best of them: of "A Lost Lady," "Miss Lulu Bett," "Deep Channel," and Mrs. Wharton's four most recent tales—"False Dawn," "The Old Maid," "The Spark," and "New Year's Day." The last one of these, particularly, contains the passion, the power, the plot for a seventy-thousand-word novel—yet why should it have been so padded, when it is all here in brief, exquisite compass?

There are, one is given to understand, "business" reasons for knitting tales loose, instead of tight. Writers are urged to make their books long, "so that the public will think it's getting its money's worth." Which brings one to the rather delicate point—is it possible that our best women writers are not

"good business men"? Granting this possibility, do we find in it one of the reasons why the women are doing better work? They are not, thank heaven! starving in a garret for art's sake; but neither do they seem to be writing too much, too hurriedly, too cheaply, for money's sake. They appear comparatively free from the Hollywood complex.

Of this negligence as practical women, their work presents plenty of internal evidence. One citation shall be made. By their *Unhappy Endings* the great women writers of America refuse to compromise with our Pollyannthropomorphic gods of the marketplace. Take even a partial census; death and not even honor after death for Zona Gale's Mr. Pitt in "Birth"; shame, heartbreak, suicide for Ethel M. Kelly's Gwenny in "Heart's Blood"; the loss of her soul and of her hope of heaven, from the view-point of "The Eliots' Katy" and Margaret Deland;

failure for Edna Ferber's *So Big*, in his mother's eyes and his own; love's frustration for Sara, one of Anzia Yezierska's "Hungry Hearts"; not even death, but a long life-in-death for the heroine of Mrs. Wharton's "The Old Maid" and for Lizzie Hazeldean of "New Year's Day" and "Ethan Frome"; likewise for Edith Summers Kelley's Judith, of "Weeds"; the penalty exacted by the years—even to the next generation—for the moment's mistakes of Sophie Kerr's Louellen in "One Thing Is Certain."

Here is no best-seller evasion of an issue raised, no morbidity for the sake of morbidity. Granted the premises, these conclusions had to be, and the women who wrote them did not cheat. They are, as one said in the beginning, of a quite superior honesty about life. That, perhaps, is why life, today and tomorrow, will care more about them.—*International Book Review.*

THE LITERARY MARKET

(Continued from Page III.)

RADIO (Monthly; \$.25; \$2.50)

Pacific Building, San Francisco, Calif.

Short Stories: "Yes. 4,000 words; humorous, practical radio stories."

Serial Stories: "No."

Verse: "No."

Essays: "No."

Feature Articles: "Yes, on practical radio, with illustrations."

Rates: "One cent a word. Payment is made on publication."

Special Material Required: "Practical articles on radio construction and operation."

A. H. Halloran is editor.

The *International Writers, Inc.*, 80 Lafayette Street, New York, N. Y., has arranged with the Republic Syndicate, 15 East 26th Street, New York, N. Y., to handle their features. G. F. Viskniskii, who was an old associate of T. C. McClure, of *International Writers, Inc.*, is said to be a capable and dependable business man who will give writers every consideration.

Pacific Radiator, Pacific Building, Oakland, Calif., Robert W. Martland, Jr., managing editor, writes: "We will appreciate it if you will run a notice to the effect that we are open for a correspondent in Seattle, Washington. We also wish to receive on approval

merchandising and technical stories which will interest the automotive trade. Thanks to The Editor, we have made connections with two very fine correspondents and it is possible that someone in Seattle will be interested in our proposition."

***True Confessions Magazine*, Robbinsdale, Minn., "finds that its most pressing present need is for stories of 1,500 to 3,000 words that have a special appeal to feminine readers. These stories must be written in the first person and must deal with some picturesque or poignant phase of real and intimate life. They must not be hung upon mere trivial commonplaces, but must be based upon occurrences that will catch and hold the interest of thousands of readers. They may be frank, but must not be offensive. The magazine, of course, also welcomes first person, confessional stories of greater length, up to 7,500 words, but its special need is for shorter contributions. Payment is made by Fawcett Publications, Inc., immediately upon acceptance, the regular rate being two cents a word."

Harry L. Pratt, editor of the *Mirror Dispatch* and *Pioneer Press*, St. Paul, Minn., writes: "I am in the market for a few short inspirational stories and editorials dealing with success in business in general. Being the editor of three house magazines issued for the benefit of our 7,000 employees, I am in need of material, either fiction or fact, that will carry an inspirational message or a spur to do things the better way. Poems, paragraphs, cartoons, etc., along this

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line is what I am after and they need not be exclusive to my magazines. You will understand that I want all short articles, ranging from 100 to 1,000 words and that the cost of these must be kept low, as there is no revenue in the issuing of these papers."

New Sensations, 709 South Fifth Street, Minneapolis, Minn., Addison Lewis, managing editor, writes: "This organization (Paramount Publications) will publish on November 1st a new monthly magazine, *New Sensations*, which will have a strong emotional and human interest appeal. Short fiction of from 2,500 to 5,000 words is desired, based on themes and subjects which are sensational in their content. Strong love stories, especially, are desired, as well as stories of the confession type. Prompt payment on acceptance will be made. The size of the publication will be 9x12 and the first issue will contain sixty-four pages. Manuscripts should be submitted to Paramount Publications, 709 South Fifth Street, Minneapolis, Minn." (Editor's Note: All the facts we have are included in the foregoing.)

**The New York Herald Tribune*, 225 West 40th Street, New York, N. Y., the editor of the *Book Review* department writes: "The *Herald Tribune* does not purchase poetry; but some outside contributions are used in the *Book Review* department. It is difficult to indicate the sort of material desired, except by saying that we use the best we can get—and, of course, for the *Book Review* department, articles of a critical nature, dealing with contemporary literature. The rate of payment is about \$9 a newspaper column."

THE EXPERIENCE EXCHANGE

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R. S. M. writes:

I am amazed at the number of reputable magazines

and papers that "take" manuscripts and pay in subscriptions. Some writers like to see their names "in print" so well they are willing to "give their manuscripts in a worthy cause." Others prefer to see their names in plebeian hand-writing across the face of a check, however small.

I am inclined to think that some periodicals list themselves in *The Editor* for purely personal motives, as a means of advertising.

Sports Afield is an old publication, a good one, and a prosperous looking one. It used a piece of verse, and no check appearing after several months, a reminder was sent. The reply is extremely pleasant. "We did not know you expected payment for your verse." Follows hard times talk and ends with: "We are sincerely sorry you should have been in any way bothered about this matter, and remain, with many good wishes," etc. It also states clearly: "We are not able to pay anything for our poetry; neither do we pay anything for complete short stories of country life, and sport, hunting, camping, adventure, etc."

The *Home Magazine*, Nashville, Tenn., writes naively: "We are keeping your little poem. . . . Perhaps you know that the *Home Magazine* is a little bit of a baby; it is going through the birth pangs, our money is very limited, and all I can offer is a year or two's subscription." Follows a request for a "Helping Hand," with much printing on back of letter sheet concerning payment allowed for getting subscriptions, etc. I will say that this magazine is not connected with the various Sunday school publications of Nashville, which are all fine to deal with and prompt pay.

Babyhood is another which sends out a charming letter, but can pay only in subscriptions.

I have no complaint against editors. They have been good to me. I often wonder at the unfailing courtesy in spite of submerging manuscripts.

Contrary to The Editor, however, I know that many most reputable magazines do return manuscripts that have been stamped, written on, and otherwise defaced. The re-folding of Mss. seems to be a very common thing.

I should like a list of syndicates and other markets that use juvenile verse and stories. The Newspaper Enterprise Association, Cleveland, Ohio, seems to be about the most human and understanding syndicate. It usually tells why, if Ms. is returned. It runs but one verse feature and that is supplied by a staff correspondent.

Chicago Daily News syndicate seems to have a new editor. For many years W. Werner accepted or returned Mss. of short fiction. I have sold it many two thousand word stories. At the present time their output is under the name of "Bertram."

The New York Sun Woman's Page editor wastes no time writing. If any manuscripts fail to come back, look out for a check.

The New York Tribune nearly always writes a few words as to the why and wherefore, but is extremely particular about the line of acceptances.

Practically all the Sunday school publications are pleasant to deal with. Manuscripts all handled during the month, and those not returned are paid for from the tenth to fifteenth of the month.

I sold many stories to The American Boy, while Clarence Budington Kelland was editor; he was the finest man with whom to deal! The editor who succeeded him has another clientele of writers. Moral: "Make hay while the sun shines."

E. H. writes:

I was just talking to Edwin Baird over the phone; he asked me to send any mystery or detective stories to him, and I suggested that he make his present wants known through The Editor.

He said he would be glad to have The Editor say that he needs mystery and detective stories from 2,000 to 70,000 words in length, and that his company has been reorganized. The name of the magazine now is "Real Detective Tales" (with "and Mystery Stories" as a sub-title). Mr. Baird is editor. He is no longer connected with Weird Tales, which is now being published in Indianapolis, at 325 Capitol Avenue.

Mr. Baird says the new organization of Real Detective Tales enables him to pay more promptly, and that the rate remains about the same, about one cent a word.

A letter from Emil C. Wahlstrom, former editor of the Paramount Magazine, states that he expects to put out the first issue of his new magazine, El Dorado, in September; address, The Wahlstrom-Oravetz Publishers, 714 Press Building, Binghamton, New York; that it will be of the highest standards, literary, etc.; to be the size of the American Magazine, and for the present will contain about one hundred pages.

MONEY SAVING SUBSCRIPTION OFFERS

Your own subscription for The Editor Weekly will be credited in advance for one year, if you will obtain subscriptions from two friends, *not now subscribers for The Editor*, for one year each. If you desire, you may pay \$3.34 for your own subscription, and arrange with two friends to pay \$3.33 each for theirs. The three yearly subscriptions and \$10.00 must be sent together, direct to THE EDITOR, Book Hill, Highland Falls, N. Y.

OR—

Your own subscription for The Editor Weekly for one year, and yearly subscriptions for four friends, *not now subscribers for The Editor*, will cost \$15.00. If you desire you may pay \$3 for your own subscription, and arrange with four friends to pay \$3 each for theirs. The five yearly subscriptions and \$15 must be sent together, direct to THE EDITOR, Book Hill, Highland Falls, N. Y.

OR—

Twelve yearly subscriptions, on the same terms, i. e., at least eleven must be for folk who are not now subscribers for The Editor, will be given for \$30.00. You may pay \$2.50 for your subscription for one year, and arrange with eleven friends to pay \$2.50 each. The twelve subscriptions and \$30 must be sent together direct to

THE EDITOR, Book Hill, Highland Falls, N. Y.

OR—

A fully paid enrollment for the Major Course in Fiction Writing of The Editor Council will be given, without cost, to the writer who obtains 50 yearly subscriptions for The Editor at \$5 each. This is equivalent to an allowance of \$2.20 for each subscription. At least 40 of the subscriptions must be for readers who are not now subscribers.

OR—

For a yearly subscription, sent to us by a subscriber for a friend whose name is not now on The Editor subscription list, The Editor will give 50 of each size of Printed Manuscript Mailing Envelopes. The order must come from a reader now a subscriber for The Editor, with \$5, and must be for a reader who is not now a subscriber.

THE EDITOR MAGAZINE
A Weekly Service for Authors
BOOK HILL, HIGHLAND FALLS, N. Y.

(Editor's Note: Nothing definite is known of the financial ability of any of the periodicals mentioned by E. H.)

Ralph Parker Anderson writes:

I wonder if The Editor's readers are following the new weekly, *Liberty*, 25 Park Place, New York, N. Y. It is a splendid publication, and uses a variety of material. Rex Lardner, of the editorial staff, writes personal, helpful letters.

Can some readers of The Editor give the rest of us a few hints on writing travel articles? My impression is that travel writing is a good field. In the first place, traveling enables a writer to gather a vast amount of material for fiction use. An author, if he is sufficiently skilled at writing travel articles, should be able to work his way over a large portion of the earth's surface.

Opportunity, 327 So. LaSalle Street, Chicago, Ill., recently paid me \$10 for an article on "Some Men I Won't Promote—and Why," being an interview with a business leader. Its usual rate is one cent a word. It favors success stories based on the experiences of people who started with nothing and built up successful businesses. It prefers the stories of careers that almost any John or Mary might be able to duplicate. Emphasize the "how" and give the details. Ralph O. McGraw, the editor, will help you to the limit. Several times he rejected manuscripts of mine, but always with a cheery assurance that he knew we would "connect" next time. He knows how to pack a lot of criticism into a few lines.

Another editor who can compress a vast amount of thought-provoking criticism into a few sentences is W. V. Woehlke, managing editor of *Sunset*, San Francisco. Mr. Woehlke, who is always alert for new ideas and new writers, reports very promptly. Don't think that the magazine's editorial standards are not very high just because it's published 'way out West. The contrary is true.

Delphia Phillips writes:

Los Angeles *Saturday Night* and *Argonaut* (formerly published at San Francisco) have merged. S. T. Clover, editor, says: "With the merger of The *Argonaut* and the Los Angeles *Saturday Night* the dual departments impose so great a demand on our columns that, for the present, I am unable to consider contributions outside the regular staff. At a later date when contemplated enlargements are made, I shall be in the market again."

C. S. McC. writes:

I would like to answer E. M. B., who asks if anyone has had any dealings with the Dreyfuss Co. I have, and it has dealt very handsomely with me. I received prompt and courteous treatment, and a check for some stuff that I submitted.

I. R. H. writes:

Marriage Magazine, Bloomington, Illinois, holds material three months and then sends it back without even a rejection slip.

Beauty Magazine, 175 Duffield Street, Brooklyn,

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N. Y., is prompt and courteous and pays the fourth of the month following publication.

Household Guest, Chicago, Ill., accepted and paid for material in two weeks time.

Junior Success, 200 East Erie Street, Chicago, Ill., was an excellent juvenile market, reporting and paying for children's stories very promptly, but what's happened to them? It hasn't sent back material submitted last February and is deaf to inquiries.

Underwood and Underwood pays promptly for photographs containing a news value.

Our Little Friend, Mountain View, Calif., pays a low rate but is very helpful and courteous.

G. L. writes:

Charles S. Clark Company, art publishers, have moved from 261 West 36th Street to 218 West 40th Street, New York, N. Y.

THE EDITOR

A Journal of Information for Literary Workers

A Weekly Service for Authors

VOL. 66

Book Hill, Highland Falls, N. Y.

NO. 11

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Weekly

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30th Year

THE EDITOR

IN THE COURSE of long and varied experience in dealing with author-students, THE EDITOR COUNCIL has done much satisfactory, successful work—work that pleased us, first of all, and that resulted in the writing of stories that pleased authors, editors, and readers.

Without doubt ninety per cent. of the authors who have worked with the COUNCIL have been pleased, because the instruction was of permanent value to them, and *they learned how to write salable fiction.*

We have, of course, done some work that did not satisfy us. Most of this was just as unsatisfactory to the student.

Where we have done our best, most valuable work we have always found one condition present: the author thought first of his work, and second of his "feelings." He wanted to be helped, even if it meant sending some cherished mis-conceptions of story writing, and some "pet" unsold stories, into the discard.

Where we have been unsuccessful, it has been, *always*, because we had to think first of the student's sensibilities and vanities, and the problem his temperamental peculiarities offered, and secondarily of his work and the problems it offered.

This leads to the suggestion that if you are willing to receive instruction, are willing to be told that some of your work is "bad," so that later on you may be told that some of it is "good," you will certainly find THE EDITOR COUNCIL Course in Fiction Writing to be a step along the road to success.

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I desire to enroll for the fiction writing course of The Editor Council. I am to receive 52 Assignments and 52 Chapbooks, and the help of an individual instructor in developing and writing and revising the stories written in response to the Assignments. You agree to continue the work with me until I have sold at least \$100 worth of manuscripts after enrolling, provided my response to your help and suggestions indicates my earnest purpose to succeed in writing and selling good stories.

I enclose \$110 in full payment for the course and your tuition, or

I enclose \$20 as an initial payment, and agree to pay \$10 each month thereafter until I have paid \$120.00.

THE LITERARY MARKET

There is a place somewhere for every
good Manuscript.—THE EDITOR

In this department THE EDITOR publishes each week news of the literary market that interests and aids writers with manuscripts for sale. Whenever possible statements are taken exactly from letters received from the editors of the publications concerned.

***John Golden, well known and successful theatrical producer, 139 West 44th Street, New York, N. Y., announces a national prize play competition, in which only American citizens will be eligible to submit plays. Prizes of \$2,000, \$1,000, and \$500 will be awarded in the competition, as advances on royalties. Immediate production of successful plays will be made by John Golden. The judges in the competition are to be dramatic critics in cities of the United States. Tragedies, musical works, and plays of a salacious or sex nature will not be eligible. Mr. Golden says: "I have organized this plan primarily as a means of expressing my gratitude for the good fortune which has come to me as a result of my policy of presenting clean, humorous American plays. For several years I have realized that a great number of worthy plays may be going unread and unproduced. I hope this contest will bring new blood into the theater. It has been worked out so that it is open to all and fair to all. Its best feature lies in the fact that no one can have any notion of which judges or what plays will be in at the finish." Complete information regarding the submission of plays will appear in the next issue of The Editor.

Thrift, 797 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass., will appear, as a quarterly, on January 1st, 1925. Harold Cabot, editor, writes: "The following material is desired: (a) Articles from 400 to 3,000 words which are of interest to home folk; human interest stories with a distinctly home slant; stimulative or inspirational material, in the nature of homely philosophy, of 200 to 400 words. We particularly desire constructive material having back of it the ideal of a well-managed home. We want stories on successful budgeting of the family income; articles, essays, or stories dealing with Thrift and the financial angle to home and business life. All material must be 'alive' and interesting. The leading article in each issue is either by, or based on an interview with, a man or woman of National importance. (b) All technical subjects should be treated so that the layman may clearly understand them. The magazine is solely for the American family. (c) It is desirable to accompany manuscripts with photographs, glossy prints, sketches, or other forms of illustration. Payment will be based on current rates and upon the character of the article."

**Good Hardware*, 912 Broadway, New York, N. Y., G. H. Hanchet, editor, writes: "Will you kindly broadcast the news to readers of The Editor that what Good Hardware and The Progressive Grocer particularly desire at the present time is material relating to Thanksgiving and Christmas? Let the writer find out what the grocers and hardware dealers in his community have done in the past, and what they are plan-

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OR—
For a yearly subscription, sent to us by a subscriber for a friend whose name is not now on The Editor subscription list, The Editor will give 50 of each size of Printed Manuscript Mailing Envelopes. The order must come from a reader now a subscriber for The Editor, with \$5, and must be for a reader who is not now a subscriber.

THE EDITOR MAGAZINE
A Weekly Service for Authors
BOOK HILL, HIGHLAND FALLS, N. Y.

ning to do this year, to increase their Thanksgiving and Christmas trade. We want pictures of holiday window trims, store interior decorations, and anything else that might interest or help the merchant who is out to increase his business. Short paragraphs from 100 to 200 words in length are snapped up, provided they contain some tangible idea. We prefer to have these paragraphs illustrated, but we also buy many that are not accompanied by pictures. Longer articles dealing with successful plans and methods of doing business are also desired. These articles should range from 1,000 to 1,500 words in length, and we like to have them accompanied by several pictures, so that we may make a layout. What we don't want is theorizing, preaching or generalities. Both of our magazines try to get away from the dry-as-dust type of matter found in some trade publications. Jokes are always welcome, and right now we are in the market for good Thanksgiving and Christmas material. Our rates are from one cent to two cents a word, and photographs bring from \$1 to \$3 each. We try to decide on manuscripts within a day or so of the time they are received, and *The Progressive Grocer* and *Good Hardware* are two of the very few trade magazines that pay on acceptance. Everything that comes into the office is carefully examined, and the name of the writer counts nothing with us—acceptances are based entirely on the value of the material."

Physical Fitness, 261 Plane Street, Newark, N. J., writes: "Will you please mention in *The Editor* that we are in the market for suitable manuscripts of all kinds?" *Physical Fitness* is devoted to "health and mental energy," "strength and muscle mastery."

**Action Stories*, 461 Eighth Avenue, New York, N. Y., J. B. Kelly, editor, writes: "We are planning to add to *Action Stories* a form featuring personal adventures—true life experiences, reported in dramatic style with the same general flavor as the fiction in *Action Stories*. Immediate decision. Payment on acceptance: from one cent to one and one-half cents a word. Manuscripts from 3,000 to 6,000 words invited. (Longer stories considered.) Only adventures with colorful background desired."

**The Modern Priscilla*, 83 Broad Street, Boston, Mass., has discontinued the publication of fiction.

**Triple-X*, Robbinsdale, Minn., Roscoe Fawcett, managing editor, writes: "We are in the market for good short stories of stirring, swift-moving action, of from 5,000 to 15,000 words, novelettes of from 20,000 to 35,000 words each, and continued stories from 60,000 to 90,000 words each. We pay a minimum of one and one-half cents a word immediately on acceptance, reserve only first American serial rights, and all manuscripts are given prompt and careful consideration."

Ottarson Guilbert & Associates, Box 68, Deep River, Conn., can use a limited amount of juvenile material of a special nature if submitted prior to October 15th, 1924. Nothing is desired except with a bird motif or interest. We wish to examine stories and poems, also songs with music, all for little people

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and all about birds. The stories must be very short, very simple, and if true, so stated and plausible. Poems should be lilting, but not sing-songy. Songs should be short, with simple melody and arrangement, such as a very young piano pupil can play for any child to sing. We might use bright little articles about birds, describing their nests, their habits and their young, if very short, true to nature and written as one would talk enthusiastically to an absorbingly interested child. This material is wanted for a special publication, not a periodical, and therefore we are not a permanent market. Unavailable manuscript will be returned within a few weeks if fully stamped, self-addressed envelope is enclosed, but material we wish to retain may be held for several months. We will use nothing, however, without making a definite offer, which may be accepted or rejected by the author. Rates will be approximately similar to those paid by Sunday School publications, although the work is not for Sunday School use."

The Salesman's Journal (formerly *Money Making*), 117 West 61st Street, New York, N. Y., is now edited by Leon B. Ivey.

The Writer's Digest, 22 East 12th Street, Cincinnati, Ohio, announces a detective story prize contest, open now and closing December 15th. Two prizes of \$60 and \$40 each are to be awarded, and the winning stories will be published in *New Detective Tales*, cooperating in the contest. Also the story winning first prize will be dramatized in the form of a radio play. No restrictions are imposed as to the type of story submitted, beyond the fact that in general it must classify as a mystery or detective story, though qualities that will count in the judges' decision will be story and plot interest, suspense, and general excellence of handling. Stories will be confined to 5,000 words.

Lumber Manufacturer and Dealer, 910 South Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Ill., is the new name of the business paper formerly known as *Lumber*. *Lumber Manufacturer and Dealer* is now published fortnightly.

The Fairway, San Francisco, Calif., is a new golf magazine published by George Nickel.

The American Section of The Poetry Society of London is offering a prize of \$50, the Foster Ballad Prize, for a ballad of modern life. It also is offering a prize of \$50 in a Star Poem Contest. This prize is offered by Evelyn M. Watson. A prize of \$50 is also offered in a music poem contest, in which the award is made available to The Poetry Society by Mrs. Florence Parr-Gere, American composer-pianist. All of these competitions close December 15th, 1924. Manuscripts must be forwarded to Mrs. Alice Hunt Bartlett, American editor, *Poetry Review*, 27 West 67th Street, New York, N. Y.

**Scientific American*, 233 Broadway, New York, N. Y., announces that Dr. E. E. Free, scientist and author, has been appointed editor-in-chief, to fill the vacancy created by the resignation of Austin C. Lescarbourea. Mr. Lescarbourea will continue as corresponding editor, and will have supervision of the radio division of *Scientific American*.

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Franklin Baker Company, 15th and Bloomfield Streets, Hoboken, N. J., offer a first prize of \$200, a second of \$100, a third of \$50, ten prizes of \$10 each, and ten of \$5 each, for the best slogans suitable for use in advertising their cocoanut. The competition closes October 31st, 1924. Interested authors should obtain complete information from The Franklin Baker Company, or from neighborhood grocers.

Palms, Guadalajara, Mexico, announces that the \$50 prize for the best poem published in the first six numbers has been awarded by the judges, who were Jessie B. Rittenhouse, John Farrar and Genevieve Taggard, to Harold Vinal, for his poem "Fairytale" in No. 5, of *Palms*. Two poems, "Gods," by Warren Gilbert, in *Palms*, No. 2, and "The Knowledgeable Child," by L. A. G. Strong, in *Palms*, No. 5, were tied for second place. "Promise," by Eleanor Carroll Chilton, in *Palms*, No. 6, received third place. Poems given honorable mention were "Strength Impotent," by Roberta Teale Swartz, in *Palms*, No. 5; "Nostalgia," by D. H. Lawrence, in *Palms*, No. 3; "Inheritance," by Hildegard Flanner, in *Palms*, No. 4; "A Dancer," by Witter Bynner, in *Palms*, No. 3; "O Do Not Fear Your Life," by Helen Hoyt, in *Palms*, No. 1; and "Late," by Katharine Lee, in *Palms*, No. 5.

The American Motorist, 1108 Sixteenth Street, N. W., Washington, D. C., the editors write: "We are seeking to hold the attention of the automobile owner and we know from experience that he is particularly interested in touring articles which tell him where to go and what to see. We endeavor to have at least one of these articles, together with a map, in each issue. We are planning to devote special attention to New England in the October issue, so touring stories along this line describing places along the way of unusual interest, either from a historical or scenic standpoint, will be welcomed, together with suitable illustrations. Such articles should not be more than 2,500 words in length, and an article of approximately 2,000 words is preferable. We pay different amounts for stories, in accordance with our opinion as to their value. Our prices range from \$25.00 on up for a 2,000 word story."

(Continued on Page V.)

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When Does Marketing Perseverance Cease to Be a Virtue?

BY OLIVER GUY MAGEE

What is the point beyond which it becomes folly to continue submitting a constantly rejected manuscript?

Joseph Hergesheimer, it is said, submitted different stories to editors for fourteen years before he sold one. I wrote a story fourteen years ago and kept submitting the same story till just the other day, when I received a check for it. That is only *one* of the differences between me and Joseph Hergesheimer.

Mr. Hergesheimer's success has indubitably proven him wise. But how about me? Was I foolish? Did the selling price justify the work I put into the story, the stationery cost, the postage, the wear and tear on my morale? Was it worth the effort?

Let me tell you some of the things that happened to the story I speak of.

First, of course, the idea was born. After it got its eyes open, or became dry back of the ears, or whatever it is they do, I toggled it out in about five thousand words of baby clothes and proudly sent it to visit the editors. I was in precisely the same fix as the Old Woman Who Lived in a Shoe, and wanted to see this child placed in a good home.

It is well known that children, even brain children, are not so interesting to other folks as their fond parents imagine, and one by one the editor family hurriedly sent my offspring home to papa. After it had been bye-bye twenty-six times without an invitation to change its home, I removed its flowing word-age garment, ripped up the seams, took off the trimming and the lace, cut off about two thousand words, sewed it up again with a new name label, and once more sent my darling out to be admired.

This time it had some luck. After a few

submissions, a Chicago magazine adopted it "on publication." But one day its Uncle Sam brought it home again, much disheveled. A note from the old editor said the new editor didn't want it.

After the manuscript had further toured the States without a buyer, my interest in it began to wane. I chucked it into a drawer and, figuratively speaking, laid a lily on it. But once or twice in a while it was my solemn duty to open that drawer in order to deposit therein the rejection slips with which editors have always generously favored me—and which I always keep. Verily, verily, brethren, there's many a slip 'twixt manuscript and check.

Occasionally I would look the old story over, and I would say to it: "Dog-gone it, sweetheart, you look good to *me*, anyway."

And I would trim it, alter it, bring it up to date, re-title it, freshly type it, and send it out again. Editors came and went, magazines were born and died, but that manuscript went on for fourteen years. For all that time the game of post office tennis between me and the editors went on, till finally, the other day, just one week from the day I had last submitted it, I came home to find a check for it awaiting me.

Was I foolish? Did I waste my time? Put yourself in my place and ask what it would mean to *you* to sell a manuscript you had so long submitted. To some it may mean laudable, to others, laughable perseverance.

What by your perseverance have you gained? The check, of course, considerably more than reimbursed you for the stationery and postage outlay. But that's negligible.

Your biggest reward is in "writing morale." You have gained renewed confidence in yourself and your work. You *know* now that a story that contains an idea will sell *sometime*, and this knowledge will prevent you from abandoning manuscripts that will sell to bigger markets than ever your fourteen-year-old did.

You know how much it helps to have someone believe in you. Well, someone believed enough in your ancient manuscript to pay good money for it. If that one sold after so many years, why should not every one of your manuscripts sell eventually? Could persistence that resulted in such encouragement, such inspiration, be *foolish*?

I have, of course, sold many other stories and articles while my fourteen-year-old was traveling. A few have sold the first or second time out. I attribute this to a closer study of the market.

Much has been written about wisdom in marketing. Every magazine contains a certain kind of material as surely as every can of Heinz's "57 varieties" contains a certain kind of food. Should you buy a can supposedly of spaghetti, and find it full of mushrooms, you would no doubt nurse a grudge against Mr. Heinz, and henceforth buy the product of some other gentleman whose spaghetti cans contain spaghetti. That is why Heinz's Spaghetti Magazine will buy of you only spaghetti stories. Submit your mushroom stories to Heinz's Mushroom Magazine, and they may win acceptance—if they are not toadstool ones! Your chances of selling will be immeasurably increased if you consider this from the beginning—when you are "framing" your story as well as when you are trying to sell it.

If you study the market, Robert H. Davis's much repeated assertion, "It is safe to say that any well-written story, no matter how obscure the author, will not pass three editors before it is snapped up," may hold good for

you. And it may not. Albert Bigelow Paine declares many of his stories go out six times before they sell. I know other well-known writers who have manuscript adventures as varied and extended as those of younger workers.

The manuscript market is a state of mind. Whatever you think it is, it is. I have sold the first time out, I have received many rejections and sent my manuscript back to the magazine to which it was first submitted—and sold. I have sold a Sunday school story to a secular magazine, a business article to a musical magazine. I have written a story as an assignment in a correspondence course, submitted it till I *knew* it was hopeless, seen in a writers' magazine's market reports the name of a publication I had never heard of, fired my story at it as a last shot—and sold it, getting the position of honor in the magazine, with a flock of illustrations. Unquestionably, however, the least waste of time and postage will result from studying the magazines to which you wish to sell, and producing something they cannot pass by.

As with everything else under the sun, there is diversity of opinion about this matter of perseverance in marketing. My personal feeling is that if you have made your story just as good as is, for you, possible, and have a firm conviction that it is good, you should *never lie down*. Keep it going, even unto the third generation! Every time it comes back, try to improve it, work it over, remodel it to meet the requirements of the next magazine you have decided to send it to. This means a lot of work, but if you are not a bear for work you will never get far in the writing game.

Some writers cannot endure working over old material. If you think you can't, of course you can't. But for the life of me I can't see why a good idea should be thrown away.

Editors, being human, differ in tastes as much as other people. And they leave the

game like other people, and other editors take their places—editors who may like your stuff. Conditions change, policies change, magazines change. New publications with new aims are launched. A story that will not sell in 1924 may do so in '25, '26, or '27. Or '40.

That's one of the beautiful, damned fascinations of the writing game—its gambling lure. You never can tell—maybe you'll sell it next time. The eternal gaming instinct that is in all of us, good and bad alike, the instinct that makes us buy gold bricks and false alarm oil stocks and rubberless rubber plantations in South America, says to us, "What if you *have* soaked fifteen dollars in postage in the thing? *Next* time you may get it all back—and then some."

If there is a point beyond which it is folly to keep submitting a manuscript you know is good, it may be when the postage expenditure equals what you might realize *next time* from a sale at one cent a word. But—if you are a

dead game sport you will not stop even then, because you might sell the pesky thing for *two* cents a word and be ahead of the game. Oscar, bring me a stack of reds.

The sale of this fourteen-year-old manuscript has made me view my "barrel" of rejected manuscripts with a speculative eye, and wonder how much perfectly good money may be buried in it. The first rainy day when I feel like rummaging, I'm going to dig some of them out, dust them off, and give them the "once over" with a view to putting them back into circulation. And I advise you, my brothers, to do likewise.

For all I know, my barrel may contain the price of a sable neckpiece for my new wife. Or a tailored suit, a diamond ring, a wrist watch, two tickets to California with special walk-back privileges, or—yes, an automobile!

And what could be sweeter than getting an automobile out of a barrel?

Contemporary Writers and Their Work

A Series of Autobiographical Letters on the Genesis, Conception, Development, and Writing of Fiction, Poems, and Articles Published in Current Periodicals

The Value of Regular "Typewriter Exercise"

BY WILLIAM HAZLETT UPSON

About two years ago, I did my first writing for publication. I had been born and brought up in Glen Ridge, New Jersey. After graduating from Cornell, I had put in three years as an unsuccessful farmer, two years as a private in the artillery during the war, and three years working for a caterpillar tractor company.

And about two years ago, at the age of thirty-one, while I was idly lying around recovering from an operation, I happened to think of a joke. An army joke. It was so good that I wrote it down and sent it to the American Legion Weekly. Right away by

return mail I received one dollar. It seemed too good to be true. Two minutes work, and behold, a whole dollar! So I thought and thought, and finally I thought up another joke, which brought another dollar. More easy money. "How long," I asked myself, "has this been going on, and me not wise?"

So I next sat down and wrote a whole flock of jokes which I sent to Judge. In reply came an acceptance slip, and months later, trailing along, came six dollars. It seemed a long time to wait, but the six dollars was real money.

I decided to go in for bigger things, and

tried writing motion picture scenarios. I sent a number of very intricate plots out to Hollywood, but they all came back.

Next, I took one of my movie plots and wrote it up as a short story. I sent it to the *Saturday Evening Post*. They sent it back. I sent it to three or four other magazines. Each time it came back.

And then one day I happened to show the rejected story to my friend, Mr. William Almon Wolff, who, besides being a well known and successful author, is a sure enough regular guy. He showed me what was the matter with the story and helped me revise it. After which he took it around to *Everybody's Magazine* and made the editor buy it. This was perhaps hard on *Everybody's Magazine*, but was very encouraging for me. The name of the story was "Truthful James."

About this time (it was the summer of 1923) I spent six weeks at the English Summer School of Middlebury College at Bread Loaf, Vermont. At Bread Loaf I decided one day to write a war story. I had read much twaddle about the glory of war. And I had also read Mr. Dos Passos' interesting descriptions of kitchen police and venereal diseases in the S. O. S. But neither of these represented what I had seen as a private in the artillery. So I started in and described as well as I could everything that happened when our battery went into action for the first time north of the Marne. The result was a story I called "Scared." I didn't expect to sell this story, as it was my understanding that editors would not touch war stuff. But my friend Wolff took it down to New York, where it was taken by *Colliers'* and published in the issue of November 10th, 1923.

Mr. Wolff also introduced me to Mr. Brandt, of Brandt and Kirkpatrick, who have acted as my agents ever since. Incidentally, I might say that a good agent seems to me practically a necessity for anyone who expects to sell stories.

During the past year I have been pretty busy in the tractor business. In spare moments, however, I have been able to write a few stories—"An Old Guy with Whiskers," in *Collier's*—"Clair de Lune," published in the *Smart Set*—"Noise," in the *September Everybody's*—"George Sherwood, Master Salesman," in *Collier's*.

There have of course been many problems to be solved in the writing of these stories.

One of the worst was the problem of overcoming my own laziness and lack of energy. There is a lot of work to writing a story. The mere physical labor of pounding out five or six thousand words on the Remington is to me a good deal of a task. And this I have found was true when I was putting in eight hours a day at office work. I would have a fine idea for a story, but when I sat down after supper following a hard day, I would usually say, "I don't feel in the mood for writing tonight," and I would put it off until the next night. The next night I would say, "I don't feel in the mood," and I would put it off again. Night after night went by, and I was always waiting for the mood which never came.

So I decided to make it a rule to "exercise the typewriter" every night—whether I felt like it or not. Sometimes it would be for only ten minutes. Sometimes more. But every night I would force myself to do just a little writing. If I didn't feel like story writing, I would write a letter, or perhaps set down some fragmentary idea for a story that had occurred to me during the day. Thus in time I accumulated a fair sized loose leaf notebook of miscellaneous ideas for plots, incidents, interesting people, and other material I can refer to for future use. And at the same time I completed a number of stories.

It's a great idea for a lazy man—this rule of "exercising the typewriter" every day. It's a sure method. Of course you may exercise the machine every night for a week and

produce nothing of any value whatever. But some night sooner or later you will be feeling right, and you'll write something that will pass.

After I had acquired the habit of exercising the typewriter every night, the stories seemed to grow more or less naturally. Any idea for a story which came to me during the day would be written up at night and filed in the loose leaf notebook. Ideas were saved which otherwise would have been forgotten and lost.

For instance, one day I wrote in the notebook: "Idea for plot in experience of my Cousin Charles. He wanted life insurance. Studied up on subject. Decided exactly what company and what policy he wanted. Sent for agent. 'Ah,' said agent, 'If you want life insurance, you cannot do better than take it out in our company, and I will tell you why.' 'But,' said Cousin Charles, 'I don't want you to tell me why. I have studied the matter. I have decided on your company already.' All in vain. The agent didn't hear. His sales talk was his invariable prelude to a sale. He had learned his little piece; he had come prepared to say it; and say it he did, extolling the merits of his company for an hour or more in spite of all attempts at interruption."

This "idea" stayed in my notebook for some time, until finally one evening I thought of a way to use it in a story. If I were to write it, I would have to transfer the scene from the life insurance business with which I was unfamiliar, to the tractor business which I knew so well. I know very little of the rules of style and composition, but at least I have sense enough to write about things with which I am familiar. In fact, I think the only value of my stories lies in the fact that they illustrate some phase of business or other activity that I thoroughly understand. There are many interesting, curious, and humorous things which I have run across and enjoyed in the army, in the tractor business, and in other places. In my stories I have tried to

make other people see them and enjoy them, too.

Ever since I had first gone into the tractor business, I had been absolutely fascinated by the line of talk handed out by salesmen. I had listened to them by the hour; I knew their lingo by heart.

So I started exercising the typewriter one evening, and made an outline of a story to be called "George Sherwood, Master Salesman." "George" combined all of the most interesting and startling qualities of the tractor salesmen I had known. I imagined him encountering a farmer of my acquaintance, who had already decided to buy one of our tractors. "George" insisted on going through his entire line of sales talk, driving his victim half crazy. To provide a happy ending, I allowed the victim to execute a neat little manoeuvre that shut "George" up very effectively for a time at least.

The outline was finished in one evening. An outline made in one sitting is much more apt to be unified than one produced in fragments. I believe that a story should, if possible, be written all in one day. But this has not usually been possible with me.

In the case of "George Sherwood," I worked an hour or so every evening, and the first draft was finished in about a week. It didn't have much of a plot. It had no great theme; it had no "love interest." And, as my family pointed out, it wasn't even grammatical. But it gave an idea of the fearful and wonderful line of talk employed by my friends, the tractor salesmen. I didn't exaggerate—I didn't have to. I just wrote down page after page of the glowing words and alluring phrases that I had heard so often and knew so well.

When it was finished, I read it to my wife. Said she: "It is rotten. It is too long. Half of it is dead wood—dull, uninteresting, no good. Boil the first nine pages down to one paragraph, put a little more snap into the

beginning and the ending, and you will have something."

Sadly I read over my work. Yes, the old lady was right. So I threw away the first nine pages. I cut here. I chopped there. And then I wrote the final draft, and it didn't sound bad. Wives are splendid destructive critics.

The finished story was mailed to Brandt and Kirkpatrick, who promptly sold it to Collier's. So I didn't have to worry any more about that story.

And for the future I have written in my notebook a few directions for myself:

Exercise the typewriter every day.

Put all ideas in the notebook before they escape.

Write only about subjects you understand.

For every story:

First write an outline.

Then write a first draft.

Try it on the wife.

Write a second draft.

Send it to a good agent.

Cash the check.

"Said By—Written By"

Opinions and Quotations from Old and New Books and Periodicals

Ideas on Dramatic Technique

BY COSMO HAMILTON

I must write a novel a year, according to contract, and I always try to utilize the idea of the novel for a play also. I don't mean that I use the same idea over again, but that I work out at least two of the characters for this double use. You see, I learn to know these two thoroughly, and I can thus place them in new situations.

I have followed this method successfully for several years in "The Blindness of Virtue," which was both a novel and a play; "Scandal," and "A Sense of Humor."

I have developed a new technique for writing for myself. I am going to do away with the duologue—the speech for two—to pursue what I call the policy of interference. I shall thus produce simulated excitement; not the give and take of two scattered figures, but a series of cross currents, many people talking at once and intensely. I can best describe my plan by a comparison with a telephone switchboard where many people are talking simultaneously.

I believe that our plays are not sufficiently

interesting these days. Audiences ought to be more excited. Their eyes should be turned constantly to the stage. I will not eliminate the duologue entirely though, but give it the value of a set speech—like the soliloquy in "As You Like It."

I have worked out this theory in my new play—"The New Poor." Here I strive to use all my characters simultaneously like the notes of an organ—as if I were pulling the stops whenever I pleased. Such simultaneous speech and movement will be especially effective in comedy, for the lighter the comedy the more the simulation of excitement.

Playwrights are not watchful enough in adapting rhythm to their plays. For each land and city has its own particular rhythm, and the well-written play duplicates this rhythm. The play about London, for instance, should have a rhythm quite different from that of New York. The rhythm of the one being directly opposite that of the other; London is long, horizontal, while New York is jazzy, high and vertical. Architecture has

much to do with the nature of this rhythm. In London there are no skyscrapers—just long persuasive lines. Thus it has a rhythm of activity and a related tempo that differentiates it from all other cities.

An American play showing a lawyer's office is all excitement, full of interruptions, telephone breaks, entrances and exits of assistants and employees. But an English lawyer's office has none of these breaks, because the English legal adviser consults his client in a private room and leaves word that there be no interruptions whatsoever until he has finished. To show an English law office otherwise would be false to English custom.

Also, American and English clubs are quite dissimilar. The American goes to his club to find company; the Englishman goes to his club to get away from company. No one wants to be spoken to in an English club. A bit of conversation is almost an adventure—unprecedented. Here, speech is a necessity. Thus, of course, the rhythm would have to be absolutely different for truth. The success of the play depends on the rhythm, as the audience is conscious of the resultant effect. I regret to say, though, that some prominent actors are quite unconscious of the necessity of rhythm. They break the meter of a scene with their own languid or individualized form of speaking and spoil the effect.

If there is a fault with American writers it is that they treat serious subjects too seriously. The English treat serious subjects unseriously. Chesterton, for instance, is always serious in purpose, but he is always making people laugh. A professor of Yale, however, would not dare follow his method of dealing in paradoxes. If he did he would be tarred with an inserious brush.

Being naturally lazy, I would rather do anything but work. Yet if I gave way to my laziness the butcher and the baker would soon knock at my door. So I work all the time, even through holidays—a damn shame. I work for two reasons, however, the principal one being that if I don't, I'm afraid that I will get out of the habit. The case of Robert Marshall, a friend of mine, turned out like that. He wrote "The Duke of Kilikrankie" and grew fat on royalties. But his brain grew fat, too. The time came when he needed more money and had to write another play. Getting back to work was irksome; he couldn't do it. He tried desperately. Then he came to me, known as the hardest worker in London, for advice.

"What do you do," he asked, "to keep in form?"

"I just work constantly," I answered, "sick or well. I never stop for anything. I advise you to get back to your work by writing continuously. I mean going through the actual mechanical act of writing. Keep your right hand on paper all the time. Get accustomed to sitting still hour after hour. Sit down before a newspaper and copy the items daily from 9 till 1. Do this daily, no matter how difficult. Then come back to me at the end of one month."

Marshall followed my directions faithfully, and though doing so was tortuous, he came to me at the appointed time and said: "I have written one line, at last, and it is the first line of my next play."

To wait for inspiration is a fatal thing. It never comes because it is only the result of hard work—of the thing called sweat.—The New York Tribune.

Easy Come, Easy Go

The great modern educator is the advertising man. He has sold the advertising idea to the producers of everything, from patent bread to new religions, and they must have space and ever more space to talk about their wares. Magazines multiply, newspapers

double and quadruple in size, and an infinity of sheets, half sheets, columns, and corners must be filled with stories, facts, news, opinions. For all this there must be readers, and so every resource of persuasion, argument, admonition, and seduction is practised to make easy-going Americans buy and consume a mass of writing that would have staggered Rome and buried Greece.

The more advertising, the more general literature we must be made to read. It is a new kind of compulsory education, but the object is not to educate or even to amuse us, but rather to make us believe that we need to be amused or educated. When we are told that we must know what they are saying about the World Court or how to hold our forks, what is meant is that unless we buy newspapers or magazines no one will advertise in them. If advertising should cease upon a midnight, the morning after would be the first day of revelations. The news would go into four sheets instead of fourteen, and magazines would print twenty thousand copies instead of two hundred thousand. It would soon be made clear that at least ten thousand short stories would not have to be written, that an equal number of special articles telling us all about everything was dispensable, and that if the number of eggs laid by prize hens, the attitude of the Southwest toward Prohibition, or the recent history of Poland had to be known, we could dig out the facts ourselves. The saw would cease to whine in the spruce forests, the newsstand would shrink to an apple cart, and rest at last would come to reading America.

This forced draught education for the sake of the advertiser is by no means without its value. We Americans are the best-informed people in the world. We know a little about everything. There was a howl from their elders some years ago when it was discovered that school children and college students had too little general information, did not know

who Clemenceau was, or whether Siam was north or south of China. Of course, the truth was that they had not yet come under the influence of the new education. They were not made to read newspapers and magazines, for having little money to spend, they did not interest advertisers. They were being taught, by the old education, quite a little about a few things, instead of learning, like their parents, a very little about many things. But that difficulty was promptly overcome by giving them courses in magazine information, so that the glib practice of seeing the world by paragraphs soon became a habit.

Now, doubtless, the spread of general information makes us more intelligent, but does it make us any wiser? What is a fact worth without its context? What is a conclusion worth if we do not read the argument? How far does the description of a book serve, if we never read the book? They did things somewhat differently in the later Roman Empire, when, as civilization grew sluggish, libraries shrank to volumes of excerpts, and education consisted of studying the easy parts of hard books. We are expanding instead of contracting, have much more writing instead of less; but if most reading is to be by easy excerpt, and most education to consist of knowing the easy parts of many kinds of learning, are things so very different after all?

Europe views with amazement the violent tides of American opinion. In 1918 most were for the League of Nations, whatever that might mean; in 1920 most were against foreign entanglements, whatever that might mean. Was there information available? Tons of it! Did we read it? By millions of paragraphs mixed in with anecdotes, recipes, statistics, short stories, and scandalous biographies. And so with prohibition, and feminism, and sex, and the new psychology, and the Ku Klux Klan.

Easy come and easy go describes this kind of reading and this kind of education. Our

brains are like clenched fingers. If we grasp anything more we must drop something first. But if the advertising profession innocently and for the best commercial reasons has brought the practice to its present flourishing condition, it did not begin it. The active American intelligence has always desired to know

a little more about everything, especially if the knowledge came easily. This was played upon. We sought a democratic road to learning, and thought that we had found it.—The Literary Review of The New York Evening Post.

THE LITERARY MARKET

(Continued from Page III.)

****Adventure**, The Ridgway Co., Spring and Macdougall Streets, New York, N. Y., L. P. Greene, assistant editor, writes: "We are in the market for stories of two thousand words or upward. In fact we have no word limit. We do use poetry, but very little and its appeal must be essentially masculine. For fiction we pay a minimum of one and one-half cents a word, for verse fifty cents a line."

The American Agriculturist, 461 Fourth Avenue, New York, N. Y., Fred W. Ohm, associate editor, writes: "At the present time American Agriculturist uses little or no poetry at all."

The Educational Review, Doubleday Page & Co., Garden City, N. Y., the editors write: "If you will examine a copy of the Educational Review you will find that our interests are exclusively along educational lines. We do not use poetry at all. Inasmuch as most of our contributors are men who are in the teaching profession and who are interested in the spread of progressive ideas rather than in the question of remuneration, it has not been our practice to make payment for the articles which we publish."

The Wisconsin Magazine, Madison, Wisc., writes: "Our chief need is material on Wisconsin subjects. We have an over-abundance of poetry on hand. The Wisconsin Magazine does not pay for contributions except with subscriptions to the magazine."

***The National Geographic Magazine**, Hubbard Memorial Hall, Washington, D. C., Gilbert Grosvenor, editor, writes: "We are always glad to receive manuscripts for articles of a geographic nature for editorial consideration, provided they are accompanied by numerous clear, sharp, original and interesting photographs. The best guide to the material which meets our needs is the magazine itself. Suitable honoraria are offered for articles and collections of photographs which meet our needs."

***The Modern Stationer and Bookseller**, 1181 Broadway, New York, N. Y., the editors write: "The Modern Stationer and Bookseller devotes its energies to merchandising stories for the department store buyer, the stationer, and so forth. We are always open for commercial stories that teach. The only poetry we want is that with a business tinge, and very little of that. Regular space rates are paid."

***The Publisher's Weekly**, 62 West 45th Street, New York, N. Y., Frederic Melcher, editor, writes:

"We do take outside contributions, though our field is rather restricted. We have to have articles written about book-store methods and not about books, and usually only people who have been in the book business have this kind of interest."

***Sunday School Publications**, Methodist Episcopal Church, 420 Plum Street, Cincinnati, Ohio, the editors write: "We are at present rather well supplied with travel, nature and geographical articles. We might be interested in something of an historical or biographical type. As for poetry, an examination of our papers will show you that we use only short poems—usually not more than one or two in an issue. Our articles average from about 1,000 to 2,000 words, and our stories from 2,500 to 3,000. In the latter field our chief need just at present is good, wholesome girls stories—preferably of girls in business or at home, rather than college tales. Our payment varies from one-half to one cent a word, depending upon the type of material and its literary merit."

The Lyric West, 590 Brett Street, Inglewood, Calif., Roy Towner Thompson, editor writes: "We will print the best poetry obtainable from whatever source. Also a certain amount of prose—essays and reviews relating to poetry. No distinctions will be made as to form—if the germ of poetry is found in free verse, or playlets, it will be printed. The magazine will not pay for contributions. I am trying to arrange for prizes, but nothing definite can be announced as yet."

The Consolidated Press, Searcy, Ark., J. B. Strotter, managing editor, "is in the market for syndicate material, preferably isolated articles, and by this we mean news-features that are not of a series—Sunday supplement articles, biographies of interesting people, stories of great achievements, in fact, anything pertaining to the quaint or the exceptional and not generally known by the average news reader. It is not essential that manuscripts be typewritten, but it is essential that if not so written, they be correctly and legibly transcribed, with a good quality of paper and ink. Material will be paid for at the rate of one-half cent for each word. No manuscript will be returned unless accompanied by a self-addressed envelope with return postage. Manuscripts reported upon within 90 days."

Heacock's Monthly, 211 Main Street, Buffalo, N. Y., Malcolm Pava, poetry editor, writes: "We have the utmost difficulty in obtaining poetry of the re-

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THE EDITOR, Book Hill, Highland Falls, N. Y.

quisite quality. We do not object to free-verse, vorticist verse, sonnets, rondels, or any other form, and we do not object to any subject matter. The only criterion we have is that the poetry shall be well-done in whatever form and theme is chosen." (Editor's Note: We understand that no payment is offered for acceptable poetry.)

THE EXPERIENCE EXCHANGE

A Give and Take Department—Do Your Share!

M. S. S. writes:

Some Downright Practical Advice

This is another long intended letter, fragrant with gratitude to other Exchangers—particularly brave E. K. S. and all who have told of the Sunday school and general religious periodical field—and those who keep *The Editor* to its high standard of service.

Some years ago *The Editor* gave us one or two very stimulating editorials on the theme of setting one's self a stint and holding to it. It urged that only five hundred words a day would mean a respectable total at the year's end. Not immediately, I'm sorry to say, but after a time, I took that suggestion as the basis for a device that may be of use to others who must walk and not run or wing gracefully ahead.

Inside my manuscript record book lies a temporary record card with the current month's name at the top, below it the minimum and maximum aim of finished work for it. The minimum is five hundred times the number of weekdays, the maximum just a little more than I'm practically hopeful of reaching—and oh, the joy of once in a while climbing beyond that maximum! On this side of the card come also the names of certain stories and articles I wish particularly to do in the month. (Some have adorned so many cards that I'm ashamed to list them any more till they can go on the accomplishment side.)

At the risk of advertising a popular breakfast food I'll add that its cartons contain blank division cards that do nicely for these rough stint records. On the back of each card I set down the names of longer stories and articles, when finished, with their number of words; for brief stuff a periodical's abbreviation, preceded by the number of new manuscripts sent it and the word totals. Many would deride the youthful glee with which I pencil each new line and plan on how to round out the month; but you were warned this letter isn't for those that can do their daily two thousand or more words straight along and get well paid for them!

One of the first pages of my manuscript record is devoted to a column list of the months with space before each for setting down the number of new Mss. and the word total. Then there's a little month-end ceremony of setting these down, comparing them with other years, planning ahead to have a better grand total at the end of December. Childish? To be sure. I used to be a primary teacher and still find primary methods useful with myself. Those of us who must pay high for every time we work a bit too long or too fast need something of this sort to hold us to the path of accomplishment without monotonous discouragement. If you can't grin over a better sales record, grin over a few more words polished up to your present best. Maybe next month they'll show pleasingly on the much thumbed payment page at the back of the book!

While this is yet my day of small things, I also fail at selling things Ora Clement's way. Maybe she has cornered the market. Whatever of mine seems eminently practical comes home with a persistence more to be expected of the stuff that some editor sometime takes, once in a while at the first time out.

By the way, have you sufficiently considered the whole periodical list of houses to which you have sold? The American Baptists and Southern Baptists, also, I think, the Christian Board of St. Louis, prefer manuscripts impersonally addressed and seem

to consider them with the needs of all their papers in mind. I rather like that way; often it would not have occurred to me to submit an article to the periodical for which it gets accepted.

Most Sunday school papers of the same address have distinct editorial staffs, and even the name of a common editor-in-chief doesn't mean that a suitable manuscript is apt to be passed from one to another. I have had certain types of articles submitted to The Boys' World accepted by The Young Men's Class (both David C. Cook Publishing Company, Elgin, Ill.) and vice versa, but this was only after I had written for both some while and because Mr. David C. Cook, Jr., is so truly a managing editor!

The Cook company is one where some writers might well have a more general acquaintance. It's rather funny to turn from some Exchange notes mentioning Cook's to a letter head stating that they have 48 publications! (It will soon be 49, with the addition of the Junior Department Superintendent.) Not all of these may desire contributions: Juniors of Today, etc., are smaller editions of What To Do and the teen-age papers; still, the Cooks have use for many manuscripts of many sorts. Perhaps the Organized Class Methods Helps Editorial department is most in need of new writers, but I hesitate to tell this, because their magazines very definitely specialize upon the use of distinctive problem questions. I would neither raise false hopes nor do anything to swamp Mr. Cook and his assistants with a flood of unavailable stuff. They are, however, somewhat broadening the field of method articles now, so that a writer who "means business," who is teachable and grateful for instruction, and knows something of fascinating modern Sunday school class work, may well investigate.

Both Mr. David C. Cook and Mr. David C. Cook, Jr., are very stimulating personalities to come in contact with through editorial correspondence, both know well what they want and don't want, are very patient in explaining their needs, lavish in printed matter to show what is desired and otherwise wonderful men to work under. But their specialized periodicals call for specialized study, and the articles that easily come into your mind will have been written by others long before; that needs to be understood.

I can imagine no publishing house that better illustrates the cumulative value of acquaintance with a writer. In my own case, the contact seemed very mechanical for some while; everything came back with a printed slip or an equally formal payment list accompanied the blue envelope checks that appeared soon after the 5th or 10th of the month, but there were Christmas greetings, then once in a while a pleasant note expressing appreciation of work done and naming a better rate of payment, other letters suggesting that I submit manuscripts for some other department or periodical, sample copies, booklets, etc., that made the carrier frown, now regular and emergency "calls" for specific work, advance notice of new periodicals for which work is needed, very fair treatment straight along. Perhaps my most en-

CAN A LETTER OF 2,500 WORDS BE WORTH \$100.00?

Many writers have said in substance: *"The letters that THE EDITOR COUNCIL has written to help me develop my ideas and write my stories have been of great value."* Occasionally an enthusiastic COUNCIL student has said that one letter of criticism was worth the price of the whole course. And hundreds of COUNCIL students who have been helped to revise stories that they later sold, have given the entire credit—which seldom was really deserved—to the COUNCIL. We have in mind now one letter, of which the author for whom it was written plainly says: *"Your last letter was worth hundreds of dollars to me!"*

It happens that this letter is a fairly good one. It probably will give most writers more practical knowledge of story-writing than could be drawn from a half dozen books on fiction technique. This letter will be sent to you, if you so request when forwarding your enrollment for the Major Course in Fiction Writing of THE EDITOR COUNCIL.

FORM FOR ENROLLMENT

The Editor Council,

Book Hill, Highland Falls N. Y.

I desire to enroll for the fiction writing course of The Editor Council. I am to receive 52 Assignments and the entire series of Chap-books and Supplementary Material, and the help of an individual instructor in developing and writing and revising stories written in response to the Assignments. You agree to continue the work with me until I have sold at least \$100 worth of manuscripts after enrolling.

I enclose \$110 in full payment for the course and your tuition, or

I enclose \$20 as an initial payment, and agree to pay \$10 each month thereafter until I have paid \$120.00.

joyable work for them has been unsigned editorials and articles for the new junior and primary helps.

The immediate sale or rejection isn't everything with any house for which you can learn to furnish manuscripts. Make a painstaking, constructive study of their periodicals; give the editors a thorough chance to know your work—that is, the part which has some promise of use to them; show yourself amenable to criticism: results will follow. The only result *may* be a consciousness of growing strength, but that will come even if the publishers you have chosen feel little need of contributions from any but their old stand-bys. About so many rejections ought to suggest that you give the particular market a rest and favor editors who may show more discernment. Good sense is as valuable to a writer as to any other producer and salesperson.

E. B. P. writes:

Ever since L. S. gave us "post-card poets" such a slam in the July 19th issue, I have been expecting to hear from some of the brothers and sisters in defence of "sunshiners." How much better it is, anyway, to be one of the least of these than to belong to the "moonshine" fraternity!

We are not a bit jealous of L. S.'s good luck. I am always very glad to hear of any writer's success, and hope he will win many more poetry prizes. But some post card writer may be the next winner of a Poetry Review prize. Who knows? Haven't we all written much poetry aside from "greet's"? I sent one of my effusions to The Southern Magazine. Mr. Coxe replied he was considering it for publication, but after three months, returned it. I suppose he preferred to have work from one whose name would further the interests of his magazine. I have had some poems (?) printed in obscure periodicals, and have stacks of them waiting for me to get into circulation "if I ever get the time." Meanwhile I am getting a good many checks from greeting card publishers, thanks to The Editor. Heretofore, all my success has been due to this magazine, and I am in a fair way to add a number of additional purchasers to my list.

Since reporting on July 19th, I have sold as follows:

One sentiment to Hall Bros., 1114 Grand Avenue, Kansas City, Mo.

One sentiment to Master Craft Pub. Co., 314 Superior Street, Chicago, Ill.

One sentiment to Newman Pub. & Art Co., Inc., 43 East 19th Street, New York, N. Y.

Three sentiments to The United Drug Co., 43 Leon Street, Boston, Mass.

Three sentiments to Minto L. Henderson, Jr., The Henderson Lithographic Co., Cincinnati, Ohio. They kept eight others, which they are "considering." (These people will not be in market until next May, and ask me to submit more verses then.)

Four sentiments to Japanese Wood Novelty, 109 Summer Street, Providence, R. I. (They also have eight others to report on.)

Greetrite, Inc., 1540 Broadway, New York, N. Y., N. Brewster Morse, editor, is "considering" a

sentiment, which I hope will bring a check, and I am quite sure of getting another from Henderson for at least a part of the eight they hold. Henderson asked for Christmas verses, which I submitted.

C. A. Reed, Williamsport, Pa., in answer to my inquiry letter, asked for fortune-telling and bottle-favor verses. I sent twenty-one. He asked for bill, which I sent, and expect him to take at least a part of the sentiments, which he said were satisfactory. They were all humorous verse.

This is pretty long, and I fear The Editor will have to clip some of it, but I do hope it will fit in somewhere, for I feel that post card poets should be vindicated. They have just as urgent a "call" to "the high emprise of writing" as other verse or poetry writers.

Long live the post card poet,

And those who buy his "dope"—

His little words of sunshine,

And peace and cheer and hope!

God bless all those who "roast" him—

Our enemies. We trust

That they will also prosper,

And not "swell up and bust"!

K. B. writes:

Munsey's Magazine and the Argosy-All Story Weekly, both edited by Mr. Robert H. Davis at 280 Broadway, New York, N. Y., are excellent markets for stories and verse. I have talked personally with Mr. Davis, whose interest in aspiring young writers is far-famed. Prices here are good, and cover first American serial rights only.

If you can write the short, merry tale dealing with college life or college people, both College Humor, 110 West Chicago Avenue, Chicago, Ill., and Co-ed, the new magazine put out by the same company, will be glad to examine it. I find Mr. H. N. Swanson, the editorial director of the company, a most helpful and pleasant person to deal with. He writes that he is particularly in need of stories for Co-ed at present. Rates vary according to the value of the material, and they pay immediately upon acceptance.

Marriage Stories, 46 West 24th Street, New York, N. Y., has just bought a short story of mine dealing humorously with young married life. It paid a cent and a half a word.

I find the American Golfer a good market for humorous verse relating to golf, and sold them also recently a short poem for their auction bridge department.

The Medical Pickwick, 3700 Enright Avenue, St. Louis, Mo., published a humorous article on operations written from the standpoint of the layman, but it does not pay for such outside contribution except with copies of the issue containing it. Most of the contributors seem to be physicians.

The People's Popular Monthly, Des Moines, Iowa, wrote me under an April date line that they would be in the market for stories in the early fall.

Mr. Eliot Keen, editor of Screenland and Real Life Stories, writes: "We are after stories of action, plot and atmosphere, strong in drama and emotion but cheerful in their effect on the reader."

The Author's Weekly

Fifteen Cents a Copy

September 20th, 1924

THE EDITOR

A Journal of Information for Literary Workers

A Weekly Service for Authors

VOL. 66

Book Hill, Highland Falls, N. Y.

NO. 12

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Thoroughly Investigated and Carefully Authenticated News of New Magazines, New Photoplay Producers, New Publishers, and Their Manuscript Requirements. News of Literary Prize Competitions of All Kinds. News of Changes of Addresses of Periodicals, Changes of Policy, and Other News of Importance to the Writer with Manuscripts to Sell.

Publisher of Photoplay Magazine Takes Over Opportunity Magazine. New Name and Editorial Policy of Metropolitan Magazine. New Book Publishing Corporation Is Interested in Juvenile Material. Prizes Offered for Brief Letters. \$600 in Prizes Offered for Slogans. Prize Offered for Best Boy's Story. First Publication in Any Periodical of Complete Information About The John Golden National Prize Play Contest. Many Other Items of News of the Week in Markets for Manuscripts.

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R. A. Writes Briefly on Writing and Marketing Experiences.

Weekly

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30th Year

THE EDITOR

The Editor Council,
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I desire to enroll for the fiction writing course of
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ments. You agree to continue the work with me
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after enrolling.

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The following is a quotation from a letter from a Council student whose work is now beginning to sell:

"My story, 'The Trail of the Golden Quest,' sold to Munsey's. Truly, I am glad for the Council, that I have been able to break in. Now I hope to reflect further credit upon them, and my instructor, by really doing some good writing. I am glad to hear that so many students are landing. It shows that the course of instruction is sound. But—instruction without the kind of criticism that has been coming my way, would not bring about the same results. Your faith in my ability has done more for me than anything else."—O. K. C.

Sign and return the coupon: it will be a step to *more and better stories, and more sales, FOR YOU !*

THE LITERARY MARKET

There is a place somewhere for every good Manuscript.—THE EDITOR

In this department THE EDITOR publishes each week news of the literary market that interests and aids writers with manuscripts for sale. Whenever possible statements are taken exactly from letters received from the editors of the publications concerned.

**Opportunity* is now located at 750 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Ill. James R. Quirk, publisher and editor of Photoplay Magazine, is now also publisher and editor of *Opportunity*. William T. Walsh is managing editor. *Opportunity* is now in position to pass promptly upon all manuscripts, and to send checks promptly upon acceptance. A good rate is being paid. (See *The Editor* for April 26th, 1924.)

MacFadden Fiction-Lovers Magazine, 1926 Broadway, New York, N. Y., beginning with the October issue is the new name of the Metropolitan Magazine. Lyon Mearson, editor, writes: "There will be no change in our policy, except that we will endeavor to get the strongest possible fiction being written in our day. We need fiction of all kinds, for which we will pay, upon acceptance, the highest market rates." *MacFadden Fiction-Lovers Magazine* uses fiction only.

Atlantic Book and Art Corporation, 47 Murray Street, New York, N. Y., is interested from time to time in looking over manuscripts of important new juvenile books.

***Popular Science Monthly*, 250 Fourth Avenue, New York, N. Y., offers a first prize of \$10, a second prize of \$5, and ten prizes of \$1 each for the best letters of not more than 200 words each on "How I Use My Copy of *Popular Science Monthly*." The editors ask: "How does the magazine serve you? What features are most useful to you in the home? In your business? Tell us how you use your copy of the magazine." The competition closes October 15th. No manuscript will be returned unless accompanied by a special request, with return postage. Address: Contest Editor.

Lloyd Manufacturing Company, Menominee, Mich., offers a first prize of \$300, a second of \$125, a third of \$100, and a fourth of \$75, for the best seven word slogans that describe the beauty of their baby carriages and furniture. The company will send entry blanks and explanation to interested readers. No date of closing is announced.

Nisbet & Company, Ltd., 22 Verner Street, W. I., England, are offering a prize of 125 guineas (about \$550) for the best story for boys submitted before January 15th, 1925. Complete information will be printed later in *The Editor*.

The MacFadden Publications, 1926 Broadway, New York, N. Y., in connection with the publication of *The New York Evening Graphic*, daily illustrated tabloid newspaper, will maintain *The Macfadden Newspaper Syndicate*. *The New York Graphic* will publish "a true story" every day in addition to news. In speaking of *The Evening Graphic*, Bernarr Macfadden says: "My first aim will be to give the public the news; that is what a newspap-

MONEY SAVING SUBSCRIPTION OFFERS

Your own subscription for *The Editor Weekly* will be credited in advance for one year, if you will obtain subscriptions from two friends, *not now subscribers for The Editor*, for one year each. If you desire, you may pay \$3.34 for your own subscription, and arrange with two friends to pay \$3.33 each for theirs. The three yearly subscriptions and \$10.00 must be sent together, direct to THE EDITOR, Book Hill, Highland Falls, N. Y.

OR—

Your own subscription for *The Editor Weekly* for one year, and yearly subscriptions for four friends, *not now subscribers for The Editor*, will cost \$15.00. If you desire you may pay \$3 for your own subscription, and arrange with four friends to pay \$3 each for theirs. The five yearly subscriptions and \$15 must be sent together, direct to THE EDITOR, Book Hill, Highland Falls, N. Y.

OR—

Twelve yearly subscriptions, on the same terms, i. e., at least eleven must be for folk who are not now subscribers for *The Editor*, will be given for \$30.00. You may pay \$2.50 for your subscription for one year, and arrange with eleven friends to pay \$2.50 each. The twelve subscriptions and \$30 must be sent together direct to

THE EDITOR, Book Hill, Highland Falls, N. Y.

OR—

A fully paid enrollment for the Major Course in Fiction Writing of *The Editor Council* will be given, without cost, to the writer who obtains 50 yearly subscriptions for *The Editor* at \$5 each. This is equivalent to an allowance of \$2.20 for each subscription. At least 40 of the subscriptions must be for readers who are not now subscribers.

OR—

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THE EDITOR MAGAZINE
A Weekly Service for Authors
BOOK HILL, HIGHLAND FALLS, N. Y.

er is for. My second aim will be to interpret the news through features, pictures, stories—anything that will make the person who reads this paper better for having bought a copy of it, and better still for having become a regular reader. Perhaps I shall differ too radically with other newspaper editors to suit them in conception as to what comprises news, as I have differed with every other magazine editor as to what comprises reader interest."

**The Daily News*, 15 North Wells Street, Chicago, Ill., is offering \$3,000 in prizes in a photographic competition open only to amateurs.

GOLDEN NATIONAL PRIZE PLAY CONTEST

****John Golden*, 139 West 44th Street, New York, N. Y., successful producer of clean, humorous, American plays, offers prizes of \$2,000, \$1,000 and \$500 (in the form of advance on account of royalties) for the three best plays by American authors. Mr. Golden says: "Before making even a tentative announcement of this national prize play contest, I went over it in considerable detail with three New York critics, Heywood Broun of the *World*, Percy Hammond of the *Herald-Tribune*, and Burns Mantle of the *News*. I had read Mr. Broun's articles in which he suggested that the scouting system of baseball should be applied to the theatre, and the plan as it has been finally outlined follows, in a measure, this suggestion. Mr. Broun and Mr. Hammond both approved of the plan as it was originally presented and agreed to help. There are provisions in this prize contest by which not only the playwrights may profit, but the newspaper men and women also may, for the work they have done, participate in the earnings of the prize play (or plays). If these plays are commercial successes these earnings may reach many thousands of dollars. Mr. Mantle unequivocally approved of the plan, but suggested that a way should be left open for any critic who might be entitled to a share of the net profit of a prize play but who for any reason felt that he should not accept the money for his personal use, to pay over his share of such earnings to his newspaper, to some newspaper charity, or to some object for the general advancement of the drama, and accordingly such a provision has been made. Having received the approval and assurances of support from these three New York critics, my plan was broached in letters sent to about 250 dramatic critics and dramatic editors throughout the country and since 191 of these men and women have complimented me by promising to 'go along' with this plan for a prize play, I feel that I must, in fairness to all these persons, render some account of the reasons for seeking to launch such a plan at this time. In the first place, I think I am arranging this contest as a means of expressing my appreciation of the good fortune which followed my policy of Clean Humorous American Plays Exclusively. With 'Lightnin' holding the Broadway record and playing continuously winter and summer for seven years; with 'The First Year' running five years in New York and on tour; with '7th Heaven,' 'Turn to the Right,' 'Three Wise Fools,' 'Thank-U' and other productions of mine playing for several years, it has been demon-

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strated most conclusively that the preference in all sections of America is for plays of this type—clean as to line and situation. As far as I am able to ascertain, there never has been a nation-wide, free-for-all competition for plays to be produced. The Pulitzer prize, for instance, is for plays already produced. There is at present an arrangement with Professor Baker whereby the Harvard prize plays are given professional production, but again the competition is limited. I think I am correct in saying that this plan is the first of a nation-wide aspect sponsored by a going theatrical concern, with the resources of an experienced and successful organization, and with a degree of financial backing which assures contestants that the prize play will be given a fair chance through adequate production. In a sense, I have felt it my duty to conduct such a contest because I have these facilities. I have placed on deposit in the East River National Bank of 1451 Broadway, New York, the sum of \$100,000 which may be used to insure production of the play or plays finally chosen, to pay the prizes offered and to meet the general expenses of this contest. I must confess that my real enthusiasm for this contest is not based alone upon things which can be arranged by practical people of the theatre or assured by money in the bank. The thing I most wish to see established in this country is a thorough-going American Theatre. Our theatre always will be primarily a commercial theatre, so an American theatre will come in but one way, and that is by a preference by the American public for American plays. We are a clean people, so our American theatre is destined to be a clean theatre, and we never will glorify obscenity or indecency in the name of art. Our people as a rule go to the theatre for diversion and relaxation, so the American theatre will be a comedy theatre in the first instance. We would not bar the serious play, providing it is clean, and while my own plays have been comedies, it has been made possible for the serious play—unless it is a tragedy—to be entered in this contest. So I have gone into this project from a sense of enthusiasm, from a sense of gratitude and a sense of duty. The enthusiasm is for the idea and its possibilities. The gratitude is to the American playwrights who have brought to me their splendid efforts. They are typified by that super-author and director, Winchell Smith. My gratitude also goes out to the thousands of theatre-goers whose approval and attendance proved that these authors had written great plays. The duty, as I see it, comes from the fact that having prospered through the presentation of American plays, I should make it possible for others to prosper in a like manner and thereby ultimately help the cause of the American Theatre. I must express my deep appreciation to the dramatic critics and editors of America, who have assured me of their support. After all, I am merely arranging a form for procedure. It is their contest, for without their co-operation it cannot succeed."

Plan for a National Prize Play Contest

Whereas, it frequently has been said that it is easier to write a successful play than to induce a manager
(Continued on Page VI)



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The Modern Writer According to Sherwood Anderson

REPORTED BY BLAKE MONROE

*(Highlights in an address delivered by Sherwood Anderson
during the summer session of the University of California)*

"Three great influences have made it hard for writers to do their work in America. First, there was the control of our intellectual life by New England. It produced a cold and stony culture. The arts were made the servant of morality. There was so much of life of which the New Englander was forbidden to speak, toward which he did not dare be too sympathetic, and as a result gentility and respectability became the passion of our writers.

"In literature, sins might be committed in France or in some vague place far away, like the South Seas, but among the heroes and heroines of the writer's fancy there must be no sin. As that was quite an impossible supposition, inasmuch as the writer must after all deal with human beings, the writers found a way out. The good and the bad man notion was played up to the limit. Women in books became all virgins or adulteresses. The good man had a hard struggle before him but he always ended by getting rich and marrying the virgin. The puritanic mind was satisfied.

"The second great influence was the need of developing a great continent. A poet or painter in California in '49 would have been a nuisance and a pest. A man I know was during the war arrested and sent to jail for being opposed to war, and I was one day discussing his fate with a friend. 'He ought to be sent to jail,' said my friend. 'He ought to be hanged. Any man ought to be hanged who doesn't know any better than to be right when all the other decent, nice people in the world are wrong.'

"Then came our sudden change to an industrial nation, and with it standardization.

"As a natural result of the demand for standardization of taste and material desires came the modern magazine. The magazine with a circulation of a million or two million became not unusual. The real purpose, as everyone understands, was to create, through advertising, nation-wide demand for certain commodities. The magazines were business institutions run by business men with business ends in view. They have served their purpose admirably, and taken for what they are no man can quarrel with them.

"But men cannot in reality be standardized. Few of us will as yet order our wives from a mail order house. We cannot spend our hours of leisure just looking at advertisements. We find ourselves having to be intrigued into the pages of the magazines. The commercialization of the arts follows as a perfectly natural result.

"The popular writer is then just the man of talent who is willing to sell his talent to the business man who publishes the magazine, or to the book publisher after large sales, and the more talented he is the better he gets paid. There is a job to be done and he does it, keeping his eyes always on the main chance, that is to say, on the great unthinking buying public.

"If you are a writer intent on catching and holding the fancy of the crowd you have got to have a technique. You have got to become the artful dodger, have got to invent or learn the trick of creating in the mind of your audience the sensations of terror, delight, amuse-

ment, suspense, without in any way actually touching the reality of lives.

"At the county fairs back in Ohio when I was a boy there used to be a kind of faker who went about with a machine. Into the machine he put a pound of sugar and started it going. It whirled about with great rapidity and produced a kind of cloud-like candy concoction that looked tremendously inviting. A pound of sugar would make nearly a bushel of it, but when you had bought a bag of the stuff and put a whole handful into your mouth it at once melted away to nothing.

"That is in reality the effect desired in the manufacture of any popular art. You must seem to give a lot while really giving nothing. No one must be hurt. No one must be offended. No one must be made to think or feel. Keep it up and you will get rich.

"Actually to touch people's lives is the unforgiveable sin. Both thinking and feeling are very dangerous exercises and besides people do not like them.

"You have got to get a special technique, but if you are a writer and can do it successfully you will be mighty well paid. Why, there are any number of writers in America who receive from two to three or even five thousand dollars for single short stories and if they are lucky and also sell movie rights they often get two or three times that much. Writers of the popular sort often make incomes as large as those of bankers or brokers, live during the summers in villas in Maine or in the Carmel Highlands, drive expensive motor cars, own yachts, have a simply splendid time and never during a long lifetime make a single contribution to the art of writing or write anything that a living soul would ever think of reading after the writer has died or his temporary vogue has passed.

"I hope you understand, however, that all this has nothing at all to do with the art of writing, that is to say in any sense in which the real writers of the world, men who have

cared something about their craft, have always thought of it.

"There are no plot stories in life. If it is your purpose to live in a pasteboard world you have got to avoid storms. There is always that huge audience made up of all kinds of people, who must not be offended. To know men and women, to be in the least sympathetic with them in their actual trials and struggles, is a handicap.

"If it is your desire to be that kind of a writer, to grow rich and be successful by writing, and if you have a natural talent that can be made to serve your purpose, stay just as far away as possible from any real thinking or feeling about actual men and women. Stay in the pasteboard world. Believe in your heroic cowboys and lumberjacks. Go to the movies all you can. Read the magazines. Go to the short story schools and learn the bag of tricks. Spend your time thinking up plots for stories and never by any chance let the plots grow naturally out of the lives and the hopes, joys and sufferings of the people you are writing about.

"What is wanted today, in factories or in magazines, is a highly standardized product turned out at low manufacturing cost. Present day conditions are but the natural result of our living in an industrial age. Until the impulse for vast production of second-rate art wears itself out, or people get tired of it, things will go on just as they are.

"Back of it all, of course, lies the silly notion that people can get happiness out of success, out of making money, the silly notion that any man can be happy doing poor or sloppy work, no matter how much temporary success or praise he may win.

"The individual impulse in men to do good work goes on. Men are arising everywhere who are trying to be true to the very complex materials they have to try to handle.

"As I have gone about in the streets of American towns and cities I have noticed that

even the Ford cannot escape the workman impulse. Boys buy second hand Fords and rebuild them into bugs and these bugs are often enough light, graceful and fine. Ugly lines have been cut away. Something altogether lacking in grace has been made graceful and it would be worth while if people could come to understand that the boy who does that is a craftsman following a craftsman's impulse and is more important to the community than a dozen manufacturers of cheap novels or cheap magazine stories. He is meeting the aesthetic needs of his nature with the materials at hand, and a Cezanne, a Matisse, a Turgenev, or a Shakespeare could do no more than that.

"The modern movement, then, is in reality an attempt on the part of the workman to get back into his own hands some control over the tools and materials of his craft.

"The workman in words or in color has a better chance than many. If, for example, I can make my living by working six months of the year in an advertising agency writing soap advertisements, I can perhaps save enough money to write disregarding the magazines for another six months. I know one very good modern painter who becomes a house painter when he is broke, and one of America's finest poets works as a reporter on a newspaper. In America, just now, it is not too hard for a man to make a living, particularly if he is discreet enough not to have children.

"And then things are slowly getting better. That the workman is a better and truer man when he is given control of the tools and materials of his craft is being found out. There is a small public growing up that has discrimination enough to want good work. Honest books begin to sell a little. Honest painting that isn't just pretty picture making begins to sell. Puritanism, as such, is pretty well whipped. Its force is spent. Today in America any man of talent who writes a book

that is significant, a work of art, can get it published and there will be critics to acclaim him.

"There are ways to get moments of happiness out of life other than by making money and being successful, and the men who grind out second-rate flashy stories for the magazines or paint flashy covers for magazines have their bad moments. It is no fun, believe me, to wake up in the middle of the night and to realize that you have sold out your own craft.

"For it is as true as there is a sun in the sky that men cannot live in the end without love of craft. It is to the man what love of children is to the woman. When you are considering what it is that makes the younger generation so restless, what makes the workers on your buildings and in your factories such indifferent workmen, what makes so much of contemporary art cheap and transitory, consider also what the industrial age has tended to do to this old love of craft so deeply rooted in men.

"It is a dangerous process. Soil the workman's tools and materials long enough and he may turn and kill you. You are striking at the very root of the man's being.

"We have all been brought up with the notion, firmly planted in us, that to succeed in a material sense is the highest end for a life. Our fathers tell us that. Often our mothers tell us so. Schools and universities often enough teach the same lesson. We hear it on all sides, and when we are young and uncertain our very youthful humbleness often enough betrays us. Are we to set ourselves against the opinions of our elders? How are we to know that truth to ourselves, to the work of our own hands, to our own inner impulses, is the most vital thing in life? It has become almost a truism here in America that no man does good work in the arts until he is past forty. Nearly all the so-called moderns, the younger men, so-called, are already

gray. It takes a long time for most men to get ground under their feet, to find out a little their own truth in life.

"The writer, the painter, the musician, the practitioner of any one of the arts who wants to do real work and honest work has got to put money making aside. He has got to forget it.

"Consider for a moment the materials of the prose writer, the teller of tales. His materials are human lives. To him these figures of his fancy, these people who live in his fancy, should be as real as living people. He should be no more ready to sell them out than he would sell out his men friends or the woman he loves. To take the lives of these people and bend or twist them to suit the need of some cleverly thought out plot, to give your reader a false emotion, is as mean and ignoble as to sell out living men or women. For the writer there is no escape, as there is no real escape for any craftsman. If you handle your materials in a cheap way you become cheap. The need of making a living may serve as an excuse but it will not save

you as a craftsman. Nothing really will save you if you go cheap with tools and materials. Do cheap work and you are yourself cheap. That is the truth.

"There are worse fates than being poor. If you have talent do not sell out your birthright. My own belief is that there never was a people in the world more anxious for men of talent to stay on the track and be true to the crafts than the Americans. We all know something is wrong with the flood of cheap work we are always getting. The literary clubs and the various kinds of culture clubs that spring up everywhere are perhaps rather silly in some of their gropings but they mean something. Often enough the very man who spends all of his own life absorbed in money making would really like his wife or his children to have something else as an end in life. I suspect that is the real reason there are so many young men and women in colleges who have no real interest in scholarship. They want something and their parents want something for them. Is it any wonder they do not know what they want?"

Contemporary Writers and Their Work

A Series of Autobiographical Letters on the Genesis, Conception, Development, and Writing of Fiction, Poems, and Articles Published in Current Periodicals

The Raw Material of Fiction

BY WALTER HALL SMITH *

I can tell only a little about the young lady, "Miss Cora Greene" (Everybody's Magazine for June, 1924). She isn't, and never has been, very clear in my mind. I liked her for a while, almost superficially, and lo! she went forth and conquered. (There are some others I can never forget who seem destined to

live for me alone in my unsold Mss. file, alas.) I recall reading a short item in a Kansas City newspaper about a pretty red-haired girl who escaped, for the third time, I think, from the prison at Leavenworth. They couldn't find her. Having one time made a canoe trip along this section of the Missouri River I wondered if she had used the river as a means. It seemed probable that she might have done so. Thus Cora was born.

*Editor's Note: Walter Hall Smith writes from Inganda, District de l'Equateur, Belgian Congo, West Africa, which explains why The Editor prints in September the article about a story published in June.

I wanted a name that would in a measure suggest—not wishing to tread on anyone's toes—her station in life. She was red-haired, and a song popular at the time was "That Red Head Gal." I hummed it with the rest of America, and it chanced I was reminded of a colored singing-entertainer, Cora Green; a good entertainer. I added an "e" to the Green and stole poor Cora's name. I don't know why I used it for a title, unless because it could be substituted in the song where the words "that red head gal" appear, without losing the metre. I fell to singing it that way, so after a while the title seemed obvious. Mr. Schuyler Ashley, my friend, and collaborator on other stories, suggested the denouement.

Methods differ, but I believe many stories materialize from such an apparently hit-or-miss dream-jumble as this. That, to me, is the lovely, lovely thing about fiction writing: it is so inexact. I started the story, stopped, motored from Colorado Springs to Mexico, found a new idea or two, and came back to work on the old one.

I have met nice business men who say, looking very confidential and very understanding, "You write stories, do you? Well, well! Plan to turn *my* hand to that one day soon. I always did have imagination; find it a useful talent in business, 'smattero' fact. I got a plot or two stored away; not gonna let you in on 'em though! Ha! Ha! (Thank God!) I'm going about it like this. I'm gonna do this first, then that, then this. Stick right to that system all the way through. What do you think of it?"

Isn't it fine? They never, never can.

In terms of business, thoughtfully, a writer is a manufacturer whose product is fiction. His raw material is boundless and it is free. Of course, since it is Life. The only reason one manufacturer of an article is more successful than another is because he has a better secret for handling his raw material. The

only reason one man can write a story and another can't is because the former looks at this Life affair from a little different angle from anybody else, and because it chances that his angle is interesting to the rest of the world. I realize that this is scarcely original, but I simply register as believing it, too.

I should like to say that I have never been able to write a story concerning, or laid at, the place where I happen to be living at the time. People remark, "Isn't it wonderful that you are going to such and such a place. I expect to read all about it now." Then you proceed to Indo-China and write a story laid in Emporia, Kansas. Coming out of the U. S. N. R. F., I went into business in Chicago. Where are the business stories I should have written? After a while I began writing about the sea. I moved to Kansas City, where I intended to do the most writing, and did no writing at all. In Colorado Springs I did nothing else but write—largely about business, although I was motoring the country, hunting in the mountains, and so on. What far removed subject I shall write about in this languid *pays des rêves* I have no notion.

Why is this? I think existence anywhere is complicated enough of itself without constantly rehashing it in your fiction at the same time. Writing about anything approaching the actual moment would be too tedious. I believe that is why.

But one must write. There the methodologists have it on us. No good squirming, fretting, and fighting. One writes better when he writes a little every day.

This, then, is the tale of the writing of Cora Greene's story. It's the best I can do. Cora, it seems to me, must be very old, with grandchildren by this time. I should not be addressing her so familiarly.

I regret to close by admitting that a story with as little unity as this letter could never be expected to sell. But then it's so hot. Do you know what *heat* is in the United States?

"Said By—Written By"

Opinions and Quotations from Old and New Books and Periodicals

New Twists to Old Words

BY RICHARD SURREY

*Dixeris egregie, notum so callida verbum
Reddiderit junctura novum.*

—Horace.

"Even if there were only four or five hundred words in the English language," said a friend of mine the other day, "there would be no excuse for monotony in advertising copy. There are only sixty-four squares on a chess-board, and only thirty-two pieces to play with, but no two chess games are ever alike. I've been told that there are more than 2,000 possible variations of the first four moves. If we moved words about with the same regard for strategical position that the chess player shows, there would not only be more strength in copy, but more novelty."

This outburst earned for the speaker the nickname of "Horace Secundus," for it immediately reminded a third party present of the phrase quoted above, written by an old gentleman who died in the year 8 B. C., before our great stock-in-trade of English words was coined. He translated it thus: "You will have spoken excellently, if a cunning juxtaposition shall have made a trite word novel."

Current advertising is not barren of words strung together in cunning juxtaposition; but most of the examples that can be gathered in a day's march through the pages of American mediums present this decided disadvantage—the cunning is too obvious and opaque, it allows only a faint, refracted beam of the real message to shine through, if indeed it does not altogether snuff it out under the upholstered pomposity of inflated prose. Take this paragraph as an example:

Diana rides in majesty through the azure of the night and lights the earth with her gentle radiance. Diana hides behind storm clouds, and her brilliancy

is not visible to mortal eyes. But the daughters of Diana, the lamps of the house, shine every night.

This is so consummately cunning that even the erudite inhabitants of Boston, to whom it was particularly addressed, must have had some difficulty in deciphering it into a retail store advertisement for lamps.

Plenty of national copy contains verbal tapestry of this kind, such as the current magazine page which begins: "In June the whole world is a bride. Even the gardens wear a silver veil of dew over them in the morning." Or the pineapple advertisement which speaks of "golden circlets of tropical goodness."

Neither the late Quintus Horatius Flaccus, nor my friend Horace Secundus, had this sort of thing in mind, I feel sure. New moves on the chess-board of word arrangement need not be confined to the knights and castles. The pawns of speech, the commoner words, can also be given new twists, as the following Ansco advertisement fully proves:

People used to say, "money talks." But not any more! In these days of inflated prices and deflated incomes, it's "money whispers."

But I know of one way that you can still make money talk. What's more, you can make it shout and roar and bellow—by buying a real, roll-film Ansco camera for only one dollar. . . .

When one puny dollar buys a regular camera that will get pictures like that, I claim that money isn't merely shouting or roaring—it's trumpeting like a herd of elephants.

Mr. Flaccus possibly wouldn't approve of this, and even Horace Secundus might think it violent; but it is racy, it is virile, it talks right out loud! It reminds one of Kipling's phrase about "words that become alive and walk up and down in the hearts of the hearers."

It may sound forced, but there is nowhere in it the crack of an overtaut string as there is

in a recent beverage advertisement which describes the liquid as it "sparkles into your glass and spills wetness all over your throat."

But there are examples which may be quoted that do not come so close to the danger line. This, for instance, from an advertisement of the Chas. R. DeBevoise Co., of Newark:

"Life," said the debutante, "is just one dress after another." Eve's one-piece costume served for every function, but today one's attire must match the spirit of every occasion from tee to tea.

This is smart, and at least three phrases out of it will probably be aired by smart women (without credit to the writer, of course) in their interminable discussions of dress. But it is not just frothily clever. It says something and it carries the attention through into the succeeding paragraphs.

One's respect for the copy-writing fraternity is renewed by copy like that, or by the French Line advertisement which is quoted here entire, because it is too good to be mutilated:

THE "FRANCE" IS BACK!

Four funnels—red with black tops. Nose in a wave off Sandy Hook, racing to pier fifty-seven. If the Statue of Liberty were an emotional person she would dip her torch . . . the *France* is back!

She's been away for the winter. Getting new oil-burning engines to add to her speed. Getting a few clothes, like any other visitor to Paris. But she's kept her type, like the *chic* Parisienne she is.

She isn't just a boat. Any more than Newport is just a town, or the Knickerbocker Club is a hotel. She has somehow evolved a soul—a personality that attracts just those people with whom one wants to pass six days at sea.

Others may not be so enthusiastic about this piece of copy as I am. To me it seems an example of language admirably hewn to the slender contour of its task, with all the unsightly chips carefully swept out of sight. The actual words are those we all use. It is a triumph of "arrangement."

It is this kind of copy that makes me smile when "plan men" say, as they often do—I know one such chap intimately, and he can't be unique: "So long as I dictate the copy

ideas I don't care who does the actual writing. The office boy will do as well as anybody else."

Harry E. Cleland, in an address before the National Industrial Advertisers' Association last year, punctured this absurdity with a clever point. He instanced the case of a manufacturer of material-handling machinery who wished to proclaim that his equipment would reduce a working force from ten men to one, and suggested that the headlines written by the average man, in such a case, might be:

"Manual Labor Materially Reduced," or
"It Took Ten Men to Handle This Job Before," or "Are You Affected by the National Labor Shortage?"

Mr. Cleland's suggestion, in words of one syllable, chosen to make a *picture* instead of a statement, and arranged in such a way as to achieve the maximum amount of emphasis, was as follows:

"In Place of a Gang, a Man!"

If anyone has an office boy who can write headings like that I know of plenty of men who will hire him.

A recent advertisement of the American Radiator Company carried these words in small type, just above the illustration: "Every year, the bill you pay for coal nearly equals the first cost of the boiler itself." An office boy *might* write that; but no office boy you or I ever saw could write the display line: "You shovel your heater into your heater every single year." It is simple, rhythmic, emphatic, and pictorial—so much so, that it scarcely needed the accompanying illustration, showing a pile of coal, duplicating in shape and size the boiler into which it was being shoveled.

It isn't easy for the best copy writers in the craft to phrase things as tightly as that. Phrase-making is a difficult art to learn, for the reason that the great wits and orators and poets do not leave behind the chips that have

fallen from their chiseled *bon mots* to give us a clue to their methods.

The best exercise, I find, is to read and compare two or three translations of a foreign book. To compare Shelley's radiant version of the *Cyclops* with the work of most of the translators of Euripides, for instance, is an education in itself. And, among modern writers, I have spent profitable hours comparing translations of Turgenev, Maupassant and Flaubert.

But more remarkable and more valuable to the student of words and of phrase-making are the many translations of the Bible. In these can be traced the steps by which the first clumsy attempts at rendering Greek and Hebrew came to be fashioned into prose that still is regarded as the glory of English literature.

Take, for example, this passage from the *Bishop's Bible*, so called because the translation was parceled out among eight bishops during Elizabeth's reign:

Get thee up betimes and be bright, O Jerusalem; for thy light cometh, and the glory of the Lord is risen up upon thee. For lo! while the darkness and cloud covereth the earth and the people, the Lord shall show thee light, and His glory shall be seen in thee. The Gentiles shall come to thy light, and kings to the brightness that springeth forth upon thee.

I shall not weary you with the minor changes in the many other translations. Let us make the leap, all at once, to the Authorized Version:

Arise, shine; for thy light is come, and the glory of the Lord is risen upon thee. For, behold, the darkness shall cover the earth, and gross darkness the people; but the Lord shall rise upon thee, and His glory shall be seen upon thee. And the Gentiles shall come to thy light, and kings to the brightness of thy rising.

Even to compare the first two words and the last four words of the Authorized Version with their equivalent phrasing in the *Bishop's Bible* is a sufficient inspiration. "Arise, shine! The brightness of thy rising!" What vowels! What emphasis! What rhythm!

Or take the famous "charity" passage in

Corinthians. Here is what happened in the case of one curious little phrase in each of the four well-known versions:

Tyndale—In a glass, even in a dark speaking.

Geneva—In a glass, and in a dark speaking.

Rheims—By a glass in a dark sort.

Authorized—In a glass darkly.

This last has become one of the literary catchwords of the English language. It has just that mysterious, enigmatic connotation inherent in the Greek original.

These examples may seem to be greatly removed from advertising, and it is true that in the subject matter they are foreign to the needs of the copy writer. But they illustrate a means of getting at the secrets of phrase-making.

Take a more modern instance, a phrase from Dickens' description of the Circumlocution Office (Somerset House) in "Little Dorrit":

"How not to do it was the great study and object of all departments."

The infinitive phrase with which this sentence begins is much stronger than a simple noun, as you can prove for yourself by re-writing it thus: "Inactivity was the great study and object of all departments."

Note, too, the emphasis achieved by arrangement. Suppose it had been written: "The great study and object of all departments was inactivity." In this form it bears a striking resemblance to a much-quoted sentence from Sir James Mackintosh's reply to Burke's "Reflections on the French Revolution": "The Commons, faithful to their system, remained in a wise and masterly inactivity." The identical idea is here, and by no means badly expressed, but it is in the language of polemics. It does not immediately strike the attention.

Or, suppose we take the actual words Dickens used and simply reverse their order, making the sentence read: "The great study and object of all departments was How Not To Do It." In this form it is not unlike a quota-

tion from William Watson's "Sketch of a Political Character":

The earth's high places who attain to fill
By most indomitably sitting still.

Watson says "sitting still" and Mackintosh talks of "inactivity." Dickens beats them both with "How not to do it," because it is at once simpler, more emphatic, and more expressive of the deliberateness with which inactivity or "not doing it" is cultivated. Dickens, moreover, makes his phrase more memorable by putting it at the beginning of the sentence, where it also gains in emphasis and in the power to grip attention. The somewhat analogous phrase of Horace: "Strenuous sloth urges us on" would not be so strong had it been written: "We are urged on by strenuous sloth."

By analyzing and rewriting phrases in this way much may be learned of the secrets of word arrangement. An excellent little book published last year on "The Art of Phrasing in English Composition," by Paul T. Carew, contains many helpful exercises. For instance, the author takes a simple sentence like, "Envy is a bitter thing," and begins to re-arrange and amplify it, step by step. First, "It is a bitter thing to envy." Second, he makes it exclamatory, "How bitter a thing it is to envy!"

"The sentence is now poorly balanced," he says. "Can the concept *envy* be dressed in a few colorful words to improve the balance? Analyze *envy*—'to look unwillingly on another's happiness'—and behold a gem borrowed from Shakespeare: 'How bitter a thing it is to look into happiness through another man's eyes!'"

If this little book did nothing else but help those who are striving to cut down the employment of adjectives it would be very valuable. For the writer addicted to *adjectivitis* the prepositional phrase is an excellent pur-

gative. Note how much more graphic than adjectives are the following phrases:

Alive—Athrob with life
Hot—Shrivel with heat
Fortunate—Favored by fortune
Active—Galvanized into action
Gloomy—Plunged into gloom
Ashamed—Scarlet with shame
Angry—Pale with anger

In the case of the last two examples, for instance, one can fairly see the blood flushing or leaving the cheek. Note the improvement when the words are re-arranged, the object becoming the subject, and the verb being changed to the transitive. The three steps follow:

- (1) He was angry.
- (2) He became pale with anger.
- (3) Anger paled his cheeks.

The first merely describes a state of mind that may or may not be visibly expressed. The second paints a picture, but loses emphasis because of the nature of the verb and the fact that the moving force is at the end of the sentence. The third not only places *anger* in its logical position in relation to the other parts of the phrase, but the use of the transitive verb makes the anger actively impinge on something.

Some may balk at what seems like a study of elementals and an overclose analysis of trivial examples; but I know of no other road—certainly no royal one—that will lead to novel combinations of trite terms in advertising.

Too few realize how much care goes into the preparation of some of the seemingly most spontaneous copy. "Spontaneity" is often merely another term for "painstaking care."

No copy writer should sniff at the study, analysis and labor involved. Shakespeare, who certainly did not lack invention, tells of his own struggles with "compounds strange" in one of his sonnets, and ends by saying, "So all my best is dressing old words new."—Printers' Ink Monthly.

GOLDEN NATIONAL PRIZE PLAY CONTEST

(Continued from Page III)

to read and consider it, and whereas, it has occurred to John Golden that there may be some truth in this platitude, and whereas, it is his opinion that there can be no better judges of plays than those particular newspaper writers known as dramatic critics and dramatic editors, who have devoted their professional lives to the analytical study of plays, and whereas, 191 men and women have acknowledged in writing their willingness to lend their aid to a movement which may help the American Theatre, now therefore, be it resolved that these men and women together with such other dramatic critics and dramatic editors as may offer to take part in this enterprise under the conditions outlined, shall be formed into an organization under the temporary title of "A Coterie of American Play Critics," and that among other things for the betterment of the theatre that this Coterie may accomplish, it shall have full power of procedure in the matter of selecting for presentation a certain prize play or prize plays, according to the rules governing the John Golden National Play Contest. All those critics and dramatic editors whose names are listed are ipso facto members of the Coterie of American Play Critics. Any dramatic critic or dramatic editor, serving on any daily newspaper printed in the English language within the continental United States may become a member of this Coterie upon due application, made in writing, to the office of John Golden, in the Hudson Theatre Building, 139 West 44th Street, New York, N. Y. All applications, to be accepted, must be in the hands of Mr. Golden on or before October 1st, 1924. The contest shall be announced and shall begin on September 1st, 1924, and shall end December 31st, 1924. The contest is open only to American authors. Musical plays, tragedies and works built along a sex or salacious line are barred from this contest. John Golden hereby agrees that the prize play or plays finally selected in this contest (but not to exceed three plays in all) shall be awarded the prizes herein provided and shall be produced by him within a reasonable period, with due regard to the theatrical season. He agrees to produce the plays recommended by the Coterie and its various Committees without regard to his own opinion as to their artistic, literary, or box-office values. The final Committee of Award, herein defined, may in its judgment consult with Mr. Golden before making a decision, but this provision is not a condition of the contest. *First Prize:* For the first prize play conforming to the conditions of this contest, which shall be the final choice of the Coterie of American Play Critics and its various Committees, there shall be paid a cash sum of \$2,000 as advance on royalties to accrue, with a contract for production with royalties as follows: Five per cent. on the first \$5,000 gross weekly receipts; seven and one-half per cent. on the next \$2,500 gross weekly receipts; ten per cent. on all sums over \$7,500 gross weekly receipts. *Second Prize:* For the second prize play there shall be paid a sum of \$1,000 as an advance on royalties to accrue with a contract for production

with royalties on the same percentage basis. *Third Prize:* For the third prize play there shall be paid a sum of \$500 as advance on royalties to accrue, with a contract for production with royalties on the same percentage basis. It is stipulated that any author by entering a play in this contest places it solely at the disposal of the Coterie and its various Committees until it is formally rejected from this competition.

Organization of the Coterie

Each member of the Coterie of American Play Critics shall, with the consent, of course, of the publisher of his paper, announce and explain the terms of this play contest through the columns of his newspaper, and thereafter by such a campaign of exploitation as his editorial judgment dictates, seek to bring to his desk plays from American playwrights, for submission in this contest. On December 31st, 1924, it shall be the duty of each member of the Coterie to declare the competition closed. On or before January 15th, 1925, he shall select one play as the best play submitted to him and shall forward the play to the office of John Golden. All members of the Coterie who submit plays shall be known as members of Committee No. 1. A list of the members of Committee No. 1 shall be compiled in ballot form and one ballot shall be sent immediately to each member. The members of Committee No. 1 shall vote for one-half of those whose names are listed thereon for a new Committee which shall be known as Committee No. 2. A list of members of Committee No. 2 shall be compiled in ballot form and one ballot shall be sent immediately to each member. The members of Committee No. 2 shall vote for one-half of those whose names are listed thereon for a new Committee which shall be known as Committee No. 3. A list of members of Committee No. 3 shall be compiled in ballot form and one ballot shall be sent immediately to each member. The members of Committee No. 3 shall vote for five of those whose names are listed for a new Committee which shall be known as the Committee of Final Award. A list of the members of the Committee of Final Award shall be compiled in ballot form and one ballot shall be sent immediately to each member. The members of the Committee of Final Award shall vote for one of those whose names are listed thereon for a Chairman. The Chairman, following his election, shall have the power to make decisions, fill vacancies in the Coterie, due to any cause whatsoever, and at his discretion settle any dispute and meet any contingency not covered by the rules of this contest. At the risk of having the plan seem involved, Mr. Golden and his advisors have chosen this procedure to avoid any possible unfairness and to be certain that the Committees making the decisions shall at the outset be unknown.

Method of Judging Plays

Each member of the Coterie who on or before January 15th, 1915, shall forward to the office of Mr. Golden, under seal, one play, which in his judgment is the best play submitted to him in this contest, shall automatically become a member of Committee No. 1. As soon as the whole number of plays is received the balloting for members of Committee No.

2, Committee No. 3, the Committee of Final Award and the Chairman of the Committee of Final Award shall proceed; then to each member of Committee No. 2 there shall be forwarded two plays. He shall read both. Of the two he must approve one and reject the other, returning both copies to the office of Mr. Golden. To each member of Committee No. 3, there shall be forwarded two plays. He shall read both. Of the two, he must approve one and reject the other, returning both copies to the office of Mr. Golden. To each member of the Committee of Final Award there shall be forwarded one-fifth of all remaining plays. He shall read all manuscripts submitted to him and must approve one play and reject all others, returning all manuscripts to the office of Mr. Golden. Thus it is hoped there may be a final five plays for consideration, all of which must be read by each member of the Committee of Final Award. In the event of a tie, the Chairman shall have the deciding vote. He shall also determine whether one, two or three prize plays shall be accepted. It is specifically to be noted that while all members of the other Committees must accept one of the two plays submitted, the Committee of Final Award has the right to reject any or all of the plays submitted.

Feeling that the members of the Coterie of American Play Critics who shall have a part in the collecting and reading of manuscripts in this contest do so at the expense of considerable time and labor, a plan has been arranged whereby certain members of the Coterie, as hereby defined, shall receive as consideration for their services, on each prize play a total of 25 per cent. of the net profits to be divided as follows: 1. Ten per cent. to the member of Committee No. 1 who first selects and approves a play which eventually wins a prize. 2. Five per cent. to the member of Committee No. 2 who approves a play recommended by a member of Committee No. 1, that play eventually winning a prize. 3. Five per cent. to the member of Committee No. 3 who approves a play recommended by a member of Committee No. 2, that play eventually winning a prize. 4. A five per cent. interest in each play (but not more than three plays) to the Committee of Final Award, to be divided equally among the five members of that committee or to be disposed of in any other way decided upon by that Committee. To the end that the Coterie of American Play Critics may have a temporary head in the event that its membership shall decide to make the organization permanent for the purpose of conducting an annual play-writing contest, or for any other reason, the Committee of Final Award is hereby designated as a temporary organization committee, and the Chairman of the Committee of Final Award shall be chairman of this temporary committee and of the organization.

Note Well: Authors will note that plays may be entered only through members of the Coterie, which comprises the dramatic critics or dramatic editors of practically all the important newspapers of the country. Submit your manuscripts to the dramatic critic or dramatic editor of your nearest large city newspaper, before December 31st, 1924. Manuscripts

CAN A LETTER OF 2,500 WORDS BE WORTH \$100.00?

Many writers have said in substance: *"The letters that THE EDITOR COUNCIL has written to help me develop my ideas and write my stories have been of great value."* Occasionally an enthusiastic COUNCIL student has said that one letter of criticism was worth the price of the whole course. And hundreds of COUNCIL students who have been helped to revise stories that they later sold, have given the entire credit—which seldom was really deserved—to the COUNCIL. We have in mind now one letter, of which the author for whom it was written plainly says: *"Your last letter was worth hundreds of dollars to me!"*

It happens that this letter is a fairly good one. It probably will give most writers more practical knowledge of story-writing than could be drawn from a half dozen books on fiction technique. This letter will be sent to you, if you so request when forwarding your enrollment for the Major Course in Fiction Writing of THE EDITOR COUNCIL.

FORM FOR ENROLLMENT

The Editor Council,

Book Hill, Highland Falls N. Y.

I desire to enroll for the fiction writing course of The Editor Council. I am to receive 52 Assignments and the entire series of Chap-books and Supplementary Material, and the help of an individual instructor in developing and writing and revising stories written in response to the Assignments. You agree to continue the work with me until I have sold at least \$100 worth of manuscripts after enrolling.

I enclose \$110 in full payment for the course and your tuition, or

I enclose \$20 as an initial payment, and agree to pay \$10 each month thereafter until I have paid \$120.00.

should be typewritten and must be accompanied by return postage and preferably by postage sufficient for registry. Members of the Coterie do not assume any liability for manuscripts lost in transit or while in their possession. Plays rejected by Committees No. 2 and 3 and by the Committee of Final Award will not be returned to the authors direct, but to the members of Committee No. 1 by whom originally submitted. The Chairman of the Committee of Final Award shall have full power to repeal, or alter any provision for the conduct of this competition which in his judgment is unsuitable or impracticable for any reason whatsoever, and to make any new regulations which he may deem necessary. Mr. Golden shall, upon notification of any such change, transmit it to each member of the Coterie, and it shall become a part of the provisions for this contest.

THE EXPERIENCE EXCHANGE

A Give and Take Department—Do Your Share!

R. A. writes:

The Editor's plea for more letters for the Experience Exchange was an astonishment to me, as I supposed the mail must be all choked up with them. I get a tremendous lot out of that Department. I have never made but two sales that were not traceable to some item in *The Editor*. I have been in the game for eighteen months, and to my surprise and that of my entire family, the gate receipts for the first year were one thousand dollars. But I am getting to realize how little I really know, and I am soon going to enroll in The Editor Council course to find out something more than I can glean from the letters of friendly editors.

I have been surprised since I have been a reader of the Exchange that no one has risen to tell what dandy people to work with are Mr. Frank Blackwell, of **Detective Story Magazine*, and his associate, Miss Strobe. Their criticisms are frank and never fail to hit the nail on the head. I have sold a good many short stories to the magazine since last August, and in every case where a story has been shot back I could see from the criticism right where it fell down, and sometimes could repair it. Mr. Blackwell wants stories that really could have happened, not too sordid, not grewsome, and about people that seem real. Payment is of course on acceptance, at about one and one-half cents a word, and decisions are prompt. *Western Story*, which Mr. Blackwell also edits, prefers stories "that keep alive the spirit and humor of the old West rather than the modern West of autos and dude ranches."

Another editor with whom it is a pleasure to deal is Dr. John D. Long, of *Motor Camper and Tourist*. I have sold him several articles since I saw the initial notice of the magazine in the March *Editor*. You must send them an unusual motor camping experience that is presented in a snappy way, not as if it were a solid chunk taken out of a guide book. The photos which accompany the article must be of camps and

AUTHORS' AGENT

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camp life, with "human interest," not photos of scenery. Payment, as Dr. Long wrote me, is in general by the column, photos included in the text, except in the case of writers very well known in the field of outdoor articles. Photos suitable for use in the photographic spread on the centre pages are paid for separately. Payment is on publication, but being a new magazine, you do not have to wait long for your article to come out.

Miss Margaret Ramsay, editor of the *Home Forum* Page of the *Christian Science Monitor*, is very exacting in her high standards, but most fair and just, and very gracious in her invaluable criticisms. Payment is made on publication, according to the value of your stuff to the paper, and a copy is sent you. Here's a funny thing: Before the *New York Herald* joined forces with the *Tribune*, it used regularly to reprint my verses from the *Monitor*. But I was never able to plant anything on them at first hand. The answer to that is not gratifying!

One thing more—so many of you have stressed the point that we should, in our writing, stick to something that we know about. I think that's true, for those of the rank and file of us who are not *AI* geniuses. A letter from the editor of one of the poetry magazines is a good illustration. I sent him a poem about the Nativity, the setting being the stable of the inn. He wrote back that it was a beautiful poem, and he liked the original thought and treatment. But it was a little too original, for, said he, "You will be shocked when I tell you that there is in the Holy Land no 'fragrant hay,' nor any 'cows,' nor any 'lovely summer days.' Stick to good Jersey red earth and ox-eyed daisies." Pretty good advice. Of course you don't have to swallow it whole, but still it's risky, writing about something you don't know about from the ground up.

The Author's Weekly

Fifteen Cents a Copy

September 27th, 1924

THE EDITOR

A Journal of Information for Literary Workers

A Weekly Service for Authors

VOL. 66

Book Hill, Highland Falls, N. Y.

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Weekly

616th Number

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Highland Falls, N. Y.
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30th Year

MONEY SAVING SUBSCRIPTION OFFERS

Your own subscription for The Editor Weekly will be credited in advance for one year, if you will obtain subscriptions from two friends, *not now subscribers for The Editor*, for one year each. If you desire, you may pay \$3.34 for your own subscription, and arrange with two friends to pay \$3.33 each for theirs. The three yearly subscriptions and \$10.00 must be sent together, direct to THE EDITOR, Book Hill, Highland Falls, N. Y.

OR—

Your own subscription for The Editor Weekly for one year, and yearly subscriptions for four friends, *not now subscribers for The Editor*, will cost \$15.00. If you desire you may pay \$3 for your own subscription, and arrange with four friends to pay \$3 each for theirs. The five yearly subscriptions and \$15 must be sent together, direct to THE EDITOR, Book Hill, Highland Falls, N. Y.

OR—

Twelve yearly subscriptions, on the same terms, i. e., at least eleven must be for folk who are not now subscribers for The Editor, will be given for \$30.00. You may pay \$2.50 for your subscription for one year, and arrange with eleven friends to pay \$2.50 each. The twelve subscriptions and \$30 must be sent together direct to

THE EDITOR, Book Hill, Highland Falls, N. Y.

OR—

A fully paid enrollment for the Major Course in Fiction Writing of The Editor Council will be given, without cost, to the writer who obtains 50 yearly subscriptions for The Editor at \$5 each. This is equivalent to an allowance of \$2.20 for each subscription. At least 40 of the subscriptions must be for readers who are not now subscribers.

OR—

For a yearly subscription, sent to us by a subscriber for a friend whose name is not now on The Editor subscription list, The Editor will give 50 of each size of Printed Manuscript Mailing Envelopes. The order must come from a reader now a subscriber for The Editor, with \$5, and must be for a reader who is not now a subscriber.

THE EDITOR MAGAZINE
A Weekly Service for Authors
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THE NEW STORY WORLD

*A Monthly Magazine of Inspiration
and Instruction for the Creative Writer*

*Features of Interest to Writers
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A series of short articles by successful writers in which they tell in their own words how they find material for their stories, how they develop their characters, how they build their plots—in short, How They Do It.

News and Comment on Story Markets—

A department devoted to the discussion of the general trend of the story market, touching both on the demand for screen plays and on the requirements of the publishing houses. A guide and help to the writer who is seeking an outlet for his material.

Dramatic Criticism—

A series of illuminating articles on this little discussed subject by Monroe Lathrop, one of the best known dramatic critics. This is an exclusive Story World service to its readers.

Short Story Contest—

Another feature of the new Story World is the contest conducted each month on the subject, "The Most Interesting Short Story I Have Read This Month." Cash prizes will be awarded for the best constructive analysis setting forth why the particular story selected by the contestant proved most interesting.

Contributors—

Contributing to Story World each month are men and women whose names are known wherever short stories are read and photo-plays are shown. In addition to the regular departments conducted by Frederick Palmer, H. H. Van Loan and others, there appear in the columns of Story World articles of interest to writers by Frederick Jackson, Frances Harmer, Jim Tully, Sheldon Krag Johnson, Carl Clausen, Gerald Breckenridge, H. Bedford-Jones, Bryan Irvine, Winifred Kimball, Ethel Styles Middleton, Frederic Taber Cooper, Tamer Lane, Louis Weadock, and interviews with and articles about Zane Grey, Upton Sinclair, Eugene Manlove Rhodes, Stewart Edward White, Harry Leon Wilson, Booth Tarkington, and the famous writers for screen and printed page.

STORY WORLD

*Where the Writers of Tomorrow Meet the
Writers of Today*

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THE LITERARY MARKET

There is a place somewhere for every good Manuscript.—THE EDITOR

In this department THE EDITOR publishes each week news of the literary market that interests and aids writers with manuscripts for sale. Whenever possible statements are taken exactly from letters received from the editors of the publications concerned.

**The Forum*, 247 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y., has awarded the first prize of \$1,000 in its short story competition to T. J. Mosley. This competition was announced in *The Editor* for February 9th and April 26th, 1924.

***Liberty*, which uses bright articles and fiction of all kinds, now has its editorial offices at 247 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.

**Complete Story Magazine*, 79 Seventh Avenue, New York, N. Y., which started out to be a quarterly magazine in which short stories, complete novels and novelettes would be used, has now been combined with *People's Magazine*, and will appear twice-monthly. The combination will be known as *Complete Story Magazine*. It will continue to use short stories, a complete novel and a novelette in each twice monthly issue. Only action fiction is desired.

STORIES ARTICLES VERSE

**Flynn's*, 280 Broadway, New York, N. Y., is a new weekly magazine, evidently allied with the Frank A. Munsey Company, as it is distributed by the Red Star News Company, a corporation controlled by Frank A. Munsey. The new magazine will use serial stories, novelettes, short stories, special articles, poetry, and humor, but everything must pertain in some way to the detection of crime. "Good writing, imagination, romance, drama, mystery, and above all, human interest, must dominate in story and article." Payment will be made on acceptance, and a decision as to availability arrived at within twelve days. The magazine will be published weekly.

**Frontier*, Garden City, L. I., N. Y., the new Doubleday, Page & Company magazine, has just appeared for the first time. See *The Editor* for April 19th and May 17th, 1924, for a complete statement of requirements.

The Boy Citizen, Fort Wayne, Ind., has made its first appearance with an issue dated September. See *The Editor* for June 14th, 1924, for a complete statement of editorial requirements.

Oil Trade, the magazine which has absorbed *Oil Trade Journal* and *Oil News*, formerly of Galesburg, Ind., is now located at 331 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.

The Mallory Hatter, Danbury, Conn., is a new house organ published by The Mallory Hat Company.

Pryor's Farm Equipment Journal, Minneapolis, Minn., has been taken over by Farm Implements and Tractors.

*New York Herald-Tribune, 225 West 40th Street, New York, N. Y., announces that the title of its new book supplement will be *Books—A Review of Contemporary Literature*. Stuart P. Sherman will be editor in chief, assisted by Irita Van Doren, who has been literary editor of *The Nation*. Material will

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Many writers have said in substance: "The letters that THE EDITOR COUNCIL has written to help me develop my ideas and write my stories have been of great value." Occasionally an enthusiastic COUNCIL student has said that one letter of criticism was worth the price of the whole course. And hundreds of COUNCIL students who have been helped to revise stories that they later sold, have given the entire credit—which seldom was really deserved—to the COUNCIL. We have in mind now one letter, of which the author for whom it was written plainly says: "Your last letter was worth hundreds of dollars to me!"

It happens that this letter is a fairly good one. It probably will give most writers more practical knowledge of story-writing than could be drawn from a half dozen books on fiction technique. This letter will be sent to you, if you so request when forwarding your enrollment for the Major Course in Fiction Writing of THE EDITOR COUNCIL.

FORM FOR ENROLLMENT

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Book Hill, Highland Falls N. Y.

I desire to enroll for the fiction writing course of The Editor Council. I am to receive 52 Assignments and the entire series of Chap-books and Supplementary Material, and the help of an individual instructor in developing and writing and revising stories written in response to the Assignments. You agree to continue the work with me until I have sold at least \$100 worth of manuscripts after enrolling.

I enclose \$110 in full payment for the course and your tuition, or

I enclose \$20 as an initial payment, and agree to pay \$10 each month thereafter until I have paid \$120.00.

be purchased for the new book section—book reviews and literary essays.

**Capt. Billy's Whiz Bang*, Robbinsdale, Minn., offers a prize of \$25 for the best joke received in its Radio Joke Contest. Jokes must have the farm atmosphere and must be original. The competition closes February 1st, 1925.

The Athletic World, 71 West Broad Street, Columbus, Ohio, T. C. O'Donnell, editor, writes that he is in need of practical articles on all phases of athletics, sports, and outdoor recreation. "Articles written up from interviews with stars in football, golf, baseball, etc., telling how he does or did it, and signed by the person interviewed, are particularly desired. The human interest approach is important in all such stories. Also seasonable articles on all phases of camping, hunting, fishing and motor camping, and new fields for these activities. Unusualness of theme, uniqueness of 'slant' and the 'lift' note in handling, will be important qualities in the consideration of an article. We would suggest that looking through a copy of the magazine before writing your article will help the writer in getting our point of view. Photographs or drawings should accompany each manuscript. Payment is made on acceptance at a rate determined by the importance of the feature."

Co-ed Campus Comedy, 110 West Chicago Avenue, Chicago, Ill., H. N. Swanson, editor, writes: "For this, our new magazine, we are buying fast-moving love stories that have collegiate characters or settings—stories about men and women who, in their post-college years, have adventures interesting to lovers everywhere—and stories that haven't any connection with college whatever, which we really shouldn't buy, but which we do because *Youth and Love* are mixed so cleverly. Besides these three kinds of stories we are always looking for fillers and epigrams. Occasionally we use a burlesque story for contrast. While we like a generous amount of sex interest in all material, it shouldn't be overplayed. Payment is based on the story's value; our minimum rate is one cent a word immediately on acceptance. We reserve only first American serial rights and report on all manuscripts within a week. We will improve our magazine very much within the next six months, and believe it will pay every writer to get in touch with this market now."

The Experimenter, 53 Park Place, New York, N. Y., beginning with the November issue is the new name of the periodical formerly known as *Practical Electrics*. The entire experimental field in electricity, radio, chemistry and all the sciences in general will be treated by *The Experimenter*.

Payson & Clarke Company, 385 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y., is a new general book publishing house: It will specialize in the field of art and fine brochures. William Farquhar Payson has been business manager of *Success Magazine* for some years, and previously has been managing editor of *Vogue*. James Irving Clarke has been managing editor of *Success*.

Physical Fitness, Plane and Academy Streets, Newark, N. J., "is in the market for suitable material of

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THE EDITOR, Highland Falls, N. Y.

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all kinds regardless of length, the chief requisite being that it shall have good quality and shall pertain to health, strength, muscle building, and shall emphasize the importance of physical fitness to every man, woman and child in the country. Feature stuff that would carry photographs or illustrations would also be accepted. A good serial story that would convey the spirit of the magazine in its purpose could be used. The present rate is half a cent a word, but this is not arbitrary. The writer can expect a higher rate if the work merits it."

The Writer's Digest, Cincinnati, Ohio, W. L. Gordon, editor, writes: "Due to several recent changes in the editorial department of *Writer's Digest* it is necessary that we discontinue the Detective Story Contest. Please make such announcement in your publication as you think best concerning this discontinuance." T. C. O'Donnell, formerly editor of *Writer's Digest*, is now editor of *The Athletic World*, 71 West Broad Street, Columbus, Ohio.

On the Air, Elgin, Ill., is a new radio magazine, to be published monthly.

Coast Banker, 576 Sacramento Street, San Francisco, Calif., has taken over International Banking and Commerce of Los Angeles. The latter magazine will be consolidated with *Coast Banker*.

G. Washington Refining Company, 522 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y., is offering a first prize of \$500, a second of \$250, a third of \$75, a fourth of \$50, a fifth of \$25, and twenty prizes of \$5 each—\$1,000 in all—for recipes that include new ways of using George Washington Instant Coffee. Write to Contest Department for complete information about the offer. The competition closes December 31st, 1924.

New Jersey Hotel Men's Association is offering a prize of \$300 for a lyric suitable for a New Jersey state song. A lyric is desired that 'will sing the glories of New Jersey's hills and dales, and the scenic beauties of land and coast. Theme and sentiment must have a spiritual touch that will stir patriotic feeling.' Harry Latz, Alamac Hotel, 2067 Broadway, New York, N. Y., will provide complete information to any intending contestant.

Will Fraley, 2224 South Chadwick Street, Philadelphia, Pa., "is in the market for legitimate song verses. I will pay cash according to the value of those accepted. I could myself turn out dozens of song verses, on almost any theme, or could get a hack writer in 'tin pan alley' to do the same thing for a few dollars. But I am looking for original material, to build up a salable catalogue, and I am, therefore, seeking aid from readers of *The Editor*. I am ready to examine any number of verses and to report promptly upon and pay promptly for acceptable material. I do not pay royalties, but buy song poems outright." (All that *The Editor* knows about this market is set forth in the foregoing.)

The Guardian, 720 Locust Street, Philadelphia, Pa., Harry Alan Potamkin, managing editor, writes: "The first issue of this new monthly will appear shortly. Though in its immediate communication, it is to be Jewish, it will not isolate itself from the

manifestations of other cultures, but will publish everything that is thorough and genuine to which it has access. It will concern itself with all the various phases of human thought and expression, but such concern must be revealed in fundamental work of pen and brush. The *Guardian* cannot offer payment for contributions as yet, but indications are that it will be able to do so very soon, and its first contributors will be the first to receive such compensation."

**Triple-X*, Robbinsdale, Minn., monthly magazine of adventure, western romance, and detective stories, announces the following winners of its \$5,000 prize story contest, which ended September 1st. First prize, \$1,500, "The Ranch of the Three Passes," by Wm. H. Hamby; second prize, \$1,000, "Intrigue," by Thos. Ewing Dabney; third prize, \$600, "Dynamite Harper," by H. Bedford-Jones; fourth prize, \$400, "Snap McAllister Squares Accounts," by Ralph Goll, published in the July issue; fifth prize, \$300, "Terry of the Slash-V-Bar," by Clem Yore; sixth prize, \$200, "The Name of a Pirate," by Eugene P. Lyle, Jr. Other prizes of \$100 each were awarded as follows: "The Amazing Case of Fargo Dorn," by Edwin Baird; "The Lost Dutchman," by Everett McNeil; "A Million or Bust," by Herman Peterson; "The Hidden Cabin," by F. C. Robertson, already published; "Captain Wakefield's Lost Heirs," by Howard P. Rhoades; "Swamp Spoil," by Victor Rousseau; "The Phantom Shot," by Arthur Guy Empey; "Shortwing Duffy's Monicker," by Arthur P. Hankins; "The Sixth Notch," by J. Cletus Stambaugh; and "The Curse of the Golden Hill," by Murray Leinster. The publishers report their greatest present need is thrilling action stories of from 5,000 to 15,000 words in length, though longer manuscripts of exceptional merit are still being purchased by them at a minimum of one and one-half cents a word, payable immediately upon acceptance.

Ziff's Magazine is now located at The Buzzard's Roost, Maywood, Ill. The editor says: "Ziff's is in line for some sensational exposés, stories and poetry. Make your manuscript brief (limit 1,000 words) and cram full of hair-raising, blood curdling, heart throbbing, or tear squeezing lines. Pep, punch, passion, power! No maudlin High School puppy loves, but real knockout stuff. Make it authentic if possible, but give it the solid, smashing ring of truth. Send us two fisted, he-man verse, and some with a mother, wronged sweetheart, or very sentimental theme. Give them a tingling, rippling, red blooded swing and either a roof lifting climax or a 'lump in the throat' finish. Prompt reading, and careful consideration given all manuscripts."

The Automobilist, 6 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass., the editors write: "At the present time we are well supplied with material. Our rates are one cent a word."

The Oil Trade Journal and *The Petroleum Register*, both of New York, have been purchased by Leon D. Becker, president of The Shaw Publishing Company, Galesburg, Ill., publisher of *Oil News* and *Fuel*

(Continued on Page V.)

LITTLE "ADS"

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This Matter of Salesmanship

BY MAGDA LEIGH

There are two things one must know in order to become a successful author. The first is how to write. The second is where to sell.

You may say: "That isn't at all clever!" Everyone understands you have to know how to write, in order to be an author!"

I reply: "Everyone *ought* to understand you have to know where to sell, in order to be a *successful* author."

In the editorial offices of a publication such as *The Editor*, countless cases come up of authors submitting their manuscripts to the wrong markets. These same people would not ordinarily hope to sell a lady's ball gown to a United States Marine, nor would they try to sell knitting needles to an infant. But stories—magazines publish stories, and therefore many authors send any stories to any magazine.

The Editor Magazine was made a weekly only because of the great need for live market news. People who write and who understand the necessity of up-to-date knowledge of the magazines to which they must offer their manuscripts, realize the value of studying the literary market as closely as the man in Wall Street studies the stock market. Constantly changing policies, present needs, future needs—all these are things the writer should know. He can't shoot a manuscript into the mail, without aiming it at a suitable magazine, and hope for good results.

We find that most inexperienced writers give up, too soon, in their efforts to sell. For instance, the writer of a western story sends his manuscript to the one magazine he knows of, that buys this sort of material: *Western*

Story Magazine. He fails to realize that there are at least six or seven other magazines that *accentuate* their desire for western stories. The writer of a sea story stops short after submitting his manuscript to the magazine known as *Sea Story Magazine*. Yet, almost any magazine will use a really good sea story.

It is impossible for anyone to read all the magazines and to study their needs. The purpose of *The Editor Literary Market News* is to furnish the writer with this knowledge. No new magazine is issued that our columns don't furnish notice of it and its demands. No magazine suspends publication that we don't make note of this fact.

You can't remember all these items, but you can keep an index of them. And if you keep an index of just the magazines for which you can write, you cannot help learning something about salesmanship.

Your possibilities for selling a good story depend on several things. For one thing, you can't sell an 8,000 word story to a magazine whose length limit is 4,500 words. You can't sell a good story to a magazine whose "policy" is at odds with your story. You can't sell a good third person story to a magazine which uses first person stories only. You can't sell a "low-brow" story to a "high-brow" magazine.

These and a dozen other things constitute some of the reasons stories don't sell.

Magazines are pretty well divided into classes. There are the Big Four, which use only stories of high literary merit. There is the class that usually buys big names: *Cosmopolitan*, *Hearst's*, *Good Housekeeping*, etc. There are the women's magazines—

with their surprising variety of stories—*Pictorial Review*, *McCall's*, *Ladies' Home Journal*, *Woman's Home Companion*. These magazines, more than any other, have undergone radical changes within the past few years. These no longer confine their reading matter to the "little stories of domestic life." They use big, dramatic stories, with sweeping emotional value.

Then there are the countless all-fiction magazines, which use adventure and action stories. This class is so big that we cannot begin to list the magazines included.

There is the "snappy" magazine, such as *Snappy*, *Live and Saucy Stories*, *Telling Tales*, etc.

And there is the new army of confessional magazines: the magazine using first-person, supposed-to-be-true stories of personal experiences. It is to be regretted that some of these magazines pay higher rates than do most of the all-fiction magazines. They are a temptation to the writer who is earning his living by writing, because writing for them may develop into a bad habit.

Last, there are the weeklies, *Saturday Evening Post*, *Liberty*, and *Collier's*, for instance, that use clean fiction and pay particularly well. Because they are within the means of practically every reader, they have huge circulations.

This is a very general, loose classification of the magazines, and you would need to study each class, to learn the finer subdivisions.

"Taking a chance" with a story is not only a waste of time for the author, but it is an imposition on the long-suffering editor. Why bombard an editor with stories that aren't suitable to his needs? If you know he uses stories with man-interest only, why send him a woman's magazine story?

There is this to be said on this subject: If you fail to show intelligence in submitting

your work, editors are quickly going to realize this, and you may look for scant attention in the future. You would be surprised to know what marvelous memories editors have for authors' names and manuscripts! If you have submitted a gentle love story to an adventure story magazine, for instance, chances are the next time you send something to this magazine, one of the editorial staff is going to recall your first slip and shoot your second story back without loss of time.

I have come to the conclusion that no one is as indifferent to the business of selling as the average "unarrived" writer. He does not go at his work in a businesslike manner; he simply "jumps in and flops around," as one editor expresses it.

The most mistaken attitude of the beginner is that editors don't want his work. They do. Editors are praying for good stories. I know of several who have often said that they buy mediocre stories because they can't get enough good stories to fill their wants!

If you have stories for sale, study the market. Find out which magazines are using certain kinds of stories. Be sure your material is the right length, before submitting it. Be sure it doesn't go against the magazine's "pet hates." And for heaven's sake, be sure your work is neat and clean! An editor is likely to send back a masterpiece, unread, if it is sent to him in a sloppy condition.

There are probably more magazines in existence, today, than ever before. Therefore, there is more material required. *If you have a good story, there is some place for it.*

In fact, to end where we started: If you have a story and it doesn't sell, there's one of two things wrong. Either it isn't any good, or else you haven't sent it to the right market. And those two reasons are the **ONLY** reasons for rejection slips, unless a magazine is overstocked.

Contemporary Writers and Their Work

A Series of Autobiographical Letters on the Genesis, Conception, Development, and Writing of Fiction, Poems, and Articles Published in Current Periodicals

A Back Stage Confession

BY ROLAND OLIVER

By training and choice I am a writer of plays and the fact that I have written a novel, "Back Stage" (The Macmillan Company), is quite as amazing to me as it is to my friends. There is, I find, a tremendous difference between the two mediums, whose single point of contact is that they deal with fiction and are usually pounded out on a typewriter. The dramatist is in the position of the lithograph artist who is strictly limited to five or six colors, while the novelist, lucky chap, has the whole blessed palette over which to roam. The playwright tells his tale in terms of action, or he has no proper play. He is limited to two or three localities at most and frequently the whole thing must take place in a single spot. But a novelist can wander all over the world and the dictionary. Pretty easy!

This, however, does not answer the question aimed at me by The Editor, which has asked me to describe the progress of the story of "Back Stage" as it grew in my mind. The incentive of "Back Stage" was not a story, but a grouch. When I started it I had two unrelated ideas. One was to depict the tragedy of the octoroon and the other was to show up the magnificent selfishness of that institution known as the Broadway Stage, and the calibre of the rank and file of producing managers.

I made my hero an Englishman because I was going to marry him in the last chapter to the Octoroon girl and they would live happy ever after in England, where race prejudice does not hold sway as it does in America. I brought my Englishman to America because

I know the theatrical conditions over here and do not know anything about conditions in London. The central idea, mind you, was to expose the callous selfishness of the producers.

This idea occurred to me every time a producer, having tied up and kept a play of mine for six months or a year, finally decided not to put it on after all and handed it back to me, together with the advance payment of \$500 or \$1,000, which he forfeited with altogether unseemly nonchalance. That has happened to me not less than half-a-dozen times, and when an idea comes back and reminds one of its existence half-a-dozen times it is up to the remindee to do something about it.

I could not make a play out of this idea for two reasons: it would have been futile to write a drama slamming managers and expect one of them to pillory himself by exposing it to the public gaze and, anyway, the scheme did not lend itself to play treatment.

Therefore, having no play in my system at the time, but being a methodical manufacturer who sits at his bench every morning whether or not he has anything to manufacture, I timidly started the adventures of Peter F. Millard, with no definite notion of what was going to happen to him, except that I intended to present, as fairly as I could, the injustices that assail the little-known playwright, the promises with which he is lured into the game, and the carelessness regarding those promises which characterizes your theatrical magnate. I wanted to show that never is the welfare of the tyro considered, only

that of the play-monger. And I wanted to expose the pitfalls dug by self-interested stage directors and managers' pets who regard a manuscript as fair game for their own surgical operations.

Commencing with the enthusiasm of the crusader I gradually cooled off as the other side of the question began to intrude until I found myself not nearly as indignant as I had been in the beginning. When an author offers an argument he has, per force, to represent both sides unless he wants to cheat. So when I came to expressing the views of my villains, the managers, I discovered that there was a good deal to be said on their side, and, behold, they ceased to be quite as villainous as I had expected to make them. Mr. Author's armor is not without flaws, either, so ultimately it resolved itself into a conflict of selfish interests.

There are novels of plot development and novels of character development. Instinctively I chose the latter medium, being much more familiar with character drawing than with narrative, and at best my plot was a rambling affair, anyway. Being theater-trained, I did not write about my characters much, but let them explain themselves through their reactions. I did not, for instance, tell my readers that Birmy was a generous and self-effacing soul. I permitted Birmy to show that by his actions. My principal concern was to make him alive. Even that concern did not manifest itself particularly until Birmy, quite of his own accord, had irretrievably invaded my story and dug a place for himself. He came mighty near to being an incidental sketch until he made himself indispensable.

Peter, my central character, unconsciously assumed the attributes of a magnet, attracting other characters to his range as they were required—and a precious crew they turned out to be! I had to have a girl, of course. I wanted the book to sell. I thought I had her

in Sallie, the Octoroon, but my wise friends rose up unanimously and in the rewriting the Girl proclaimed herself as Miss Marguerite Taylor, of Kentucky. So I gave in to my friends and to Marguerite. The friends protested, too, at another point, where I still think I was right—and some of the reviews have since confirmed me in that belief.

I am compelled to assume, for the moment, that the reader is familiar with "Back Stage" to the extent of having glanced it over. At one point in the story I had the unscrupulous genius, Helen, maneuver herself into Peter's apartment and by perfectly natural feminine wiles, considering her character, install herself there for a space, much to his helpless dismay. But that made a weak sinner out of Peter and shocked my small coterie of friends so dreadfully that I was persuaded into fixing up an escape for him, leaving poor Helen flat. This compromise so enraged one broad-minded lady reviewer that she was impelled to declare indignantly that my book was as wholesome as corned beef and cabbage and about as inspired. She was right. I saved my Peter's reputation at the cost of making him a prig and the best I could do thereafter was to make him as lovable a prig as possible.

Now to get down to my beautiful Octoroon, a pathetic creature eight parts white to one part negro. In order to make things four-square I had Peter renounce America, the land of his adoption, and return to perfidious Albion with his bride. You should have heard the howl. I have said it was a small coterie, but it made a noise like a riot. Here was a story for Americans in which my Sir Galahad turned his back on America, all because of his love for—a colored woman! I couldn't get away with anything like that.

Now I found that no more than a dramatist is a novelist his own master. The producers have made me rewrite my plays to conform to the box-office angle; my friends made me

rewrite my novel for what amounted to the same reason. In justice to the Macmillan Company I must add that not a single suggestion was made in the way of changes in the script. I even entertain the sneaking notion that had Peter fallen for Helen of Greenwich Village in the first place and married his Octoroon in the second, they might have published the book just the same.

The damage, however, is done; one cannot rewrite his novel after it has appeared on the bookshelves. The pathetic Octoroon disappeared entirely, lynched, as it were, by a loving mob. No—that is not quite right. She disappeared as an Octoroon and took on other attributes of weakness, which was where, I own up right here and now, I made a bad mistake. She was no longer needed at all and I went ahead and developed her in her new character until I had aroused interest in her. Then I did nothing with her! My theatrical training should have told me better. And perhaps some of the reviewers didn't pounce on that blunder!

Having demoted Sallie I had to promote Marguerite to the rank of heroine. That meant developing the lady and I wrote a new first chapter entirely devoted to her, so as to give her the necessary background. Also I cut out a couple of chapters in the middle in which I had sketched an outline of the race problem in the south, since they no longer belonged. Why, oh why, didn't I cut out Sallie with the same pruning knife?

So much for object and result—what I aimed at and what I hit. My original object, I repeat, was to expose the venality of the Broadway producers and indicate the tragedy

of mixed blood. The result rather tends to vindicate the producers and there isn't a drop of mixed blood left to offend the most fastidious. It is nothing but a yarn about a perfectly good young man and an exceedingly estimable young woman. Not a library in the land will have any excuse for excluding it. And I have shown Peter in the last episode as more ardently American than ever. I hope Mr. George M. Cohan does not protest that I have stolen his well known flag-waving monopoly.

I have, to be sure, managed to work in a few Greenwich Village characters who, conforming to the traditions of that much-maligned quarter, sort of want to be immoral, but I have sternly kept them from exercising those tendencies before company. And it was going to be one of those uncompromising books wherein the courageous author recklessly permits the chips to fall where they may!

Just one objective out of the lot has been reached. I have, I hope, presented life in that world behind the scenes a good deal as it is actually lived, with its bewildering temperaments, the child-like nature of its gifted but irresponsible inhabitants, and their single-minded devotion to the only sort of existence that interests them. One bullseye out of three shots. Well, others, perhaps, have done no better.

A play of mine, "Sunshine," is to be produced this month by Wilmer & Vincent and a second play, "Maisie Buck," will be done about the same time by the Independent Theater, Inc., who sponsored "The Shame Woman" last season.

Rewards of Concentration

BY GRACE THOMPSON SETON

At the age of six I decided to become a writer, and at ten I started my first novel (which was never completed!) dealing with English life, about which I knew nothing. The first sentence was: "Down the pebbly beach walked Lord Erskine"; and his home

was in middle England, all properly supplied with ghosts and dungeons. His young ward with whom he falls in love is the heroine of the story.

Before my twelfth year I had finished every book in my mother's library, including most of the English classics, "Pilgrim's Progress" and Lecky's "History of European Morals." The Webster's Dictionary, also Soule's Synonyms, had a fascination for me and I remember reading many pages, down one column and up the next.

In my early "teens" I began to write professionally as the Paris correspondent for the San Francisco Call and Examiner—also for a short time the Paris notes of the English "Ladies' Pictorial," writing under the name of Dorothy Dodge and, of course, not divulging my extreme youth.

My "literary career" was really started by Juliet Wilbor Tompkins, the writer, who was then editor of one of the Munsey publications, The Puritan Magazine. She suggested a series of articles which eventually became "A Woman Tenderfoot in the Rockies," afterward enlarged and published as my first book by Doubleday, Page and Company.

About this time I was president of a club of women writers and painters of the younger set called the Pen and Brush, who used to have literary evenings, "Uncut Leaves," at one of which I perpetrated a poem, "If You Were I and I Were You, Sweetheart," which deserves mention only because it inspired Al-

do Randegger to set it to some very beautiful music published by Schirmer.

I have always been much interested in women establishing a more independent attitude in domestic and national affairs and in America have worked toward this end. While in France, during the Great War, I studied its effect on American, English and French women and this led to my planning a series of books of travel and adventure, with a portion of each devoted to the status of the New Woman around the world—the first one, "A Woman Tenderfoot in Egypt," the second one, "Chinese Lanterns" (Dodd, Mead & Co.), also a number of magazine articles on the Japanese woman, and I am now busy on a book about India.

The getting of material has been a fascinating task for the past three years, as I have gone into a different Oriental country each year and in the doing of it have had most interesting experiences and formed some wonderful friendships among the women of different nationalities.

I have never found any easy formula for writing. While engaged on a book I devote a systematic time each day, rising early (at six-thirty) and doing the creative work in the morning. The last book, "Chinese Lanterns," was a piece of concentration with rarely a day missed for four months—about 120,000 words, which does not represent all the revision and re-writing. Often a whole book is read to be sure of the value of one paragraph or even of one sentence.

An Unusual Story Genesis

BY CLEM YORE

The tale "C. O. D. Gunsight" (The Blue Book for August, 1924) was conceived while glancing through a Sears, Roebuck catalogue. I saw the half-tone face of a girl in color, depicting some sort of house dress. She was looking into the eye of the camera and ergo

into my eye. Instantly the tale was born and I linked it with a trip over a waterless desert. In all my work, which is exclusively of the out-of-doors (western, southwestern, and the far north) I try to picture some phenomena of the wild, the natural, and to build it

around the action of my mind's people. In this way I do not intrude my own personality on my reader and he sees the open spaces as I want him to view them. I haven't a bagful of tricks but I try to instill suspense, to keep away from fine writing, and to fight shy of stretching the credulity of my audience. This tale is to be made into a motion picture, is to appear in England, and has been read, once at least, to a short story class (summer

school) in an Eastern university, to exhibit the modern method of handling description and character in action-writing. Since writing it I have received five letters from men who have told me they wed their wives after the method used by Gentlin', my lead male character, who dared the Texas mail order house to send him a Japanese kimono with the pictured girl inside (to his mining camp), "C. O. D. Gunsight," Arizona.

"Said By—Written By"

Opinions and Quotations from Old and New Books and Periodicals

The Barrage of Words

Quickness and slowness, ease and clearness alike, have nothing to do with the artistic character of the true word found at last.—Walter Pater on "Style."

A Roman candle makes a brilliant light, but it is a poor thing to go to bed by.—P. H. Boynton's "Some Contemporary Americans."

If you say "Halleluyah" to a cat it will excite no fixed set of fibers in connection with any other set and the cat will exhibit none of the phenomena of consciousness. But if you say "Me-e-at" the cat will be there in a moment, for the due connection between the sets of fibers has been established.—Samuel Butlers "Notebooks."

The array of quotations is meant only to give the look of authority to a note which will be, by the very nature of its subject, discursive. "You will have to be dull a little," said the Prince de Ligne, "if you want to be taken seriously."

We are minded to speak of words, the words which Mephistopheles sardonically found, for his purpose, so much dust to throw in the eyes of his luckless victims, words which are bandied about today as proof of literary contentions, as symbols of literary standards. The word "precisely," for example, which critics are liable to—and the most dangerous word with the possible exception of "truth," lightly used in the language. The word "Puritan," wielded with so much reprehensible arrogance, for the purpose of quiet annihilation. The word "radical," hurled

with equal violence as a return volley. And the whole minor artillery of corollary words shot about like unto so much shrapnel. It reminds one of Quaker cannon, of howitzers pinging dried peas.

In the poetry of the day, how many verses are glib with old, honored, but now ineptly combined words! How many poems are not poems at all because poets refuse or are too lazy to search for words, for fresh images to be compactly caught with deep-felt words! Halleluyahs to cats! Perhaps "Me-e-at" for cats when there is no meat!

And in the literary schools of the day a superstition among some of the young ladies writing unctuous, "modern" shredded verse that "vast" or "vasty" makes a poem. And among the "modern" critics that "luminosity" or "plasticity" and other pompous, comprehensive words make criticism discriminating. We are as sketchy as a modern poet, but we mean only to suggest.

And there is that extremely repetitive fictionist, Gertrude Stein, who finds her strength in using the same word over and over again, knitted together with "anyhow." She achieves a tone, much in the manner of the debater who uses the same argument, shout-

ing it a little more loudly with each repetition.

Roman candle words. Halleluyah words.

Pertinent to the political, social, business and legal fields as they are to the field of literature. What the literary world needs, reformers may cry for a change, is a little more Sentimental Tommy stubbornness over the right word, to strike into consciousness with complete pertinence. The mind, indeed, is cluttered up with words which are only glib, with words that slip easily from lips and pen, with words that slide into the ears of listeners and readers without any friction. Polished words, greased words, with no more grit or substance in them than a breath of hot air; and really not so much.

In a letter to Madame X, Flaubert wrote:

I am growing so peevish about my writing I am like a man whose ear is true but who plays falsely on the violin: his fingers refuse to produce precisely

those sounds of which he has the inward sense. Then the tears come rolling down from the poor scraper's eyes and the bow falls from his hands.

Flaubertian tears might flow these days from the eyes of most of us had we as much to say and the anxiety to say it as effectively. The belief that among all the expressions in language, among all the forms and peculiar turns of diction, there is but one word, one form, to express what needs to be said is a pedagogic principle to be half believed, but to be adopted as a good rule of thumb.

Otherwise, we leave too much to Mephistopheles. There is this moral element involved, we suppose, and no doubt Old Nick finds of all books, in spite of the censors, the dictionary his Bible, misused and neglected in the usual fashion. And he doesn't deplore the fact at all.—The Literary Review of The New York Evening Post.

Character is Much More Important than Plot

BY EDNA FERBER

Inspiration? I've never met her. I haven't the least idea what she's like!

In a story, character is much more important than plot. I never think of plot. Life itself is rather plotless, you know. Nothing happens particularly, but the same monotony day after day. You're born into the world a character, not with a plot within you. You live first and then plots or events happen to you. Characters won't be real if you simply hang them to a plot. They'll always dangle outside. To think first of the plot of a story is like building a bridge the wrong way—mixing the mortar and putting on the dewdabs and stationing the policeman to blow his whistle for the traffic to go under, all before building the steel structure.

Selena, the mother, in "So Big," is a pure child of fancy. I never knew a woman that was like her. I describe some rooms rather minutely, I think, yet I've never put my foot

inside a Dutch farmer's home as I have described. The produce market of Chicago, which I use quite a lot in the book, I visited only twice, once with a farmer who took me on one of his 5:30 morning rounds, and again when I strolled through the section one afternoon. I think if you can't know how people feel without living with them then you haven't much imagination. If you just observe you're only a reporter.

So many advise the writer to travel to "see life." I don't think travel is necessary. You can see life as much from your back porch, if you have one, as you can abroad. And look at the great writers who haven't traveled!

Whether a story ends happily or not I'm sure doesn't weigh at all with editors. Then, anyway, there are no hard and fast rules for the happy or unhappy ending, because happiness, after all, is such an elastic term. What I might call happiness you might call misery.

Someone's idea of happiness might mean a ballroom with gay lights and tables with good things to eat. Happiness really is a state of mind. It's intangible. Personally, it isn't the big things that make me happy. It may only be a remark, a color, a look. One of the first stories I ever sold had an unhappy ending. I don't believe the editor cared a bit. It was about a fat girl who never was kissed, and it was a darned good story—as good as I can write today.

To the prospective writer, then, I would say that if you can feel un-lived sorrows and joys and tragedies and lives within you, then you're in a fair way, I think, to write fiction. If you can enjoy a ride in the subway or standing on the corner watching people as much as going to a theater, if not more, if you think more about other people than you do of yourself, if you see more than arms and legs and hands when you meet a person—

then you should be able to write.—The New York Sun.

The Greatest Peril

BY ROBERT W. CHAMBERS

My advice is:

1. Don't mistake appreciation for creative ability.
2. If you have nothing more to say than what others have said, technique cannot save your story.
3. The greatest peril is self-consciousness in an author.
4. Choose writing as a profession only if, in leisure moments, you prefer writing to any other recreation.
5. Keep busy. You will if you really have anything to say; you can't if you haven't.

THE LITERARY MARKET

(Continued from Page III)

Oil. The Oil Trade Journal and Oil News will be merged under the name of *The Oil Trade*. The executive offices of The Shaw Company have been moved from Galesburg to New York City.

RATES PAID BY CONFESSIONAL MAGAZINES

The Smart Set, 119 West 40th Street, New York, N. Y., ***Excella*, 222 West 39th Street, New York, N. Y., and *Secrets*, Ulmer Building, Cleveland, Ohio, are reported to pay 3 cents a word for good confession yarns.

True Stories, *True Romances*, *Dream World*, 1926 Broadway, New York, N. Y., and **True Confessions*, Robbinsdale, Minn., will pay two cents.

**Live Stories*, 627 West 43rd Street, New York, N. Y., will pay one and one-half cents, and **I Confess* one cent and sometimes more.

**Telling Tales* will use a confession yarn, now and then, and so will **Saucy Stories*.

LIST OF PRIZE CONTESTS STILL OPEN

October 1st, 1924—\$2,000; adventure novel; The Atlantic Monthly. See The Editor for September 29th, 1923.

October 1st, 1924—\$2500; American play; The Equity Players. See The Editor for February 16th, 1924.

October 1st, 1924—\$50; new and original poem; Garden Magazine. See The Editor for February 16th, 1924.

October 1st, 1924—\$10 for refrigerator record; Good Housekeeping Institute. See The Editor for June 21st, 1924.

October 1st, 1924—\$100 for the words of a college song; New York University Glee Club. See The Editor for May 31st, 1924.

October 15th, 1924—\$5,000 in prizes and four radio receiving sets, for best titles and sub-titles submitted. Photoplay Magazine. See The Editor for April 26th, 1924.

October 15th, 1924—1st \$10, 2nd \$5, and ten prizes of \$1 each for letters; Popular Science Monthly. See The Editor for September 20th, 1924.

October 31st, 1924—1st \$200, 2nd \$100, 3rd \$50, ten prizes of \$10 each, and ten of \$5 each for slogan; Franklin Baker Co. See The Editor for September 13th, 1924.

November 15th, 1924—\$200 for paper on original research; \$100 for scientific essay; New York Academy of Science. See The Editor for May 17th, 1924.

December 1st, 1924—1st \$10, 2nd \$5, 3rd \$5, for the best three verse jingle relating to the business of Alexander Taylor & Company. See The Editor for August 9th, 1924.

December 15th, 1924—\$50 in prizes for poems on stars; Poetry Review. See The Editor for May 24th, 1924.

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THE EDITOR, Book Hill, Highland Falls, N. Y.

December 15th, 1924—\$50 for ballad of modern life; \$50 in Star Poem contest; \$50 in music poem contest; American Section of the Poetry Society of London. See *The Editor* for September 13th, 1924. *December 31st, 1924*—1st \$1,250, 2nd \$750, 3rd \$500, for short stories; Harper's Magazine. See *The Editor* for May 31st, 1924.

December 31st, 1924—One hundred pounds (about \$450) for book of travel-adventure; Duckworth & Company. See *The Editor* for July 26th and August 9th, 1924.

December 31st, 1924—Prizes of \$2,000, \$1,000 and \$500 for three best American plays; John Golden. See *The Editor* for September 20th, 1924.

December 31st, 1924—(a) 1st \$100, 2nd \$100; best poems composed during 1924 by Kansans, (b) 1st \$100, 2nd \$100; best short stories produced during 1924 by Kansans; The Kansas Authors' Club. See *The Editor* for April 5th, 1924.

December 31st 1924—1st \$50, 2nd \$50; articles; Near East Relief. See *The Editor* for March 29th, 1924.

January 1st, 1925—\$6,000 for book of science or history; Trustees of the Lake Forest University. See *The Editor* for April 26th, 1924.

January 15th, 1925—About \$550 for the best story for boys; Nisbet & Company. See *The Editor* for September 20th, 1924.

February 1st, 1925—\$100 for the best full evening play; \$50 for one-act play; Pasadena Center of the Drama League of America. See *The Editor* for August 9th, 1924.

April 1st, 1925—\$2,000 for novel; Harper & Bros. See *The Editor* for May 24th, 1924.

April 10th, 1925—\$500 for May Day poem offered by The American Child Health Association. See *The Editor* for March 1st, 1924.

April, 1925—\$50 for the best poem printed in Brief Stories for year ending with April, 1925, issue. See *The Editor* for February 23rd, 1924.

THE EXPERIENCE EXCHANGE

A Give and Take Department—Do Your Share!

Jean McMichael writes:

On Verse That Sells

One should make a conscientious study of what each editor requires—the type of poem each desires to publish—then sit down and write accordingly and watch for satisfactory results.

When I first wrote poems I sent them out promiscuously one after the other, not making a special study of the requirements of different editors, with the usual result, until finally I realized that something was undoubtedly wrong and that I must find the seat of the trouble. Then I began to write verse that evidently was in demand, because it was in line with verse that editors were publishing.

Verses with a baby for my subject I sold to American Motherhood, 18 East 18th Street, New York, N. Y. One poem has appeared in a recent issue, while another is to be published in the December issue. These sold because they were suited to this publication.

I saw a notice that *The Edison Monthly, Irving Place and 15th Street, New York, N. Y., required poems, but with electric motif. I wrote two with the requirements in mind, and they were immediately accepted. Some of these poems contained sixteen lines, showing that the longer poems sell.

Verse pertaining to animal life I recently had accepted by the Humane Pleader, Toronto, Canada.

Newspaper verse must make an appeal to many readers and I find it splendid practice to write for newspapers, even if some of them do not pay for material.

There is great scope for the poet in the juvenile market, for verse, and it should be studied.

Sunday school papers require generally that the poem teach a lesson or tell a simple story that can be

clearly understood by the growing child.¹ I have sold many little verses to these publications. It is a very good idea to write verse pertaining to different holidays, prominent events, and people, for very often these will sell when a general idea will not.

The list of verse markets is large, but you will find a great number of the popular magazines overstocked, so that if one does not specialize in his poems, it is rather a difficult matter for the young poet to see his work in print.

Eva J. De Marsh writes:

I have recently come across a magazine for workers, published by A. P. Johnson, Grand Rapids, Mich. It is a monthly—\$2.50 a year. The Commonwealth is the name. The copy I saw contained some very short articles and stories, household recipes, and jokes, the latter in a department called "Out of the Dry Kiln." I cannot advise as to how much of a market this might be, but felt readers of The Editor might be interested.

Associated Editors, 440 South Dearborn Street, Chicago, Ill., is not, at present, purchasing from outsiders. All staff.

Matter sent the International Feature Service, Inc., 246 West 59th Street, New York, N. Y., was returned by the King Feature Syndicate, Inc., 241 West 58th Street.

The Bell Syndicate, Inc., 154 Nassau Street, New York, N. Y., reports itself overstocked with jokes.

Retail Ledger, 1346 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, Pa., has all the general matter it cares for, at present.

May I say that The Editor Magazine is especially helpful and interesting at this time? The new make-up and method of outlining markets is a great help, and the articles supply something that is almost as good as sales—inspiration.

M. L. writes:

Authors ahoy! What's amiss with the log of the good ship Experience? All the lighthouses and lights along the shore, too, seem to have gone on the blink! If my figures are mixed they're not a patch on my feelings. All the friendly hints, helps and suggestions seem to have petered out. There must be some sales, or at least letters from editors. Even penciled notes on margins of rejection slips. Where are all the X. Y. Z.'s, the M. T. Mugs, the Lynn C. Doyles, and the Umty Oughts, who used to tell us of their little triumphs, big courage and infrequent but welcome checks?

I haven't done such a much, myself, since my last letter; but I'm glad to crow over a nine dollar check for a filler bought by Mr. Frost for *Live Stories, 627 West 43rd Street, New York, N. Y.; also an acceptance by the same good editor of a four thousand word story, check for which will reach me soon. The story was accepted a day too late to get in on this month's checks.

No more sales to report; but three Mss. have come back from different editors, all accompanied by friendly letters with detailed suggestions for revision and assurances that they will be glad to see the revised stories.

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The Editor's editor has said it! Patience is the watchword all through the writing game. In the past year I have submitted four stories to *Young's which got me no more than rejection slips. But I wanted to "make" Young's, so I kept at them. At last a nice letter from Janet Barrington of *Breezy Stories, saying the returned story was unusually appealing and she wanted to thank me for the pleasure of reading it, though it wasn't their style. I tried her again and got a gorgeous letter from Cashel Pomeroy, managing editor of Young's, telling me something of their needs and requirements. I'm going to try hard to meet these suggestions.

I wish we could dope out some way to a better understanding between editors and authors. Something in the way of consideration (perhaps consideration is the better word), cooperation and sympathy. There would be such a kindly, helpful feeling that would make for better work if authors had confidence in the editors' sense of fair play and good sportsmanship, and editors knew that authors wanted to give them what they want and to meet them half way in everything. This wish of mine is inspired by the wails in "The Experience Exchange." I know this ideal state of affairs exists between editors and contributors to many magazines. I am optimist enough to wish that it might be a general thing.

Editor's Note: It is the general thing! No editor of a magazine of any standing fails to co-operate with all authors *whose attitude shows a willingness to accept such co-operation.*

Leslie Doddridge writes:

Notice of my first "triumph," a \$15 article accepted by The Progressive Grocer, came just two days ago.

But I've also lately had a rare piece of good luck in the way of encouragement. In the storekeeping business at which I make a living, part of my stock in trade is a line of magazines. A humorous business letter of mine addressed to the San Francisco branch of one periodical was forwarded to the president of the company in New York, and the president passed the letter on to the editor. The editor wrote immediately, "I've just had the pleasure of reading your letter addressed to our Mr. _____. Incidentally you remark that you sometimes let fiction writing get in the way of business. I suggest that you shower the fiction on this editorial head."

That magazine is one of the biggest of the illustrated magazines. I sent on a short story. It was all right—only twice too long, somewhat woozy as to plot, and had a few other imperfections! The character work, setting and humor, however, were "well done." Would I send another? And would I please make it short? So I'm writing another—short.

That magazine is one of the most exclusive of the exclusive. Its stories always include work of the really famous authors.

What do you suppose that a beginner such as I am has done to deserve such notice?

Nothing much. Ten years ago I took up the study

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Mrs. M. Chadwick Winchester,

Hostess, Windmill Hill, Echo Lake, N. J.

of business English with the Extension Division of the University of California. All I cared to learn, then, was punctuation. Business English was followed by a course in advertising. Then I took successively "Foundations of Writing," "Expository Writing," "Narrative and Descriptive Writing," and lastly, "Short Story Writing." After the Extension Division looks over the ten stories called for in the advanced course that I'm just starting, what do you suppose I'm going to do?

I'm going to enroll in the fiction writing course of The Editor Council.

I expect to keep up the study end of the job all my life. That's how much pleasure I take in consciously knowing how. I haven't succeeded in fiction writing yet, but I have succeeded in other lines of work. I know that when you know *why* you succeed, you can repeat.

Do the following letters suggest that if you start to work now with The Editor Council, you may be able to report sales of your stories before many months have passed?

"I have looked through my record-book to see how many stories I have sold since taking up work with THE EDITOR COUNCIL. Here is a list of them: 'The Trueberry Trait' to Baptist Young People, 'Apple-Blossoms and Pumpkins' to Christian Herald, 'The Sprig of Joy' to Home Friend, 'Jason of the Clearing' to Hearth and Home, 'Magic Rug of Friendliness' to Farmer's Wife, 'The Touch of Loyalty' to Farmer's Wife, 'The Girl with the Light' to Farmer's Wife, 'The Ermine Scarf' to Woman's Weekly, 'The Clinging Vine' to Woman's Weekly, 'The Return' to Today's Housewife.

"Personally, I feel that THE EDITOR COUNCIL is worth many times its cost in money. I can imagine no course better adapted to do what it sets out to do, to train the would-be writer who is in earnest, to become a writer who sells his stories."—Mrs. J. A.

"What a joyful surprise to get my assignment back from you! You have been so kind, sympathetic and helpful, it is a pleasure to work with you. You ask about my first lesson. I re-named it at your suggestion, calling it 'The Brooding Buzzard,' and it sold to Farm and Home."—E. B.

"Yes, indeed, the story 'The Curse on the House of de Jarnie' sold to Metropolitan. It was the one in which you believed. If you hadn't, I would have given it up ages ago. But it was your help and faith in the story that prompted me to stick to it."—M. T. C.

"I sold 'Elephant Krebs' to R. J. Miller, of the United Presbyterian Board of Publishers, Pittsburgh, after extending it to a six chapter serial. I also sold him 'The Widening Crevice.'"—J. T.

Keep in mind that THE EDITOR COUNCIL course is not a study course. It is not based upon ancient notions about story technique, and it is not composed of an old book split up into parts. THE COUNCIL course is a writing course. Since its methods are successful, THE COUNCIL agrees to continue its work, even beyond the time needed to complete the course, if in the meantime the student has not sold at least \$100 worth of stories. In addition, no time limit is imposed.

Better Sign the Enrollment Form Now!

The letters from which these extracts are quoted are all of recent date.

"'Moon Magic' sold to People's Home Journal, and last week 'Squint McGonegal' sold to People's Story Magazine for \$75.00."—T. C.

"By the way, did I write you that Everybody's bought my story, 'Reconstruction.' The Council read it two or three times."—S. M. W.

"McClure's Magazine accepted 'The Klanswoman,' for which I received \$150.00."—N. A. T.

"I have had two acceptances lately. 'The Thoroughbred' has found a home. Mr. Hoffman took it for Adventure. The other was a Philippine story. Action Stories bought it. These two raise my total of sales to seven."—S. M. W.

"I have just received word from The Metropolitan Magazine that it is going to buy my story, 'Shadows.' The purpose of this note is to pay warm and appreciative tribute to THE COUNCIL and to Mr. Kane and Mrs. Magda Leigh, my instructors."—M. T. C.

"Your faith in 'Such Luck' has been justified. * * It has just sold to McClure's. * * * I certainly owe this sale entirely to THE COUNCIL instruction, as nothing but your splendid and patient suggestions ever saved it from the junk pile."—E. B.

"I sold my first story, 'The Winged Victory,' for \$30.00, to the Catholic World."—M. C. M.

"This is to advise you that 'No More Jumps for June,' my response to the third Assignment, has been sold to 'The Triple-X Magazine.'"—B. O'D.

The Editor Council,
Book Hill, Highland Falls, N. Y.

I desire to enroll for the fiction writing course of The Editor Council. I am to receive 52 Assignments and 52 Chapbooks, and the help of an individual instructor in developing and writing and revising the stories written in response to the Assignments. You agree to continue the work with me until I have sold at least \$100 worth of manuscripts after enrolling, provided my response to your help and suggestions indicates my earnest purpose to succeed in writing and selling good stories.

I enclose \$110 in full payment for the course and your tuition, . . . or

I enclose \$20 as an initial payment, and agree to pay \$10 each month thereafter until I have paid \$120.00.

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